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Number I

PENNELL'S LONDON ETCHINGS

BY FITZROY CARRINGTON

THE INTERESTING AND BRILLIANT WORK OF AN AMERICAN ARTIST
WHO HAS BEEN REMARKABLY SUCCESSFUL IN SEEING AND RECORD-
ING THE BEAUTY AND POETRY OF THE GREAT ENGLISH METROPOLIS

NEVER was the old adage, "Beauty resides in the eye of the beholder," more strikingly exemplified than in these London etchings by Mr. Pennell. From the time of Hollar

—whose records of Old London, before the great fire of 1666, are invaluable as historic documents—draftsmen of varying ability have portrayed isolated buildings or scenes which have appealed

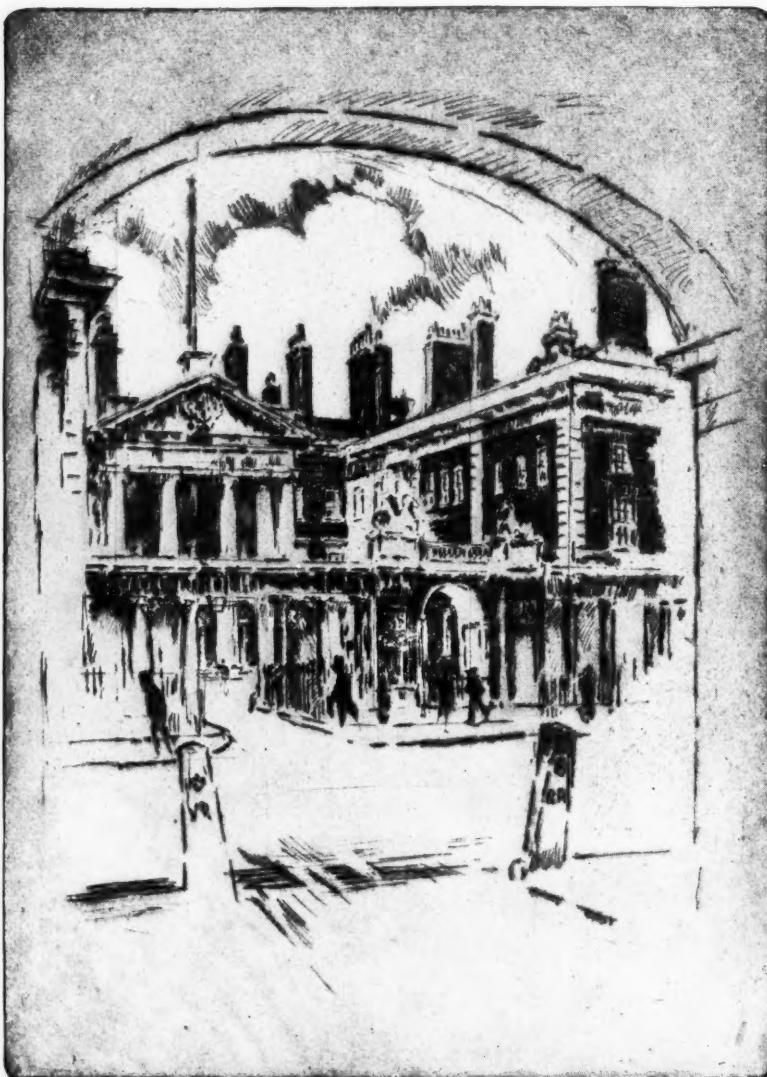


WATERLOO BRIDGE AND SOMERSET HOUSE

By courtesy of Frederick Kestrel & Company, from the etching by Joseph Pennell

to them; but not one of them has recorded for us with such completeness, and in a manner at once so satisfying and so beautiful, as has Mr. Pennell, the

"Eaux-Fortes sur Paris" stands alone in the history of etching—there has been but one Meryon. The brooding melancholy of the older master is, fortunately

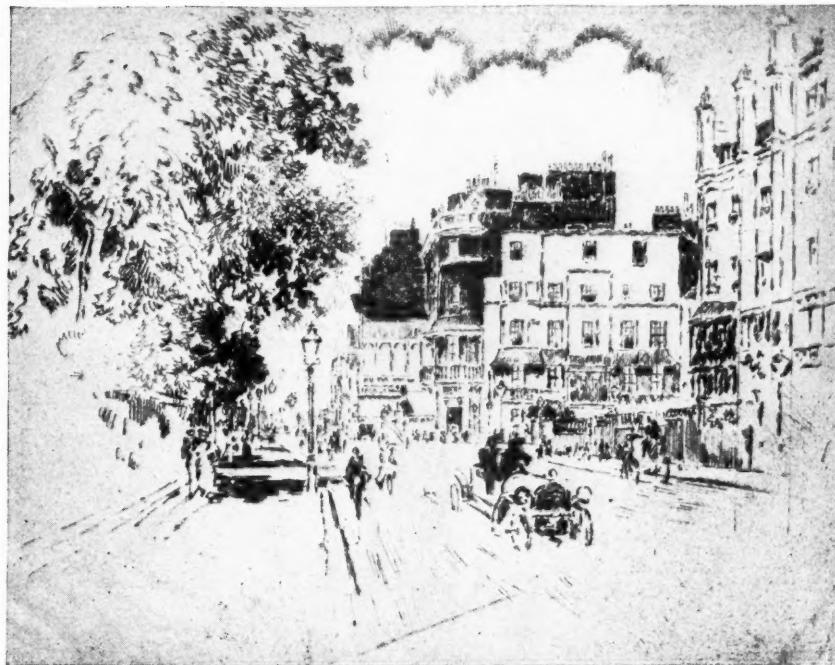


THE ADMIRALTY

By courtesy of Frederick Kettel & Company, from the etching by Joseph Pennell

range of artistic material which London presents, from St. Paul's, magnificent in its sooty grandeur, to that crowning monstrosity of misdirected energy, the Crystal Palace.

for himself, alien to Mr. Pennell; but within the limits which he has chosen to impose upon himself, these London etchings are not less interesting, nor less important, than are the records which



TYBURN—THE MOTOR-CAR

By courtesy of Frederick Kettel & Company, from the etching by Joseph Pennell

Meryon has left of a Paris which, in great measure, has been swept away by ruthless "improvements."

London, too, is changing. Commerce and convenience, beyond doubt, are served by such a badly needed thoroughfare as the newly constructed Kingsway; but in the "march of progress" many a familiar and long-to-be-remembered building has vanished, and forever. Of some of these, Mr. Pennell, fortunately, has preserved for us a record—a record not merely of the outward and visible appearance of a building, such as any photographer can give, but of the peculiar spirit which resides in it and in its environment—for, to those who can apprehend it, houses, public buildings, churches, whole streets, indeed, possess, not less than persons, an individuality peculiar to themselves, which differentiates them one from another in a manner unmistakable to the seeing eye.

It has been reserved for Mr. Pennell—Philadelphian, Quaker, and, above all, American—to record contemporary London, not only truly but beautifully—not

only beautifully in the manner of presentation, but even more emphatically in beauty of selection. In looking over the pictorial record which he has given us of the great Metropolis, the "Meeting-Place of Nations," so many familiar scenes are encountered that one might imagine, readily but quite mistakenly, that Mr. Pennell had merely etched such things as were "plain for all folk to see." Mistakenly, yes—one might almost say foolishly—were it not that, like all true art, Mr. Pennell's work is of a kind to mislead, at first sight, almost any casual observer. It seems *so easy*; there is such little apparent effort, the art which conceals art is there in such abundant measure, that these etchings appear almost to have done themselves! The view-point, the method of execution, are so obviously the ones demanded by each particular subject that once seen and known any other presentation seems to lack interest or truth in so much as it differs from the record which Mr. Pennell has given us.

And is not that the hall-mark of true

art? As well call Holbein's drawings simple—we all have heard them so spoken of, by men or women supposedly intelligent—as think of these etchings as "easy" to do—for any one but Mr. Pennell! He has had long practise as

in all of Mr. Pennell's work. It has become so familiar to us, so nearly a household word through the countless drawings which he has contributed to the magazines, or as illustrations to one or another book of travel, that many of us



TOWER BRIDGE

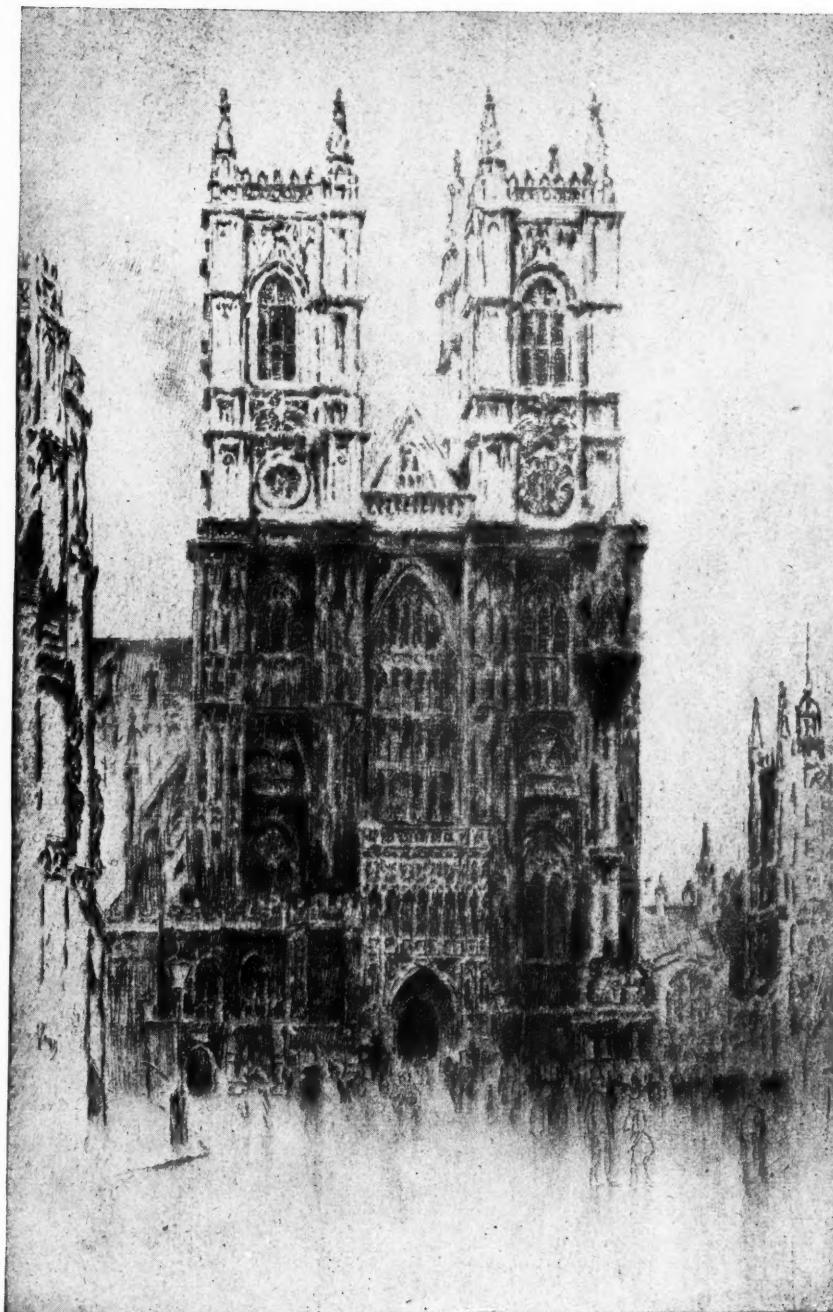
By courtesy of Frederick Kepfle & Company, from the etching by Joseph Pennell

an illustrator; as a pen-draftsman with a knowledge of what will "come" in reproduction he stands unrivaled; and his work as an etcher extends over more than a quarter of a century—his first plate, "Callowhill Street Bridge, Philadelphia," bears the date 1880. The training of all these years has given him such sympathy, such correspondence between eye and brain and hand, that almost instinctively he selects the most interesting point of view for the most interesting buildings. Strangely enough, the interesting buildings are, oftentimes, those with which we are most familiar, but in which we have never seen, nor should have suspected, anything but the commonplace.

Here lies, I think, one of the secrets of the perennial interest which inheres

—of the younger generation, at least—have come to see architecture or the moving pageant of a city street largely through his eyes. Is it not inevitable that our imagination having been quickened, and our eyes opened to the real beauty of the New York sky-scrappers, we should see "Pennells" wherever we go?

That it is he who has revealed to us London, and the beauty of the City in the full-tide of its busy, every-day life, is as little to be questioned as that to Mr. Whistler is due the honor—who would now be rash enough to withhold it?—of having first felt and interpreted the beauty of night—night which could not be painted, so the critics asserted—in his beautiful "Nocturnes." Americans both, yet to each of them has Lon-



WESTMINSTER ABBEY, WEST FRONT

By courtesy of Frederick Kettel & Company, from the etching by Joseph Pennell



THE HOUSE WHERE WHISTLER DIED—NO. 74, CHEYNE WALK, CHELSEA

By courtesy of Frederick Keppler & Company, from the etching by Joseph Pennell

don—dear old smoky London, queen among cities—shown her heart, to each of them revealed the beauty and the poetry with which she is saturated; a beauty which could draw from Wordsworth—surely the least city-loving of all the English poets—that superb sonnet, “Composed upon Westminster Bridge, September 3, 1803”:

Earth has not anything to show more fair;
Dull would he be of soul who could
pass by

A sight so touching in its majesty;
This city now doth like a garment wear
The beauty of the morning; silent, bare,
Ships, towers, domes, theaters, and tem-
ples lie

Open unto the fields, and to the sky;
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.
Never did sun more beautifully steep

In his first splendor, valley, rock, or hill;
Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!

The river glideth at his own sweet will;
Dear God! the very houses seem asleep;
And all that mighty heart is lying still!

Eighteen hundred and three—more
than a century ago! And still, as Mr.
Pennell's etching, “Westminster Bridge

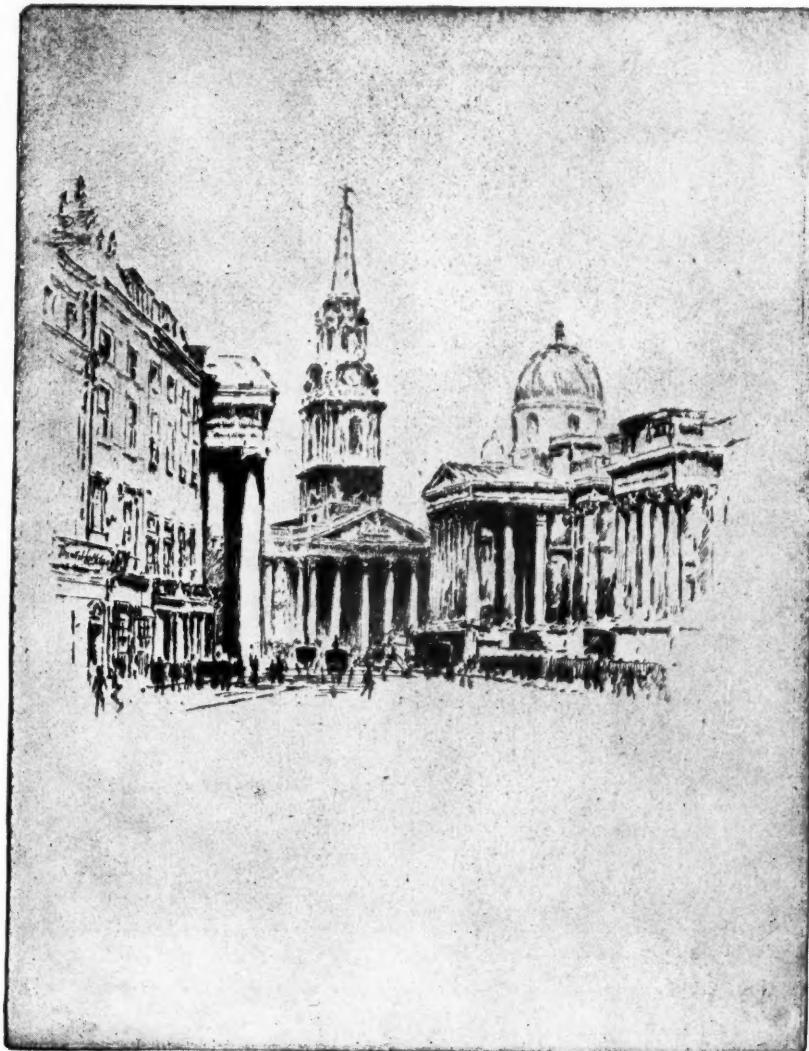
and Somerset House,” proves, beauty has not departed from the scene. But to see it—there's the rub! Pennell has seen it, and, what is far rarer, and to us outsiders far more important, he has made us see it with him. Look at such an etching as “Tower Bridge”! With lines how few, but how purposeful, are the essential elements of the scene portrayed! One can almost count the strokes, yet nothing vital is omitted, nothing which we should know is slurred over.

In the “Tower Bridge,” with a few scrawled lines and a little printer's ink, what a wealth of sunset glory he has captured! How beautiful the mellow quiet that broods over “The Dock Head”! Such etchings as these, done in what might be called Pennell's bolder, more synthetic manner, seem to mark the beginning of yet another phase of his ever-changing, ever-progressing, art—and who can prophesy, in the case of an artist of such resource and variety, combined with such industry as is possible only to an American, where it may lead him?

Seymour Haden, in that masterpiece "Sunset on the Thames"—"An Explosion of Thames Warehouses" one matter-of-fact person christened it—has given us the noblest, finest, and most imaginative treatment of sky in all etching, comparable only to the very finest of Turner's paintings; but to that sunset glory, to that river of molten gold, he has subordinated the shore-line, the buildings, and even the vessel which, a

necessary part of the composition, occupies the middle distance. In its own way it is superb, unsurpassable; yet who can say that Mr. Pennell may not yet give us an interpretation not less interesting, though in a manner personal to himself, of the river, as it rolls its sluggish and mud-laden way, eddying beneath bridge after bridge, through the city, and so to the open sea?

On the river, Pennell's themes, and his

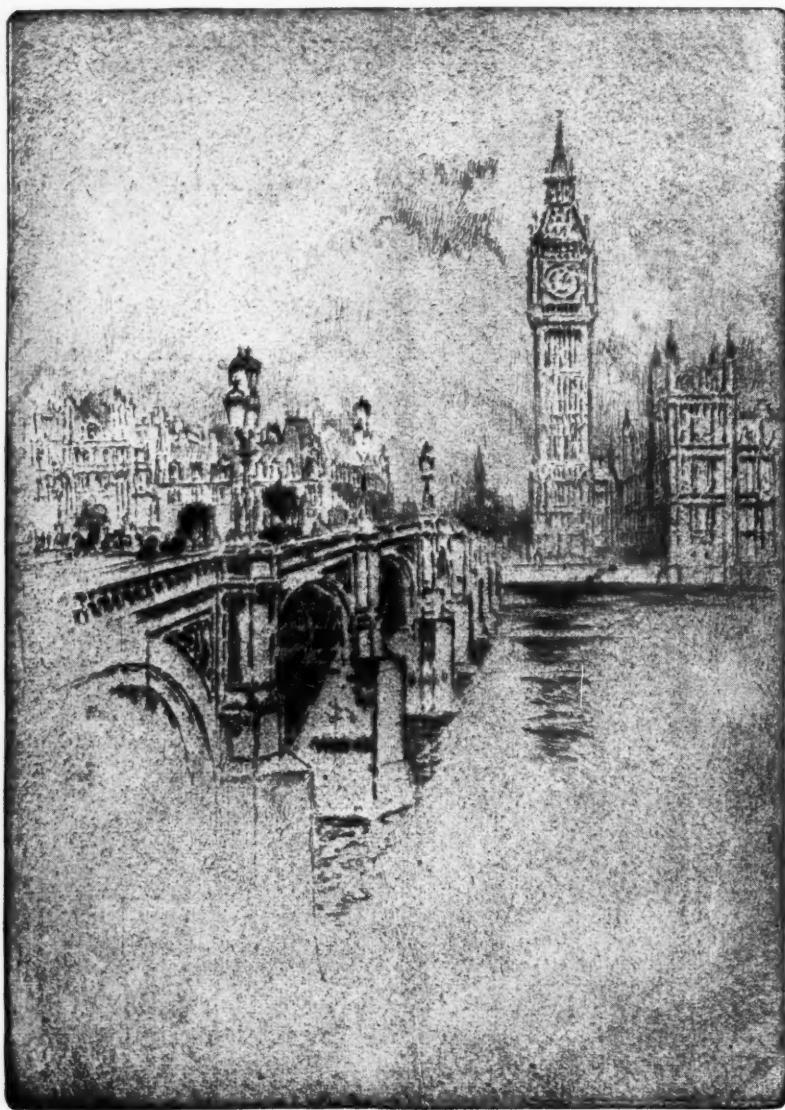


CLASSIC LONDON—THE CHURCH OF ST. MARTIN'S IN THE FIELDS

By courtesy of Frederick Keppel & Company, from the etching by Joseph Pennell

treatment of them, are open to comparison with the work of the supreme masters, Whistler and Haden. Leave the water-front, and the territory is well-nigh

interested him—little shops at Chelsea, the Old Clothes Exchange at Hounds-ditch, or what not—but he has scarcely touched the rich mine from which Mr.



WESTMINSTER BRIDGE AND THE CLOCK TOWER FROM THE SURREY SIDE

By courtesy of Frederick Keppel & Company, from the etching by Joseph Pennell

all his own. True, Whistler, in a number of his later plates and in his lithographs, has left us a priceless and imperishable record of such things as

Pennell has taken many of his latest and most satisfying artistic treasures. The palaces, the Abbey, St. Paul's, are Pennell's own. Lincoln's Inn Fields has

furnished him with themes for some of his most beautiful plates, almost lace-like in their delicacy; "Classic London—St. Martin's in the Fields" and "The Church of St. Mary le Strand" are beautiful in the simplicity of their treatment, altogether satisfying; and who has better rendered the complex and never-ceasing flow of traffic than has he in such plates as "St. Dunstan's, Fleet Street," "Ludgate Hill," or "Leadenhall Market," and by means so simple and so seemingly inadequate?

Study any of the figures in these plates, the horses, the cabs or 'busses. They are, in the main, ghosts, suggestions only; but how well they take their places in the composition, how necessary they are, with how few and simple strokes are they indicated! The "bobby," the swell, the City man, the newsboy, the flower-vender—the essential characteristics of each are there, yet the ensemble is never sacrificed to the individual. We may talk of Callot; he, master that he was, drew his figures—hundreds, thousands of them; but has he better conveyed, or as well, the sense of movement, of mass, as has Pennell in these London plates?

It is outside the scope of this article to consider them all, or even a small portion of them. Space forbids, and the etchings included in this latest London series number nearly one hundred; but certain characteristics they have in common. From the very beginning Mr. Pennell has had a remarkable sense of arrangement, of pattern, and in these etchings of London we see it in greater

perfection than ever. In "Classic London" and "St. Mary le Strand," already mentioned; in "Bridge Street, Westminster," "Victoria Tower, Westminster," and many another, how much of their charm depends upon the way in which they are placed upon the plate, the adjustment of the scene to the space it is to occupy, a wise reticence in line, and a use of blank spaces where such were needed to bring out the beauty of an individual building, or to add dignity to the composition as a whole! All of these London etchings should be seen and studied. In each will be found something, many things, to attract and charm, presented in a manner so direct, so seemingly simple and free from artifice, that one entirely forgets the means whereby they got themselves done, and enjoys only the result.

For instance, who would note at first inspection the delightful manner in which Pennell has framed, as it were, in two arches, the house—74 Cheyne Walk, Chelsea—in which Whistler died, and the church—Chelsea Church—in which the funeral services for him were held, in that beautiful etching "The House Where Whistler Died"? The dwelling to the right is slightly, but sufficiently, indicated; to the left the over-arching bough of the tree blots out, almost entirely, the house upon that side, and frames, together with the tree to the extreme left of the composition, the church itself.

Is this merely a happy accident? I think not, but if it be such, may it happen to many another etcher!

WHERE DREAMS GO BY

OVER the hills there's a roadway turns
Through fields of barley, wheat, and hay;
The moonlight paves it, the noontide burns,
The clouds trail over it all the day.

It is the road where my dreams go by
O'er velvet thresholds to the dawns;
It tells me where the hamlets lie,
The silver spires, the pasture-lawns.

"Put by," it signs me, "your cloak of care,
And think no more on the old worlds gone;
Here are Hesperides more fair,
Here lovelier vales than Avalon!"

Thomas Walsh

MICHAEL

BY GEORGE RANDOLPH CHESTER

AUTHOR OF "THE HONEYMOON," "TYKE," ETC.

WRITHING, scintillating snakes of white-hot iron shot one after another out of their rolls, to come sliding lithely and rapidly along the floor toward Michael Dyer all day long, like things of malignant life. It was Michael's duty to grab these searing bars with a pair of tongs and guide them into the next set of rolls, through which they emerged longer and thinner and still more lithe, for another agile man to handle. But with that man Michael had no concern; it was upon Dan Lennon—working next to him down the dim aisle, which, like a dream of the inferno, was shot throughout its interminable length with these vivid, crawling streaks—that he turned his gloomy eyes in the occasional pauses when, for some reason or other, a beat or two was missed in that rhythmical procession of angry metal.

The cause for his somber speculation was presently revealed when Dan was attacked by an acute paroxysm of coughing—a seizure that shook him violently from head to foot, that made him gasp and struggle for breath, and, stooping, huddle his shoulders together for escape from that intolerable pain in his chest. His next bar was already gliding swiftly on the way. Behind it was not only the force of the ponderous rolls, but the power of irresistible commercial organization that forced it through whether men lived or died; and it could not be stayed. Already it was nearing the point where it must be handled, and Dan, gaging it through his strained eyes, staggered toward it, though he knew that if he jerked or even wavered in the handling of it and swung that flexible brand against himself for but a passing touch, it would hiss its way to the bone.

Before he could reach it, however, Michael was there and had pushed him

aside. His own bar was six feet behind Dan's, and by agility extraordinary in one so big he had the fiercely glowing heads of both rods clamped in the jaws of their next torture.

For a brief moment, in which those two white lines trailed their scorching length from roll to roll, the two men stood side by side in almost painful contrast; Michael, brawny, erect, his bulging arms at crooking ease, his broad breast bare and running rivulets of perspiration; while Dan, though his lean arms were knotted with powerful muscles, was stooped and thin and narrow-chested and cadaverous of cheeks, upon which, however, there shone spots of bright red, while his large eyes glowed as if with inward fire. A nod, expressive enough, had been his thanks for the service—one of many—that had just been rendered by his friend; and now a short cough, an after-irritation remaining from the previous spasm, shook him, and his hand came involuntarily to his chest.

"I'm afraid it's got me," he said, glancing up at Michael, and his eyes were full of fear.

"You're crazy with the heat," responded Michael roughly, and went back to his station, but in his heart he felt, too, that "it" had "got" Dan Lennon.

It! They seldom alluded to the White Scourge by its right name in the mills. They held it in too much awe, for sooner or later the dread malady laid most of them low. It was said on the outside that the average length of vigorous life on the rolls was about five years; but they of the rolls refused to believe it, since they could point to men who had been there ten and fifteen years, and even more. But when the perspiration no longer came freely during the work, breaking out at night instead, they knew that it was time to be careful to button

up undershirt and jacket when one started home—and this was the very height of absurd precaution.

Dan had reached far beyond that point, and in the past week abject terror had fastened upon him. Another attack of coughing seized him on the road home, and he had to stop, setting down his dinner-pail and holding both his hands to his chest. When the paroxysm had passed, for the second time that day he spoke of it.

"It's got me, all right!" he panted, wiping his smarting eyes.

"You make me tired," responded Michael. "It's a bad cold you've got; a summer cold's fierce to get rid of."

"I don't know," replied Dan, shaking his head doubtfully, willing to clutch at the hope, but knowing it to be futile. "I've been eight years on the rolls, and I'm due."

"You talk like an old woman. There's a dozen more years of good work left in your carcass, and if you'll save your money you can quit and take it easy then. Button the top buttons of your jacket."

Michael's blouse hung straight from his shoulders, and his breast was exposed in a deep V where his open undershirt rolled back, but he stopped determinedly, with a solicitude that was at queer variance with the roughness of his speech, until Dan had buttoned his own to the throat. They went on in silence for a few moments, each busy with the serious problem that confronted the smaller man.

"Save money!" Dan suddenly blurted. "That's a joke. How can I do it with one of the kids always sick, and the strikes and the lay-offs?"

Michael was silent. He had in mind certain periodical debauches of Dan's that had cost not only money but spells of "sickness" which had meant loss of income. Evidently the same thing was in Dan's mind, too, for presently he went on in a tone that had become querulous.

"Of course, you're right, Mike. I ought to save money before I get knocked clean out, for if I don't I never can pay you back what I owe you."

Michael was deeply hurt, but it was of a piece with his broad gentleness that he did not show it.

"Forget it!" he growled. "What's the difference if you never pay me? You can have more if you want it."

"I'll pay you, never fear," returned the other, in whom the obligation evidently rankled. "The worst of it is, I can't let Fanny know."

"She never will, so shut up about it," returned the other with a trifle of impatience, for this phase of the question had been presented to him over and over in discussions that Dan had insisted upon bringing up.

Michael's impatience was of short duration, however. He remembered the time, not so far back, when Dan had no trace of this peevishness, when an obligation to his nearest friend would not have set upon him like a curse; and Michael's friendship was of that type which knows no change and no faltering. He was one of those not uncommon men who, stronger in body and heart and soul than they need be for their own protection, gravitate irresistibly toward some weaker nature to shield it and bolster it up; who are unhappy without responsibility; who, mastiff-like, must have the dependent and the helpless to provide for and to guard. For years he had clung to Dan with a blind devotion that overlooked all the man's weaknesses and condoned all his offenses; and now, with a sigh, he accepted this new change in his friend as only another misfortune to be pitied and to be borne with. Dan himself knew that he was changed, and the knowledge of it made him but the more fretful.

At Dan's gate neat Mrs. Lennon met them, and Michael paused to exchange a pleasant word with her. She was heartily glad to see her husband's friend, as she always was, for he had been their bulwark through years of trouble, and she felt a debt of gratitude to him that was beyond payment. Their greeting was no more cordial than it should have been under the circumstances, and neither one noticed the frown with which Dan observed them.

Michael paused but a moment at the gate, and then went on to his own tiny cottage, next door, where a twelve-year-old daughter had been his housekeeper and sole companion for half her industrious life. In the evening the two men

sat out upon Michael's little porch with their can of beer, and for an hour or so Dan was more his old self than he had been for many, many days; but on the following morning he did not go to work. "It" had finally "got" him, and further pretense was out of the question.

II

WHAT the Lennons would have done without the stalwart friendship of Michael Dyer in this juncture it would be pitiable to conjecture; but with his simple stanchness the road was made easy. The pay of a roller is good, and Michael's purse was open to Dan throughout his long illness, while Nellie Dyer was scarcely second in her ministrations. She loved Dan's wife with that pathetic attachment of the motherless, and she was like a sister to the three small Lennon children, washing and dressing and feeding and taking care of them while Mrs. Lennon looked after her husband, who grew more peevish and fretful as time wore on, leaving him paler and more emaciated with each passing day.

In the evening, Michael always stopped in as soon as he came from work, to gossip with Dan about what had gone on that day in the mills; and both Dan and his wife grew to look for his coming as the most cheerful moment in their day, though often, after he had gone, and while the light of this cheering visit was still in his wife's eyes, Dan would lie in frowning silence.

It was one evening near the end, when his wife and Michael were standing together at his bedside, that the long-pent-up rebellion broke from Dan's lips.

"Strong and healthy, both of you," he complained bitterly, "and you're waiting; just waiting for me to get out of the way!"

It was unjust; it was cruel! It was not like Dan's self to have had that thought, much less to have voiced it; but he was warped and twisted all out of his normal mind by the wasting malady that had fastened upon him. Startled, the two standing figures glanced involuntarily into each other's eyes in affright, then turned hastily away as if they had been guilty. They were not. If in the

secret recesses of their hearts they had felt an attraction each for the other that might have been freed by this tragedy which must necessarily bind them closer together, they had not known of it; and if any hint had crept into their understanding they would have recoiled from it in secret terror, for simple steadfastness was part and parcel of the lives of both of them.

Not one of the three realized this more acutely than Dan himself as soon as the words had passed his lips. Begging their forgiveness, in his weakness he turned his face to the wall and wept. They forgave him in all pity, but the words had been said; they could not forget them, and the shadow of them still lay between the two when they stood above Dan's grave—lay between them, the more when, later on, they came to realize that Dan had foreseen the truth even before they themselves could have known it. The blow was more cruel then than ever, for they needed each other, these two, aside from what of love might have come to them, for Michael's daughter should have had a mother and the Lennon children a provider.

The problem for Fanny Lennon became a serious one at once. The eldest of her children was but ten, and she had no way to earn for them but by plain sewing, which was scarce and poorly paid. She could not accept of Michael's charity now, even in her direst extremities, and the knowledge of it cut him like a knife. That he should be earning good wages, and have more than enough, while the wife of his friend, to say nothing of the woman whom he now could admit that he loved, was in dire straits, worried him by day and by night.

Forced by his distress, he spoke to her one evening when the children were playing together in the back lot; but, like his crude bigness, he spoke without a vestige of tact.

"You remember what Dan said to us by his bedside," he began; but he got no further.

With a piteous gesture Mrs. Lennon stopped him.

"Please don't let us talk about it," she begged him, and what further plea he had at heart froze upon his tongue.

He could not know with what sense of guilt, even though blameless, she remembered that charge against her faithfulness.

Thereafter Michael was more distressed than ever. He saw the Lennon children insufficiently fed, with plenty next door; he saw them insufficiently clad, while his own daughter had more than she needed; he knew the Lennon coffer to be empty, while his own useless money piled up in the bank. One evening, however, he came home with a lighter step than he had known since Dan's death.

"I guess you'd better have me to look after your property," he said gaily to Mrs. Lennon, stopping at her door.

"My property," she repeated wonderingly.

"Yes, your property. A fellow was down at the mills to-day hunting Dan up to see why he didn't pay his insurance. That was the first the company knew he was dead, and the first I knew he had any insurance. Did you know it?"

She was overwhelmed.

"Dan always did keep his money matters a secret," she reflected, however, and she managed to ask how much it was.

"Well, it ain't a lump sum," Michael answered her. "It's better than that; he insured himself so as to give you forty dollars a month. You're to get that for twenty years, and I guess by that time the boys can make a living for you. Here's your policy."

He gave her the folded parchment, and she read it with tears in her eyes. It was a thing that served to brighten Dan's memory, and she understood now why he had so often been short of money. It must have cost quite a bit to keep up this big policy.

Michael realized with a-sinking heart that this put still another barrier between them, but none of the thought showed in his face.

"I told the fellow I'd attend to the business end of this for you," he informed her. "There's got to be papers signed, and they might cheat a woman. I'll draw your money for you," and thereafter he did.

He brought it to her in an envelope, four ten-dollar bills on the fifteenth of

every month. The Lennon children were fed and clothed, and she even, by littles, paid back to Michael the debt she had incurred during her husband's illness. With what grim self-effacement Michael accepted this money and withstood the trace of independence that she wore, only he himself could know.

The color came back to Fanny Lennon's cheeks. Her problem of life was solved, and by her side Michael Dyer lived and grew more quiet and more reserved and more gray year by year, sternly repressing and giving up for all time to come the great yearning that had come to fill his heart. For now he knew that he loved her, that he would have loved her from the first had not his honor held his heart in check. He cried out in the night, sometimes, with the pain of his great longing. There was this difference between himself and the woman —her sense of honor and loyalty bound her even yet, blinded her and fettered her heart so that she *would not* know. Her only hint of the state of her sentiments was the significant one that Dan's cruel charge ran so often in her memory —and this she would not interpret!

III

AND so matters might have gone on, but that one day Michael made the misstep which he had escaped through all his service and got an ugly burn. For a week he was delirious in the fever that came of it. It was during that week that Mrs. Lennon, in the midst of her nursing of him, happened to remember that this was the fifteenth day of the month. Leaving her patient in charge of Nellie Dyer, she made her way to the office of the insurance company whose address she had found upon her policy. As her introduction she said that she had come to draw her money, and laid down her policy. The clerk picked it up and examined it in perplexity; then he frowned and took it back into the office, where he inspected books and files and records. He was still frowning when he returned to her.

"No policy was ever issued by this company in the name of Daniel Lennon," he informed her. "This paper is a rank forgery, so clumsy that it would be laughable if it were not criminal.

Why, it is made out over an advertising sample of one of our policies, and you can see for yourself that the word 'Void' is printed clear across its face in big red letters!"

He kept the policy still in his hand. It was his evident intention not to give it back to her. Crushed and bewildered, she turned away, but a thought sent her again to the wicket.

"But I have been getting my money on it for nearly four years," she urged; "forty dollars every month."

"You have!" said the clerk incredulously. "Who has been paying you?"

"Michael Dyer," she answered, "a neighbor of ours. He lives next door. He was a friend of my husband's."

The clerk looked at her curiously, and presently he smiled.

"I shall have to keep this policy and look up the facts," he told her, still with that curious smile that had an unwonted trace of gentleness in it; "but I don't think just now that any prosecution will grow out of it. If Mr. Dyer has been handing you this money he must have been paying it out of his own pocket."

For a stupefied moment she looked at him aghast; then a crimson wave suffused her face, and turning away, she hurriedly left the office. Now that the clue had been given, she knew that the clerk's conjecture must be true. It was like Michael to do this big and generous thing—to give up to her more than a third of all that he earned, and never to let her know by word or hint!

She went home with her head in a whirl, and turning into her own house in a breathless panic of thought, sat down in the dim front room. What revulsions of feeling took place within her there, what tearing away of prejudices and ideas and habits of mental process that had hedged about her soul, she could not tell; but, no matter how it came about, she was a different woman when, a half-hour later, Nellie Dyer came running over, beaming with delight.

"Oh, Mama Lennon!" cried Nellie. "Papa is awake and in his right mind at last, and he's asking for you!"

The words thrilled her strangely, and suddenly she knew that in the half-hour in which she had sat alone she had gained an understanding of greatness, that at last she had a glimmering of the true bigness and tenderness of the heart of Michael Dyer. With a catch in her throat she hurried over and into that other dim room where Michael lay with his eyes turned wistfully to the door through which she might come. As she hurried to the bedside and caught his hand he smiled at her, and sighed his relief in her presence.

"It's so good to have you here," he said. "At our age, friends are not so many but that we miss them when we are in trouble."

"Friends, Michael! Friends?" and, suddenly sobbing, she knelt swiftly down with her arm across him and laid her warm cheek against his upon the pillow.

A PRAYER

THE simple things! Ah, these appeal to me—
The minor of a pebbled brook; a tree
Breeze-rocked; some mother's lullaby—a prayer,
Wove with the fragrance of contentment there,
And shorn of all its conscious piety.

The simple things—the rhythm of the sea;
The field-song of a farm-hand echoed free
And pulsing on the early morning air.
The simple things!

The dull drone of the honey-laden bee;
A babe within a mother's arms, and she,
Her eyes deep with a tender love, as fair
As any queen. The simple things! I bare
My heart, O Lord, and ask, as gifts of Thee,
The simple things!

Stacy E. Baker

A TRIANGULAR ELOPEMENT

BY MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

WITH A DRAWING BY MARTIN JUSTICE

BENSON raised himself on his elbow in the bed, and stared at the doorway.

"Hello, Cupid!" he said. "Where are your clothes?"

The youngster grinned, and wiped away a little stream of water that was trickling down from his sopping head.

"I'm hidin'," he said coolly. "I jumped out of the bath-tub and runned away; an' now I'm hidin'."

"You need to be hiding," Benson said severely. "What do you mean, running around without a stitch on your back?"

But Cupid was looking anxiously up the long hotel hall; then, with a squeal, he scrambled into Benson's bed and snuggled up against him.

"She's comin'," he whispered excitedly from under the sheet drawn taut over his head. "I'm a hippopotamus, and I've runned away out of my circustank!"

Benson looked at the moist spot on the sheet where it covered the youngster's curls. He was conscious, too, of a sensation of dampness where the wet little body touched him. Billy wriggled down under the covers and lay still.

"You'll suffocate and die," remonstrated Benson. "I've a good notion to kick you out of there!"

"Can't," came a smothered tone from near the foot of the bed. "You can't; you only got one foot."

"Indeed?" queried Benson with polite interest. "And where's the other?"

"In the grave," said Billy sepulchrally from his place of retirement.

Benson chuckled.

"So, that's what they said, eh? Well—"

"Billy! Billy!" some one was calling softly out in the hall.

Billy squirmed, but did not answer. The door stood open, and presently a girl appeared—a very enchanting vision of a girl, with her sleeves tucked up and a big apron almost covering her.

"Billy!" she called again, and glanced through the open door to where Benson sat propped up in bed, with a half-dozen pillows behind him.

"I was looking for Billy," she said, turning a bright pink. "He got out of the tub and ran while I was getting a towel." Her eyes suddenly rested on the damp place where Billy's head had been, and went from there, slowly and surely, to the suspicious heap at the foot of the bed. "I—thought he might have run in here."

"I don't see him," said Benson, glancing carelessly at the corners of the room.

"Small boys who run away when their aunts are trying to bathe them," Miss Lecky said firmly, "never have any ice-cream sodas when they go for walks."

"Certainly not," said Benson; "nor sailor suits with long trousers on Sundays. I quite agree with you."

The covers at the foot of the bed were convulsed; there was a struggle, followed by a loud sneeze, and Billy's flushed face appeared.

"Nor not any ride this evening with you and Dicky?"

Billy was very anxious. Benson watched Miss Lecky's face.

"I should think," he said judicially, "that giving up the ice-cream soda would be enough punishment for to-day. What does auntie think? Dicky's so keen about taking him, too."

Miss Lecky leaned over, and swathing

Billy in a huge towel drew him from his lair.

"Hold it on and run," she said, and Billy ran with all the energy of his short legs down the hall. Then she looked at Benson. "You are certainly recovering," she said as she moved away. "That remark was quite like your old self!"

"Don't go," he pleaded. "Stay and scold me, won't you? I'd rather be scolded by you than be made love to by Mrs. ——."

But she had gone. Benson waited for a moment, hoping she would come back; then he kicked a magazine off the bed and settled his pillows with a vicious punch.

"It's worse than imposition," Mrs. Anstruther had said one day to a gathering of three in the convalescent's room. "There's the child's mother in town all morning, sleeping and primping all afternoon, and flirting all evening. No one can tell me that Colonel Agnew wasn't holding Mrs. Ware's hand the other night—the night he carried her coffee out on the veranda, Anne."

"And all the time Rebecca Lecky looking after the boy," said Miss Smythe, feeling in her stocking-bag for the darning-silk. "Do you know, Dicky has been trying for a month to take her for a drive alone. I must say, he is very much impressed with her, and she's a good, sweet girl; and, of course, he has to marry some time; and every time that selfish sister of hers runs off somewhere, and Rebecca has to take the boy."

Benson very seldom took any active part in the conversation; it pleased him to lie back in his chair and listen. But now he ventured a remark.

"It's pretty decent of Miss Lecky," he said.

"She's soft," Mrs. Anstruther sniffed. "That's the only word for it—soft."

And that was the general consensus of opinion. One day, when Benson ventured to suggest that they should form a stock company, each person taking so many shares of Billy, and appoint a manager and a board of directors, he was met with frigid silence.

"And we could water the stock a little, you know," he went on, carried away with the idea. "There's the

gardener's boy out there now, doing it with the hose."

"The child ought to live in a tank," said Miss Smythe; and seeing that his plan brought no favor, Benson gave it up.

As he grew stronger, most of his days were spent on the wide porch, looking down toward the river. Rebecca Lecky was often there; and so, of course, was Billy. Of Mrs. Ware he saw comparatively little, except in the evenings, when she appeared, cool and demure, with a little court of admirers around her. Benson never joined the circle; mentally he was always seeing Rebecca in the hot room up-stairs, undressing a restless child, listening to his "Now I lay me," which Billy generally sang to some popular air; and when he was finally ready for the night, sitting and waiting for the sleep god to come to the tossing figure in the little bed.

Rebecca looked white and tired those days. Benson met her in the hall one day and stopped her imperiously.

"Look here," he said, "are you going to do this thing all your life—shouldering other people's burdens? It's idiocy—that's all! If you're going to insist on looking after somebody, I know an orphan—a good, obedient orphan, tame, eat out of your hand—"

The girl's eyes filled unexpectedly with tears.

"There, I'm sorry," he said penitently. "You won't let me say things seriously, so I have to joke. And I heard you say you couldn't go for a drive with the Johnsons because Billy was asleep. Now, put me under an everlasting obligation, won't you, by going, and letting me look after Billy?"

"I could be back in an hour," she said doubtfully, "and he isn't likely to waken before that. I—perhaps I ought to go."

So she went. It was a sunny afternoon, and after peeping into Billy's room to assure himself that all was well, Benson went down on the porch. There, in a shady angle, he tilted his chair back and dozed off. He was awakened by the pounding of an automobile-engine. He opened his eyes, yawned, and sat up. Just below the rail of the porch was a red touring-car.



REBECCA LECKY WAS THERE; AND SO, OF COURSE, WAS BILLY

There were four people in it. Benson recognized Hendricks, the Lieutenant-Governor of the State, and his wife. There were two young ladies in the tonneau.

He got his feet down quickly, and went over to the rail.

"Going to get out?" he said affably.

One of the young ladies grew very red. The lieutenant-governor looked at him, grinned, and pointed to the end of the porch. Benson followed the finger and gasped.

On the rail was Billy—Billy in *dishabille*, Billy with moist little curls plastered close to his head, his only garment a diminutive pair of night-drawers. They were short for him; there had once been feet, but they had been ruthlessly split through their cotton soles, and a pair of small legs stuck out.

Benson jumped forward, overturning a chair.

"Billy!" he called sternly.

Billy turned and saw him. He stopped trying to slip a rubber band over one of his toes, and hopped to his feet on the rail.

"I'm an angel," he said, flapping his arms in lieu of wings. Benson's face was purple.

"Billy!" he called again.

This time Billy recognized that the moment was not auspicious for angels. He turned and fled—along the rail. Benson went in pursuit, caught the fugitive, and, tucking him under his arm, carried him past the automobile.

"I was gettin' cool," Billy protested. "I was all hot, and I was gettin' cool."

"I'll cool you!" threatened Benson, and hustled him up the stairs.

That night Benson met Rebecca as she came languidly out to the porch after Billy had finally gone to sleep.

"You ought to have me around all the time," he said complacently. "I had a little trouble washing his ears, but the clothes went on slick as grease."

"It was good of you," Rebecca said, dropping into a chair; "even if the things were all buttoned up the front instead of the back. He couldn't sit down very well—but he doesn't sit much, anyhow, so it didn't really matter."

Mrs. Ware came up just then, her hand slipped through Colonel Agnew's

arm, and paused in the twilight before them.

"Oh," she said, "it's you, Becky! Is Billy asleep?"

"Yes," answered her sister wearily.

"Now *do* take a rest." Mrs. Ware's solicitude was a bit tardy. "And if you're going to be here, you might listen for him. The colonel and I are going to take a little walk. I'm so deadly weary of this stupid place!"

Benson watched the two figures go down the steps and into the dew-laden fragrance of the night. It was starlight, and from his perch on the rail he could see the dim white oval of the girl's face.

"You're a goose," he said after a minute's silence—"a dear, unselfish, motherly little goose. Why don't you take walks and do the things that other girls do?" When she did not answer, he slipped off the rail, drew a chair close beside her, and gently possessed himself of her hand. "Poor tired little hand!" he said softly, and quite reverently he bent over and kissed it on the soft palm. "I want you to get away from all this," he said, with her hand between both of his. "I want you to give me the right to take you away, Rebecca."

"Listen!" She sat up suddenly and glanced around. From somewhere upstairs came a persistent, shrill sound, a cry whose depth of volume and penetrating quality were unmistakable. Rebecca was at the door before Benson's slower faculties recognized the origin of the sound.

"It's Billy," she called back over her shoulder.

"Oh, confound Billy!" he muttered as he sank back in his chair.

II

REBECCA did not come back, and she did not appear at breakfast the next morning. When Benson came from town late in the afternoon, he found Mrs. Anstruther and Miss Smythe with their heads together on the porch. Benson sauntered over.

"What's up?" he asked genially. "Has the chambermaid been wearing somebody's clothes, or is it a death?"

"It isn't funny," said Miss Smythe,

with dignity. "What with the end of the hall shut off and not enough bathrooms on that floor, anyhow—and the only breeze we get through that window, too—and with wet sheets hung in the doorways and dishes being brought from the room and washed with the other dishes—"

"Billy Ware has the measles," said Mrs. Anstruther, with a vindictive jerk at her sewing.

"The measles! Why, it's only yesterday—" Then, abruptly: "Who's taking care of him?"

Miss Smythe sniffed.

"Who? Why, Rebecca, of course, shut up there with him, sitting in a dark room so his eyes won't be hurt, and his mother in hysterics in the parlor, with the doctor holding her hand."

Benson strode furiously into the house and up the stairs. But the door into the infected wing was shut and locked, and before it hung a forbidding length of white muslin, smelling strongly of carbolic acid. But in the long, shady hotel parlor, opening upon a side veranda, he found Mrs. Ware. Colonel Agnew sat beside her, and the doctor was pouring some medicine into a glass. Benson paused in the doorway.

"What's this about Billy?" he asked, much less fiercely than he had intended.

Mrs. Ware looked undeniably appealing—almost pathetic—as she leaned back in her big chair.

"Isn't it too dreadful?" she said. "And to think I went to a picnic yesterday! Oh, I have been a very bad mother—don't say no, colonel, I know I have!"

"Nonsense," said the colonel gruffly.

"I am going to turn over a new leaf the minute he is better," she declared, raising her handkerchief to her eyes.

"Never too late to mend," Benson said cheerfully. "He'll be mightily pleased to have you take care of him."

The doctor and the colonel both turned and looked at him.

"Mrs. Ware is not in physical condition to nurse a sick child," the doctor said stiffly, stirring up the contents of the glass with a spoon, "and the boy is well looked after. Miss Rebecca is entirely capable."

"Billy won't have a trained nurse

near him," the stricken mother explained. "Oh, don't go, Mr. Benson—I am going to ask you the most tremendous favor, and please don't look like that—be a nice boy and say yes!"

"Not until I hear the request," Benson said doggedly.

"Well, it isn't so much, after all," she said prettily. "But you see before you a homeless, forlorn creature, without a place to lay her head to-night. Would you—oh, please, Mr. Benson—move over with Dicky Smythe and let me have your room?"

When Benson could speak he made the concession with such grace as he could summon. Then he turned and fled, routed.

At the end of a week Benson had an inspiration; he called Rebecca over Mrs. Ware's private telephone, and had the bliss of hearing her voice.

"Do you remember what I said to you that last evening?" he asked when he had learned the particulars of Billy's condition.

"Y-e-s," doubtfully.

"You know I meant it, every word, and more, don't you?"

"There may be some one on the line, listening!"

"I hope so; I'm not ashamed of loving—oh, well, I won't, then. But remember, the instant this is over you and I—what?"

"It's impossible—the whole thing," she said unsteadily. "The—the mother of—of a certain person—do you know whom I mean? Well, she and—and a certain gentleman—oh, dear! Some one may hear. Well, then, Alice and Colonel Agnew are to be married in six weeks, and they're going to Europe. And I'm going to take care of Billy."

"Well, you just are not!" Benson said doggedly, and was rewarded by hearing her hang up the receiver.

Dicky made the escape of the two prisoners from their germ-proof jail the occasion of a celebration. There was a wonderful cake with "Welcome" on the top, and the candles were stuck in the necks of medicine-bottles.

The party was a great success, but Benson, try as he might, failed to get a word alone with Rebecca. The "office" had drawn him into its clutches again;

once more he ate his breakfast with his watch on the table before him. And the evenings were growing shorter now; the twilight came early, and the cozy isolation of the dusky verandas was exchanged for bridge in the lighted parlor. Mrs. Ware was much away, and rumors of a trousseau began to circulate.

And then Billy lost himself. He disappeared immediately after his bread-and-milk supper. The search, at first, was a cursory affair, for Billy was fond of wandering off and falling asleep under the piano or in somebody's bed; but when darkness came, and no Billy, things looked more serious.

Mrs. Ware was going to the theater, and was distinctly anxious—about being late.

"I'll wait for the next train," she said at last, resignedly. "But I'm not really alarmed. He always turns up. Rebecca, see if the hooks on my shoulder are fastened, will you?"

Mrs. Ware went. At nine o'clock Billy had not been found, and the men in the hotel started out in earnest with lanterns. Benson and Rebecca had already gone over the grounds without success.

"It's such a terrible place for him to be lost," Rebecca sobbed, when there was no sign of the child at eleven o'clock. "That dreadful river so close, and the track—why, we haven't looked in those freight-cars!"

"Why, of course! That's the very place we'll find him, too." Benson spoke more confidently than he felt. "We can break through the hedge and go straight to the siding."

They stumbled on in the darkness, Benson with a lantern, Rebecca carrying a tiny red jacket with brass buttons. She got some pebbles in her low shoe, and, after limping along for a time, she sat down and emptied it. Benson saw then that she was crying.

"Poor little girl!" he said tenderly, as he helped her to her feet; but that was all—it was not a time for lovemaking.

They hurried on in silence. Before they got to the track, the train began to move. It was a long train, and no one heard Benson's shouts. As it slowly got under way, in the doorway of a yellow

car there appeared a small white figure, rubbing its eyes sleepily.

It was Billy. The child seemed bewildered for a moment; then, in an access of terror, he darted back into the depths of the car. Benson had reached the track, and was loping along beside the car.

"Jump, Billy!" he shouted; but there was no response, only a suppressed sob from the blackness.

And then Rebecca spoke from behind him.

"Lift me in," she gasped, and with a mighty heave he tumbled her into the car, more dead than alive, and scrambled in after her.

The train, off the siding now, had put on a fresh burst of speed, and went jogging along merrily; and on the floor of the dusty box car Rebecca hugged a tear-stained, subdued Billy, and cared not at all that they were being rapidly carried toward another State.

"I wants my supper!" Billy wailed, when the novelty of the situation wore off—which was about three minutes. "I wants my supper—I wants pickles and ice-cream, and bread and butter and chocolate mints!"

"He's having an orgy of the imagination," Benson remarked. "I wish I had an imagination like that. I'd try to imagine a few chairs. It's funny how it palls on me—sitting with my feet straight out like this."

Rebecca laughed. With Billy recovered, nothing else seemed to matter; and from her corner, with Billy's head on her shoulder, she watched the glowing end of Benson's cigar and smiled to herself.

III

THE train jolted on. They talked a little, but more often they were silent. After a while Benson looked at his watch.

"Doesn't stop as soon as I expected," he said. "Doesn't even hesitate; seems to know its own mind, don't it?"

Rebecca sat up. "You don't mean," she asked nervously, "that it isn't going to stop soon?"

"Well, it can't go on forever," Benson said comfortingly. "They'll have to stop for water and—things," he

added vaguely. "It looks now as if we might be going to Youngsville."

"Youngsville!"

"That wouldn't be so bad," Benson argued. "You could take Billy to a hotel, and come back on the express to-morrow."

"Oh, what in the world shall we do? Why, I haven't even a hat!" Rebecca's sleeping sense of propriety was suddenly rousing. "And—and—I'll never go back home after this—never! What will they say? Why, Youngsville is a hundred miles away!"

"What can they say," Benson said stoutly, "except that they're glad we found the boy? Anyhow, who cares what those old frumps say?"

"They'll never believe we couldn't have jumped off." Rebecca's tone carried conviction. "And Mrs. Anstruther is so horrid, and they'll laugh and whisper. Oh, it's dreadful!"

Billy had dropped to sleep again, and she put him down out of her aching arms. Benson found some empty sacks, and with his red coat thrown over him, the child slept quietly. And still the freight bumped along.

"Won't you come over to the doorway and sit down?" Benson called, after an interval. "The moon's up, and it's a fine night. That's it; put your feet over the edge. Now, isn't it great?"

"It would be beautiful," Rebecca conceded, "if it was proper; but I keep thinking about Alice, and Miss Smythe, and all the rest of them."

"Forget them," said Benson. "Just think of being carried along like this, and not even having to pay one's fare!" He moved over a little toward her. "It's our world," he said softly. "Just yours and mine. Just the two of us together, dear. That's our moon, up there, and—"

Billy stirred uneasily and sat up.

"Aunt Webeca!" he called.

Benson set his teeth and held her hand. "Just sit still," he said, doggedly. "I'm going to finish this time, Billy or no Billy. Rebecca, you know I love you, but you'll never know how much. I'm nothing much to offer a girl, but I want you—want you. Rebecca—"

"Aunt Webeca!"

"I want you to marry me before we go back home," Benson went on determinedly. "I won't let go your hand until you answer me."

"I'm firstly!"

"You are heartless," breathed Rebecca, trying to free her hand.

"Will you?"

"Aunt We-be-ca!"

"And you don't love me?"

There was silence for a minute.

"It isn't that," she said, "but I'm not going to be eloped with, like this, without my consent."

"Oh, as to that, don't you think *you* are eloping with *me*? And, anyhow, you love me; you can't deny it. And you're going to marry me in the morning, aren't you?"

There was a pause; then Rebecca murmured something softly, and a big yellow barn, slipping past into the night, saw something it had probably never seen—in a freight-car—before.

"I wants to kiss Aunt Webeca, too," said Billy, from close at hand.

Benson laughed. "Come on and kiss Aunt Webeca," he said happily. "And in the morning the three of us will get married and go back and astonish some of the fossils at the Maple Lane. Only—and listen to this, Billy—three people may elope and get married, but there are only two going on *my* wedding-trip. You"—impressively—"you are going to stay at home with mother."

"And Dicky?" asked Billy.

"Yes—and Dicky."

The train jolted solemnly along, not knowing that in the midst of its creaking timbers and rusty metal it carried love and the joy of life—two people, who should have known better, gazing hand in hand at a beautiful world that slipped past; and a drowsy Cupid in a red coat, who cared nothing at all about the beauties of life, and longed ardently for food.

And the next morning, at the Maple Lane Hotel, a mother laughed and cried over a telegram just received, and made a solemn vow that if ever a small, curly headed youngster was restored to her, she would never let him go again.

"And as to going to Europe, colonel, I know I should be horribly seasick, anyhow, and Billy's afraid of the water!"

THE RECOMPENSE

BY DUNCAN CAMPBELL SCOTT

AUTHOR OF "VENGEANCE IS MINE," ETC.

WITH A DRAWING (FRONTISPICE) BY GEORGE WRIGHT

ABOVE the level ground upon which the buildings of the Missanabie Post are erected there rises a point of rock looking westward over the lake. At its foot lies a pool of water, black from its great depth, covered sometimes with gleams of dead color from glorious sunsets, and sometimes with the fragile streaks of dawn that fly timidly through the mists.

From this point of rock an observer can see the lake to its farthest shores, can note the contour of its islands, and can hear the dulcet sound of all its small waves ringing like the tones of innumerable lute-players sounding their fairy music. The peculiarity of this place is its aloofness; for with the wide expanse before and the clear depth of the water below, it seems far removed from the mean huddle of buildings which is the metropolis of those silent environs of forest. Yet it is distant but the cast of a stone, and from the stockade any person may be seen upon the observation-point, standing or sitting.

The sight of a figure there, during the last twenty years, had become so common that it attracted no attention from Indians or half-breeds, habitués of the post. It seemed part of the landscape, a continuation of the rock itself, rather than a human figure outlined against the sky. But no mass of rocks could express the strength of human feeling as that form expressed it. Something deeper than any simple emotion seemed to emanate from the man's figure.

Hardly any one noticed when he went there or when he came away. Sometimes a trader from beyond, some one who had heard of the man in his days of power, would stroll by in vulgar curiosity,

thinking to hail him. The stranger had, perchance, just bought tobacco of him in the store; why should he not converse with him in the open air? But the inquisitive one passed by without a word. The figure sat there with an inscrutable air, unconsciously expressing itself with such intensity that none dared profane the sacredness of such silence. The mere elements of clothing which he wore, encompassing him, ample and rude, seemed to radiate the feeling, but particularly the fillet formed of three mink-skins, roughly sewn together, which he ever wore about his brow.

Forbes Macrimmon had been the chief trader at Missanabie, and a mighty man. The post was in the center of a valuable hunting-ground, and three hundred Indians traded there. All went well until opposition came. There are some men who are resourceful only in adversity; there are others in whom rivalry breeds irritation and develops incompetency. Macrimmon was of the latter class. When Pierre Loudet, of the French Company—this was in the year 1808—appeared before his fort, laid peaceful siege to it, and endeavored to undermine its trade, he was at his wits' end. Forbes was a Highlandman, proud of everything that went to make up the individual Macrimmon—his strength, his stature, his shrewdness in a trade, his ancestry, his power of drinking much rum, his quick temper, his politeness. His pride led him to say many foolish things.

"I'm not afraid of man, God, or devil," he would say. "Nothing touches me, love nor hate nor greed, and I can give up the thing that most men cherish as an Indian gives up an old pack-strap. I never sucked a drop of my mother's

milk, and neither woman nor man has any control over me."

Thus he philosophized, knowing not at all what manner of man he was; but when the time was ripe God taught him.

Pierre Loudet was polished as a dancing-floor, but was any man to best a Macrimmon in politeness? They exchanged visits, drank quarts of each other's rum, and fought each other for the trade. The contest made Macrimmon anxious, irritable, and despondent, and he imagined that he was losing ground.

His chief hope lay in his servant, Daniel Wascowin. Daniel was almost a pure Indian, but there was a little white blood in him. He was a great hunter, who always took thrice as many skins as any one else; and his prowess gave him a position of control over the other Indians. As long as the Scotsman was sure of Daniel, the balance of trade was certain to be in his favor; and Daniel was firm in his allegiance. He thought that Macrimmon was the greatest of all earthly powers. His knowledge of heavenly powers was but dim and fitful, and of other earthly powers he knew nothing. Macrimmon might be a hard master, sudden, fierce, and inexplicable; but he was to be obeyed, he could do no wrong.

Loudet tried to corrupt Daniel, but he might as well have tried to gain an hour of sunlight on a December day. He saw that until the power of Macrimmon's faithful henchman was humbled he would have no great success in trade at Missanabie.

Pierre Loudet was a cunning fellow. One evening, when Macrimmon had accepted his hospitality, and they were deep in the French Company's rum, he noticed on the table a little tin pail with a copper bottom, such as the Indians use to make a drawing of tea. Now, he knew that his rival had none of these pails to sell, but an inferior sort, and that those with the copper bottoms were much esteemed by the Indians. As soon as Loudet saw that his guest's eye had caught the pail he began to praise Daniel.

"A fine fellow, that Wascowin!"

"Yes, as faithful as a dog," answered Macrimmon.

"Yes, he is a faithful fellow," said

Loudet with an odd inflection; and saying the word, he poured a little water from the pail on the table.

"You have an odd way of speaking, Mr. Loudet," said Macrimmon, angry in a moment.

"Oh, no offense intended," said the Frenchman smoothly. "I was just saying your man was a good man—a very faithful man." But he gave his words such a singsong that Macrimmon did not like the tune.

"I wouldn't stand that from any man whose rum I was not drinking!" cried the trader, dashing down his pannikin, and with that he flared up and walked out of the house in a mighty rage.

The Frenchman had done a very simple thing, but it was full subtle. The fact of his having one of the Hudson Bay Company's pails, and his peculiar look or accent in praising the faithful Daniel, worked down through Macrimmon's spirit like a drop of acid on a wound.

Next day the trader was very quiet, and very terrible in his quiet. He was watching an opportunity to prove his servant. Too proud, too irritable—in other words, too weak—to be patient, the slightest indication of guilt would serve his purpose. When his passion broke loose he promised himself that he would give them all a fine lesson. Toward evening, when he and Daniel Wascowin were alone in the store, he suddenly roared out:

"What have ye been doing with all the tea-pails?"

The question was so loud and violent that Daniel started. He looked up to where the pails hung, near the ceiling.

"They're not all there," he said slowly.

"No, they're not all there!"

"I haven't been selling any!" continued Daniel, thinking out loud, and wondering who could have taken them; he hardly thought of any one having stolen them.

Macrimmon watched his servant, his eyes furious and devouring. Daniel had never seen him so angry, and he quailed before him. Macrimmon saw guilt where there was only surprise. His anger was as hasty as fire in grass. He leaped upon the Indian as a lion leaps

on a gazelle, caught him by the throat, and forced him back against the wall.

"I'll give you a lesson, you red dog, you and all your red whelps. The like o' you in league with that frog-eater—to steal the good tea-pails, and then to lie about it! There was the lie in your eyes." As he pressed Daniel against the wall with his left hand, he whipped out his double-barreled pistol with the right. "Do you hear this?" he raged. "It'll be the last thing ye hear, and ye'll remember it. Get out of this quick, and when ye come back let it be for a better reason than because ye think I can't get on without you. There's a charge for each side of your head!"

"Bang!" went the pistol at Daniel's left ear, and the bullet crashed into the wall. "Bang!" went the pistol at his right ear, and the bullet crashed into the wall. Macrimmon drove the hot muzzle against the Indian's forehead.

"Let me set eyes on you to-morrow, and I'll put a ball *there!*"

Dashing down the pistol, he caught Daniel and cast him through the door into the yard. The Indians, excited by the shots, came curiously forward by ones and twos. Daniel's wife, crossing the yard with a pail of water, saw him trying to get to his feet, but reeling and groping, as if he were stricken with a mastering illness. Blood ran from his ears; his face was scorched and blackened by flame and powder. Dropping her pail with a cry, she half carried, half led him away to his wigwam.

A little later, when the evening mist had begun to gather in the long reeds by the shore, a canoe crept through it, gliding in silence, an intensified shadow within the shadow. Then nothing was there but a ripple in the water under the mist.

The bark had been stripped from Daniel's wigwam; the stars looked through the poles. He was obedient. He had departed.

II

FROM that time forward things went very badly with Macrimmon. His anger had disappeared, though suspicions of Daniel were still in his thoughts; but Daniel was gone, and a calmer state of mind would not serve to call him back.

Without Daniel he was nothing. There had been no one else to trust, and now he must do everything, watch everybody, be everywhere himself. It was an impossible task, and he saw Pierre Loudet profit by his confusion. The continued politeness of the Frenchman maddened him, and he wore down his spirit in the effort to carry himself as urbanely and jauntily as his triumphant opponent.

Without Daniel's restraining influence, the Indians became impudent, ran about, traded where they pleased. In the autumn some of the best hunters took their credits from the French Company; in the following spring Loudet got the best of the furs, and many Indians did not even attempt to repay the advances Macrimmon had given them. The Scotsman's defeat was thorough. His fur-packs were so light that, in shame, he shirked taking them down to the district headquarters himself, and sent them with a crew of Indians. These careless fellows upset one canoe in a rapid; one of them was drowned and part of the load lost.

Unnumbered times Macrimmon wished for Daniel Wascowin, but he had disappeared. The Indians reported that he had deserted his old hunting-grounds. There was a vague rumor that he had been seen somewhere in the far north, but it was only a rumor.

During that spring and summer Macrimmon formed the habit of standing or sitting on the top of the rock and looking forth over the lake. He had learned much about himself, and was deeply conning the lesson. He was like one doomed, expecting some final change, the close of a chapter of his life. The end came when the trading canoes returned. A man had been sent to supersede him at the post; he had been degraded; he was to act as clerk and helper. The fact that his master was an Englishman named Gooderich was the annihilation of his pride.

This Gooderich was a bright, bustling little fellow, and he soon controlled the Indians. By the second spring he had won back so much of the trade that Pierre Loudet thought it best to travel farther westward. When Loudet was gone the truth came out.

"What an ass you were, Macrimmon," Gooderich said one day, "to let this Frenchman deceive you! One of the half-breeds told me just now that Loudet put him up to steal the tea-pails; you must have been drunk!"

"Yes, I was drunk," said Macrimmon quietly.

Through long brooding over his humiliation he came to the knowledge that he had been drunk with pride and arrogance. The intimation that Daniel was innocent fell upon his new mood like a stroke of lightning. His injustice, his violence, rose up against him. He would have recompensed his faithful servant a thousandfold had it been possible.

III

ONE evening in May an Indian came into the store and said quietly to Macrimmon:

"Daniel Wascowin has come back."

Gooderich had gone off for the day, and Macrimmon was alone. He gazed at the Indian in a dazed way and walked to the door. But a flash of his old pride sprang up in him.

"Tell him to bring his furs to the store," he said gruffly.

When the messenger had gone, Macrimmon paced to and fro excitedly. Daniel had returned—yes, he had come home. He thought of his servant just as he had been, strong and alert, striding up with a huge bundle of furs on his back, as he had often seen him in the old days when he used to pour out a tot of rum for him and shake his hand.

But Wascowin did not come. Impatient of the delay, Macrimmon went to meet him, forgetful of the last stirring of his pride. Just outside the door he met a woman whom he did not recognize at first. She was gaunt, and her eyes glittered with a famished luster. The skin was drawn tightly over the bones of her face, and she had no expression except the fixed one of weary hunger. It was Daniel's wife. In her hands she held three mink-skins.

"What's the matter with you?" he cried, fearful of what the figure might portend.

"You sent for Daniel's furs. I am his wife. I have brought them myself."

She held out the three pitiful mink-

skins. In days gone by there had been many prime skins of otter and beaver and mink and marten, and of silver fox not a few. She held out three mink-skins!

Macrimmon saw the whole history of three years in those skins. He trembled. He set his teeth.

"Where is Daniel?" he said hoarsely.

She pointed toward the boat-landing.

Daniel had crawled out of his canoe, and lay at the landing-place, unable to move. There was just a spark of spirit left in his body of bone and skin. He tried to smile as Macrimmon bent over him. On his forehead the trader saw the mark he had put there—the two crescents made by the hot pistol-barrels, blackened by powder as if tattooed.

Yielding up at that moment everything of self there was in him, Macrimmon lifted the Indian in his arms, carried him to the house, and put him in his own bed. Daniel had no strength to tell him that it was impossible to hunt when in one ear there was silence, and in the other a roaring like the rapids on the Missanabie, which the trappers call Hell's Gate. Moreover, no man can hunt with a broken spirit. He was obedient to the last; he had come back for a good reason.

In the dead of night, when they were alone, Macrimmon cried out in the anguish of his soul, and told of his grievous downfall. But Daniel could not hear a word; that was the bitterness of it. He knew the great honor of lying in the trader's bed; he ventured and put his hand on the white man's arm. That touch, and his confession, purged Macrimmon's spirit. He was not the man he had been. There was a peculiar strength grown up in him, but not the fatal strength of pride.

In the morning light the two men could only look helplessly into each other's eyes; and in a little while two of the eyes were darkened.

Macrimmon tanned the three mink-skins, which seemed to him symbols of the grievous wrong that he had cast upon his servant, and of his own degradation. Roughly he sewed them together; and he wore them ever after like a fillet bound about his brow.

A ROYAL GOLDEN WEDDING

OSCAR II, KING OF SWEDEN, AND HIS QUEEN, SOPHIA OF NASSAU,
HAVE CELEBRATED THE FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF THEIR MARRIAGE



KING OSCAR AND QUEEN SOPHIA OF SWEDEN
From their latest photograph by Underwood & Underwood, New York

ON the 6th of last June King Oscar II, of Sweden, celebrated his golden wedding—the fiftieth anniversary of his marriage to the Princess Sophia of Nassau. On the following day he became a great-grandfather, through the birth of a son to Prince Gustavus Adolphus, son of the Swedish crown-prince. This double event brought a shower of sincere congratulations to the aged king, who is now in his seventy-sixth year.

Oscar II has been a model monarch in bearing, in attainments, and in character. Erect and tall, he carries himself like a soldier, as befits one descended from Napoleon's great marshal, Bernadotte. Until lately he excelled in outdoor sports of skill and strength. His manners are democratic, yet always dignified. He has a highly cultivated mind, and has made two valuable contributions to serious literature—one being a biography of Charles XII of Sweden, and the other a Swedish translation of the works of Goethe.

LIEUTENANT U. S. GRANT AND MISS EDITH ROOT

THE ENGAGEMENT OF THE DAUGHTER OF THE SECRETARY OF STATE TO THE GRANDSON AND NAMESAKE OF PRESIDENT GRANT

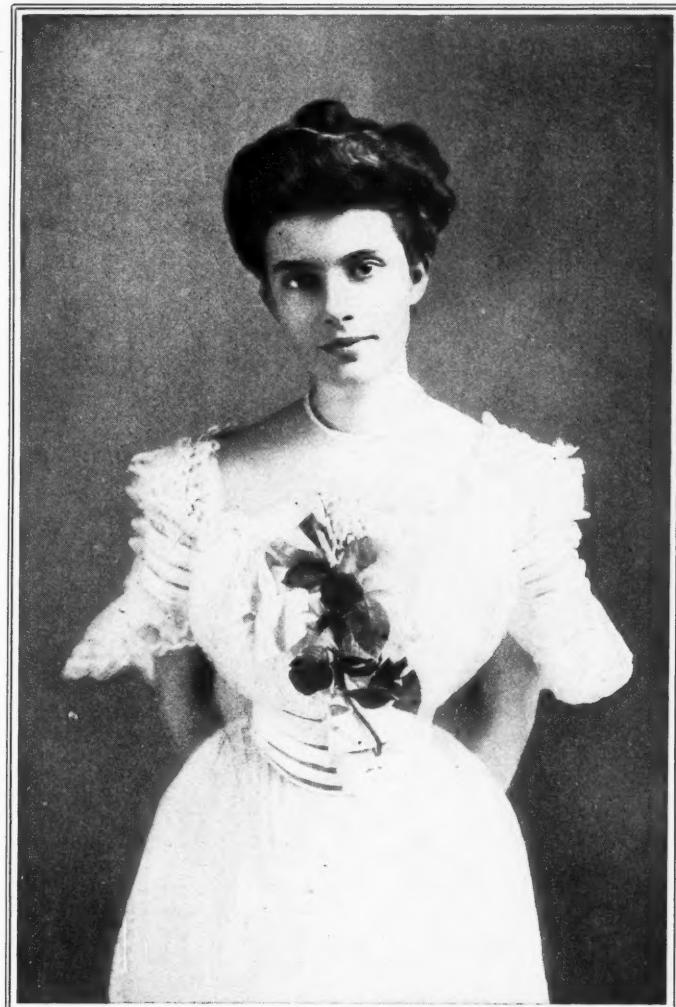
THE announcement, which was made toward the end of July, of the engagement of Lieutenant Ulysses S. Grant to Miss Edith Root, excited an interest which was more than a purely social one. Lieutenant Grant, who is the son of Major-General Frederick D. Grant, and, therefore, the grandson of President Grant, has already had an interesting and varied career. While he was a boy, his father was American minister at the Austrian court, so that young Grant began his studies in the imperial military school in Vienna, where he was a schoolmate of the present Khedive of Egypt. Returning to the United States, he went to Columbia University. In 1898, on the outbreak of the Spanish War, he broke off his studies, and saw some desultory fighting in Porto Rico.

In the following year he was admitted to West Point under circumstances that are



LIEUTENANT ULYSSES S. GRANT, SON OF MAJOR-GENERAL FREDERICK DENT GRANT, AND GRANDSON AND NAMESAKE OF PRESIDENT GRANT

From a copyrighted photograph by Clineinst, Washington



MISS EDITH ROOT, SECRETARY ROOT'S ONLY DAUGHTER, WHOSE ENGAGEMENT
TO LIEUTENANT ULYSSES S. GRANT HAS BEEN ANNOUNCED
From a photograph by Cinedinst, Washington

very interesting. When President Grant lay under the shadow of approaching death, he wrote a letter, asking that his grandson and namesake, when old enough, might receive a Presidential appointment to the United States Military Academy. The request was indorsed upon its back by General William T. Sherman. Both of these great commanders had long been dead when the letter was sent to President McKinley, who at once complied with what seemed to be a request from beyond the grave.

Young Grant graduated from West Point in 1903, standing sixth in his class, and was commissioned a lieutenant of engineers. He was immediately sent on active duty to the Philippines, where he remained until 1905.

Miss Edith Root is the only daughter of the Secretary of State, and is a well-known figure in society at Washington and in New York. Miss Root is highly cultivated, an accomplished linguist, and possesses the charm of good breeding, without any of that desire for display which distinguishes a different type of social favorite. She enters into the more serious interests of her father, to whom she is a companion, and whom she has accompanied on some of his diplomatic missions. She is a good horsewoman, loves outdoor life, and is, in fact, an admirable example of the well-bred, unaffected American girl.

BYGONE BEAUX OF OLD NEW YORK

BY MARY C. FRANCIS

OLD-TIME LEADERS AND LIONS OF AMERICAN SOCIETY, FROM
THE DAYS OF HAMILTON AND BURR TO THOSE OF WARD
McALLISTER, THE LAST OF NEW YORK'S SOCIAL DICTATORS

THE courtly etiquette of England and France found little echo in the New World in the struggling days of the young nation. The haughty, elegant women of the salon and the palace, and the scented, curled darlings who hung in their train and filled boudoirs and memoirs with intrigue and scandal, are missing from the first pages of our social calendar. Yet, among the great figures of the generals, scholars, and diplomats who shaped the

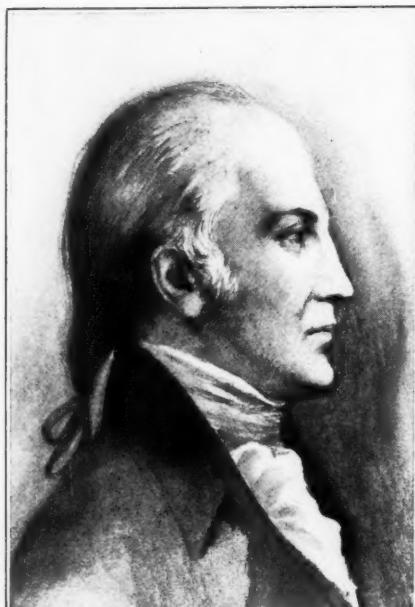
destinies of the aspiring republic, were the more strictly social luminaries that cast a ray of rosy light along the historical pathway.

Lift the curtain even a little and look behind the scenes, and we see not only ambitious and beautiful women contending for supremacy, but men not a few who cultivated every grace of mind and person, worshiped every detail of dress, and practised all the airs and subtleties of a cavalier of the Middle Ages—beaux *par excellence*, such as our hustling and commercial age knows not.

By the time of Washington even men of distinction were also romantic Bayards; and we see Alexander Hamilton deep in the meshes of various love-affairs, clothing himself in purple and fine linen, concerned over the color of a waistcoat, anxious about a ruffled shirt, and setting forth for each new conquest over the fair sex attired in all the bravery of velvet trousers, silver buckles, lace ruffles, and silk stockings. We catch glimpses of Aaron Burr, groomed and plumed, surveying himself from every angle in full-length mirrors, and, scented and powdered, sallying onward into intrigues which have been more or less published, and—by the same token—more or less suppressed.

Less than three decades later a remarkable trio enlivened our social annals: Nathaniel P. Willis, John Van Buren, known as "Prince John," and Henry Wikoff—the "Chevalier Wikoff"; while General George P. Morris, the friend and associate of Willis, was scarcely less prominent.

Willis, Van Buren, and Wikoff were



AARON BURR, THIRD VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE
UNITED STATES, A SOCIAL FAVORITE AND
LEADER OF THE BAR IN NEW YORK

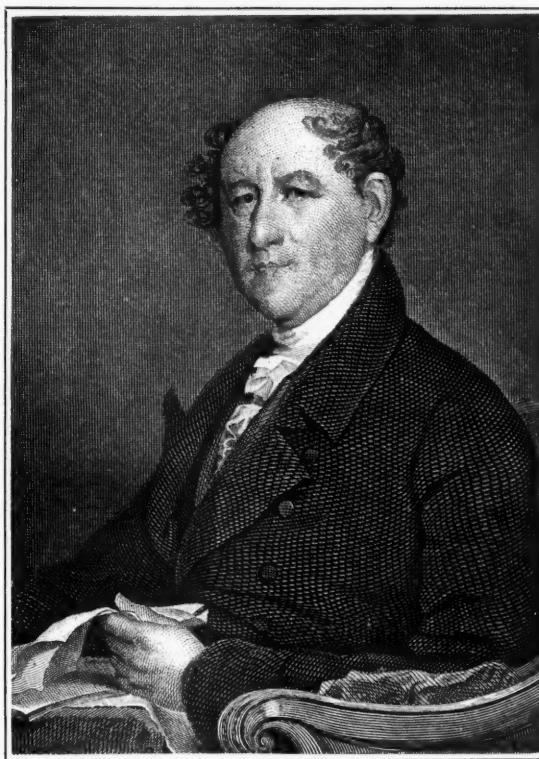
all at Yale together, though in different classes. They were three dashing cavaliers, breaking the hearts of half the beauties in town, mixed up in various semi-disreputable escapades, always involved in love-affairs, courting, serenading, dancing, and primping, writing odes to their mistresses' eyebrows, and generally disporting themselves as troubadours of the Middle Ages.

Yet, despite all this, Willis has left a few footprints in literature; John Van Buren achieved considerable reputation as attorney-general of the State of New York, and Henry Wikoff attained some distinction in diplomacy.

WILLIS AS A SOCIAL LION

Of Willis's silk-stockinged poetry and his prose, "as transparent as a lump of ice in champagne," it is not necessary to speak here. It is much more important to know that he was very handsome, of a tall and elegant figure; that his hair, "sunny, silken, and light brown in color, waved in luxuriant abundance; that his cheeks were as rosy as if he had been painted to show behind the footlights, and that he dressed with artistic elegance."

Willis's social ambitions, his fondness for the fair sex, and his literary talents—the latter pertaining chiefly to nightingales, larks, and ivy-mantled towers—made him a lion. He roared gently and assiduously at the feet of maids and belles, first in Boston, then in New York, and then in London, where he was the special protégé of Lady Blessington, and was feted, wined, and dined in a coterie of congenial souls. His waving locks were a constant menace to his critics, who did not hesitate to ridicule his "Hyperion curls"; and Dr. Holmes wrote of him: "He was something between a remembrance of Count d'Orsay and an anticipation of Oscar Wilde."



RUFUS KING, STATESMAN AND DIPLOMAT, A SOCIAL LIGHT
IN THE NEW YORK OF A CENTURY AGO

From the portrait by Gilbert Stuart

Of a number of amours credited to him one was a genuine love-affair. His affection for Mary Benjamin, a beautiful woman and the sister of Park Benjamin, was returned, and they were engaged, but the unrelenting opposition of Miss Benjamin's guardian broke off the affair, and she afterward married Motley, the historian.

This unhappy love rankled in Willis for a number of years—in fact, until he met and fell in love with Mary Stace, a lovely English girl whom he met at a picnic on the grounds of Lord Londonderry. He wooed her with characteristic impetuosity, and on the first day of October, 1837, about six weeks from the day he had met her, they were married.

The next year he returned home with his bride, and later narrowly escaped a duel with Captain Marryat; described Daniel Webster's forehead at a Jenny Lind concert as "a massive magnolia

blossom, too heavy for the breeze to stir, splendid and silent, amid fluttering poplar leaves"; amused Thackeray hugely by his verbal embroideries, and moved an elderly woman to say that "Nat Willis ought to go about in spring in sky-blue breeches, with a rose-colored bellows to blow the buds open."

On the death of his wife, Willis wrote that she was "an angel without fault or foible," but after eighteen months of loneliness he married again. For many years his tall and elegantly dressed figure was a familiar sight on Broadway, while he dispensed a lavish hospitality in his home.

WILLIS'S FRIEND AND PARTNER

George P. Morris, a literary, military, and social notable, and editor of the fashionable New York *Mirror*, was not only the friend and business associate of Willis, but was also one of the names so intimately woven into the chronicles of the times that it is impossible to overlook him. He was very popular, and adorned the drawing-rooms with his wit and fancy so successfully that many eligible maid-s were at his feet, for it was the fashion then to worship at the shrine of intellect.

His songs were sung in every boudoir, and after he wrote and had set to music "Woodman, Spare that Tree," he was hailed as a rising young poet. While his head was turned by the flattery poured into his ears by soft feminine lips, he had a rude shock. Henry Russell, an English Jew with a faculty for ballads, was in demand at entertainments, and poet and singer frequently met. One evening, as Russell was singing the last stanza of the admired song, Captain Marryat approached the piano and laying a new verse before Russell asked him to render it. The hastily penciled lines read thus:

Lady, give me tea.
And I will make a bow:
In youth it pleased me,
And I do love it now;
'Twas my old mother's hand
That poured it from the pot.
Pray, lady, let it stand,
For it's damned hot!

Russell sang it, and the company

roared; but Morris, Russell, and Marryat were not on speaking terms for some time after.

THE "CHEVALIER WIKOFF" AND "PRINCE JOHN"

Henry Wikoff was little less than a modern corsair. The son of a rich Philadelphian, he speedily became a familiar and flamboyant figure in New York and several European capitals. He was gay, dashing, and devil-may-care, dressed in exquisite taste, was inevitably involved with women, more or less reckless in his love-affairs, and, despite his extravagance and dissipation, was in demand at every social gathering, where, apparently, he made love to most of the beauties of the day.

He won fame in New York by bringing Fanny Ellsler over; and in the famous Forrest divorce trial—perhaps the greatest scandal of that period—Wikoff, who had known Forrest intimately and had traveled with him in Russia, was named as one of the correspondents, as was also Willis, while John Van Buren figured as the defendants' counsel.

Wikoff's chief distinction is based on a most romantic episode—neither more nor less than imprisonment at Genoa, Italy, for fifteen months, on a charge of abduction of the lady who at that time was his affianced bride, Miss Jane C. Gamble. It is like a jest of fate that this ill-starred courtship fell to the lot of a man who lived to worship at the shrine of woman, and, moreover, the fair lady refused to marry him after his confinement! His book, "My Courtship and Its Consequences," relating the details of his calamitous suit, reads like a page out of the Middle Ages; and it is fact that the embassies of England, Italy, and the United States were drawn into the vortex of this gay cavalier's love-affair. He was a factor in the fashionable world to the end of his career, and he wrote a scintillating volume which he entitled "The Adventures of a Roving Diplomat."

John Van Buren, son of our eighth President, was brilliant, witty, aristocratic in bearing, haughty in disposition, and exceedingly fastidious in dress.

The title of "Prince John" was an

appropriate nickname which clung to him all his life. He courted women assiduously, won success at the bar, and finally married Miss Aspinwall, daughter of Gilbert Aspinwall. It is recorded that he made as good a husband as most husbands have ever been. His vitriolic attack on Mrs. Forrest in the divorce suit astonished every one, and drew down considerable condemnation on him. As attorney-general of the State of New York, however, he made an excellent record; and later he figured in national politics as a "free soil" campaigner.

A FAMOUS OLD-TIME ROMANCE

The latter part of the eighteenth century was socially very brilliant, and among the romantic episodes of the time none stands out more distinctly than the daring and chivalric wooing of Cornelia Schuyler by Washington Morton. The beautiful Cornelia was a younger daughter of old General Schuyler, and a sister of Alexander Hamilton's wife. Young Morton, just out of Princeton, handsome, athletic, brilliant, and versatile, was the son of John Morton, who had been called the "rebel banker" by the British, on account of the large sums of money he loaned to the patriots. His elder sister, Eliza Susan, had been married to the celebrated Josiah Quincy early in 1797; and Washington met his fate in the person of the fair Cornelia at the house of Hamilton, the records asserting that he fell in love with her at first sight.

At this time Morton was only twenty-two years old, and the five years that had elapsed since he left Princeton had seen him admitted to the New York bar, where he had made a reputation for himself along with the galaxy of contemporary names that included Alexander Hamilton, Aaron Burr, Rufus King, Thomas Addis Emmet, David

B. Ogden, Peter Augustus Jay, and others.

But his social attainments had made him one of the greatest beaux of the day. He was magnetic, attractive, fond of the fair sex, adept in gallant attentions, and fastidiously attentive to dress. His subtle flatteries of manner invested him with a peculiar fascination which



NATHANIEL P. WILLIS, POET AND JOURNALIST, WHOM DR. HOLMES CALLED "SOMETHING BETWEEN A REMEMBRANCE OF COUNT D'ORSAY AND AN ANTICIPATION OF OSCAR WILDE"

would probably have given him any of the belles of the time as his wife.

Devotion to his profession did not keep him from the athletic diversions in which he was notably proficient. His prowess

a group of choice spirits who had been waiting his arrival.

His reception was worthy of the event, and the night was spent in feasting over a supper-table spread in his honor laden



GEORGE P. MORRIS, THE FRIEND AND ASSOCIATE OF WILLIS, AND A FAMOUS FIGURE IN THE SOCIETY OF HIS DAY

in this direction led on one occasion to a wager, the result of which was that he walked from New York to Philadelphia. History is silent as to the exact time occupied in the stroll, but it is certain that he was accompanied by a party of friends on horseback, who cheered him as he nimbly footed it to the City of Brotherly Love, and on making his triumphal entry there he was greeted by

with all the delicacies of the season and amply provided with wine.

The blind god winged an unerring shaft in the hour when Washington Morton met Cornelia Schuyler. Hers was a type especially fitted to attract an impetuous, ardent nature, too artistic to be wholly sensuous, and sensitively alive to refined feminine charms. Her dark-brown hair parted over a low white

forehead, the gray eyes under long, curling lashes, the small red mouth, the clear skin of a waxy paleness, captivated Morton. He courted her from the moment he met her, and laid at her feet his name and all he had of wealth and honor.

The beautiful Cornelia lent a willing ear to her impassioned suitor, but General Schuyler disapproved of his prospective son-in-law, and in a stormy interview with his daughter forbade her to receive or encourage him further.

Parental authority meant something in those days, and it seemed as if the romance were nipped in the bud; yet on the 8th of October, 1797, just before the witching hour of midnight, a window was cautiously raised in the Schuyler mansion in Albany—General Schuyler was then Governor—and one of the two cloaked figures below threw up a rope's end. The amiable and obedient Cornelia caught it, drew up the rope ladder which was attached to it, descended it, and was received in the arms of her lover.

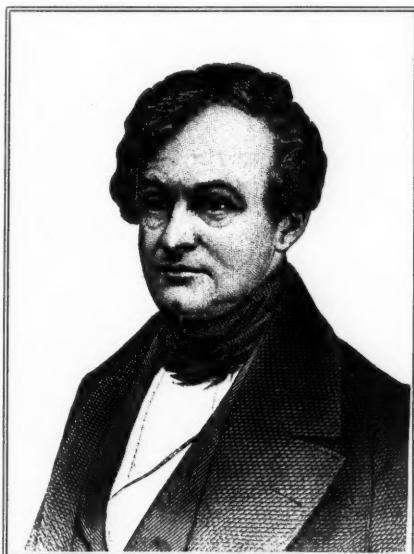
Together they hastened to the Hudson River, where a boat took them to the opposite shore. Here swift horses were in waiting, and a matter of between thirty and forty miles brought them to the home of Judge Theodore Sedgwick in Stockbridge.

The justice, roused from his slumbers, lost no time in making them man and wife, and the Governor of the State, who could not govern his own daughter, was left to his official and parental reflections.

Ten years of wedded bliss fell to the lot of the happy pair. Cornelia's death in 1807 plunged Morton into passionate grief, from which he attempted to escape by life in Paris; but he, too, died in 1810, and there is no doubt that mourning for her hastened his end.

A CHESTERFIELD OF NEW YORK

The first quarter of the nineteenth century brought great commercial growth to New York and a corresponding increase in its social life. Of the figures that stand out distinctly none is more effectively etched than that of Philip Hone. Even in early life he belonged to the old Chesterfieldian type, and as one of



JOHN VAN BUREN, PRESIDENT VAN BUREN'S SON, KNOWN TO NEW YORK SOCIETY AS "PRINCE JOHN"

the young beaux of the city his deportment, dress, and bearing marked him as a favorite wherever he went.

Of an old Revolutionary family, he had inherited social graces, a gentlemanly address, and literary and artistic tendencies. Although fond of society and devoted to women, no doubtful intrigues find their way into the memoirs concerning him, which is much more than one may say of all the favorites of that period. He was in his early days as great a gallant as enlivens the old records, but his heart does not seem to have been really touched until he met, wooed, and wed Miss Dunscomb, a beautiful and charming woman.

It was after that event that his real social career took place. He gave princely entertainments at his deep, roomy, cheerful Broadway home, opposite the City Hall Park. Here, amid wainscoted walls, old-fashioned carved sideboards, enormous mirrors, tall silver candlesticks, and the rarest and most costly porcelain, he entertained the wealth, wit, and beauty of the city.

As a host he was unrivaled, even among the *bons vivreurs* of his time; and the Livingstons, Schuylers, Van Cortlandts, Stuyvesants, and Van Rensselaers

sat at his board, as did also Cooper, Fitz-Greene Halleck, Daniel Webster, the brilliant French minister, M. de Neuville, and many others.

He founded the Hone Club, which, although avowedly more intellectual than the Union Club, did not despise the lavish hospitality of that period, and Dr. John Francis wrote: "A Devonshire duke might have been astounded at the amplitude of the repasts and the richness and style of the entertainments."

Elected mayor in 1825, he brought to

that office a prestige hitherto unknown, and the quality and style of the social life that marked his official reign has left unusual evidences of wealth and culture combined.

SAMUEL WARD AND HIS SUCCESSORS

Intimately associated with Philip Hone was Samuel Ward, brother-in-law of the witty and accomplished Dr. John Francis, and in his mature years the head of the great banking house of Prime, Ward, King & Co. The social graces of his youth and early manhood easily won for him an entrée into the first circles, where he speedily became a favorite with both belles and dames, for he had the happy faculty of making himself equally agreeable to both.

Nature had favored him physically, and he was fine looking and graceful, and fitted into the more picturesque garments of the day as naturally as a picture into a frame. Without being in any sense a fop or dandy, he yet may be accounted one of the exquisites of the time, his name being identified with all the social life of the glory of old Knickerbocker days.

It is quite certain that he danced assiduous attention on many of the beauties of the period, yet even as a beau and cavalier an underlying purpose of life was evident, and the serious strain came to the front when in his later years he forswore the use of wine entirely, although his cellars were stocked with the choicest brands. Throughout life his manners were courtly and dignified, and his bearing toward women

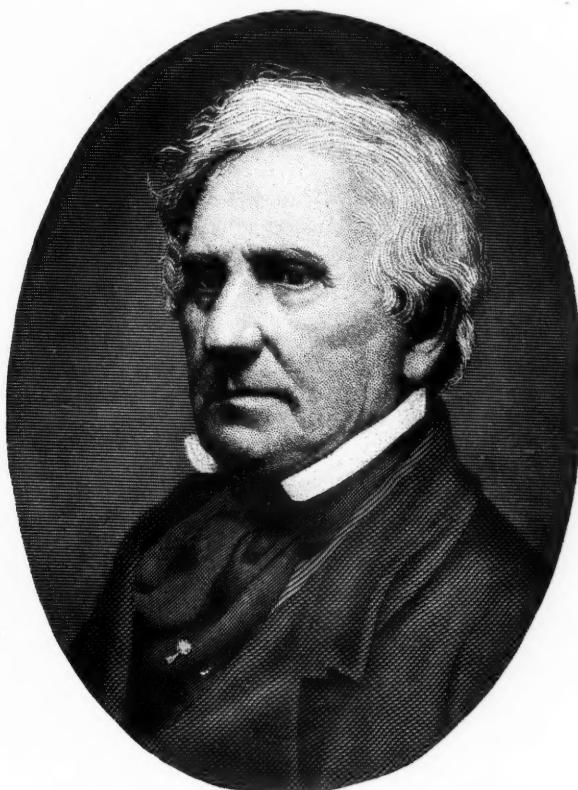


SAMUEL WARD, MEMBER OF A PROMINENT NEW YORK FAMILY, BANKER, BON VIVANT, AND PHILANTHROPIST

was characterized by especial care in small details.

At the height of his career he was munificent toward the city's charities, one of the most public-spirited of her

servants in livery. He was in every sense an exquisite in his toilets, manner, and entertainments. Although usually dashing and genial, he was sufficiently eccentric to affect certain foreign man-



PHILIP HONE, MAYOR OF NEW YORK 1825-1826, AND A FAMOUS LEADER OF SOCIETY

citizens, and a noble patron of the growing art, music, and literature of the metropolis. He entertained the *haut monde* in splendid style in the beautiful residence he built for himself at the corner of Broadway and Bond Street, where his picture-gallery and library were among the show-places of his era.

In marked contrast to this dignified and courtly figure was that of Henry Marx, "Dandy Marx," as he was known, who for years was conspicuous on Broadway and on the Bloomingdale Road by reason of his stiff, reticent air, his ultra-English style of dress, and, more than all, his splendid four-in-hand team and

nerisms, which, combined with his wealth and nonchalant mode of life, drew down sneers and jealousies from every side.

One of his affectations was to wear a mustache, which at that time was considered *outré*, and although a Southerner by birth he spoke with a genuine Cockney drawl. He also copied the style of his equipages from foreign models, and sometimes rode unaccompanied in his drag, but at others sported the ribbons over his blooded four-in-hand with consummate skill.

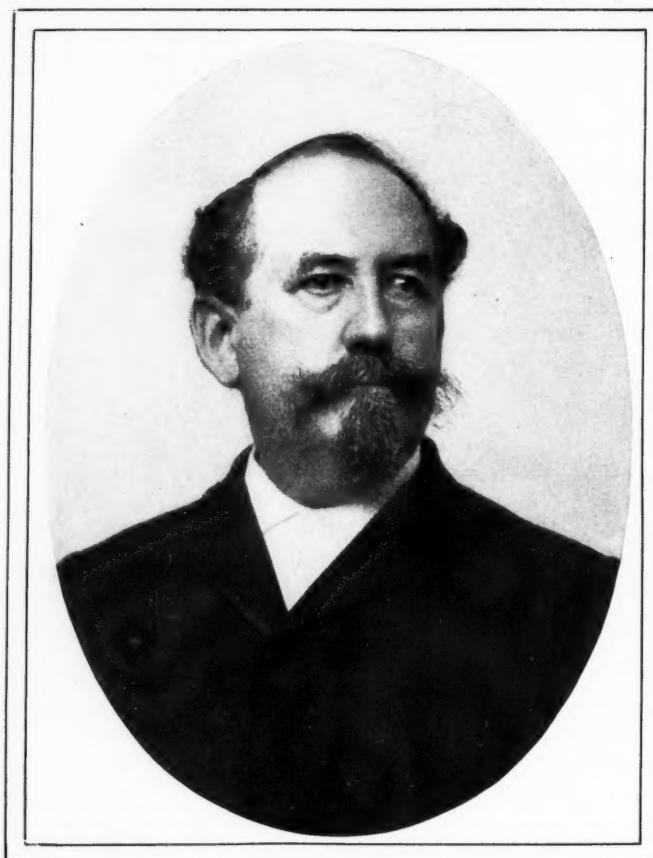
Although a veritable "glass of fashion and mold of form," he was not a ladies'

man, and the elegant exclusiveness and mystery of his life continued to the end. His indifference toward women only served to increase their interest in him, and he could have made almost any alliance he chose.

And at last, in a class by himself, came Ward McAllister, whose unique

was a belle in New York society in the early twenties, and McAllister himself had ample social advantages.

He was virtually a self-made man, and could not be justly accused of having more than a modern veneer of the fine old high-bred gentleman of the vanished school, but his training made him a val-



WARD McALLISTER, NEPHEW OF SAMUEL WARD, AND THE LAST
OF THE SOCIAL DICTATORS OF NEW YORK

From a photograph by Sarony, New York

dictatorship was chiefly induced by the inroads of the newcomers, the sudden and vast increase of wealth, and the alien elements forcing their way into what had been a sacred and aristocratic exclusion. His recent reign is too familiar to require more than a casual reference, though not all of the present generation will recall the fact that his mother, the sister of Mrs. Samuel Ward,

usable connecting link between the old and the new, and as he had a practical understanding of Knickerbocker gentility and the yearning of the "climbers," his services became indispensable.

He saw the cost of entertainment swell from the modest sum of sixty thousand dollars a year to as much for a single dinner. The old, elegant simplicity was gone. What better have we in its place?



From a photograph by Lafayette, London

MARY, MARCHIONESS OF GRAHAM

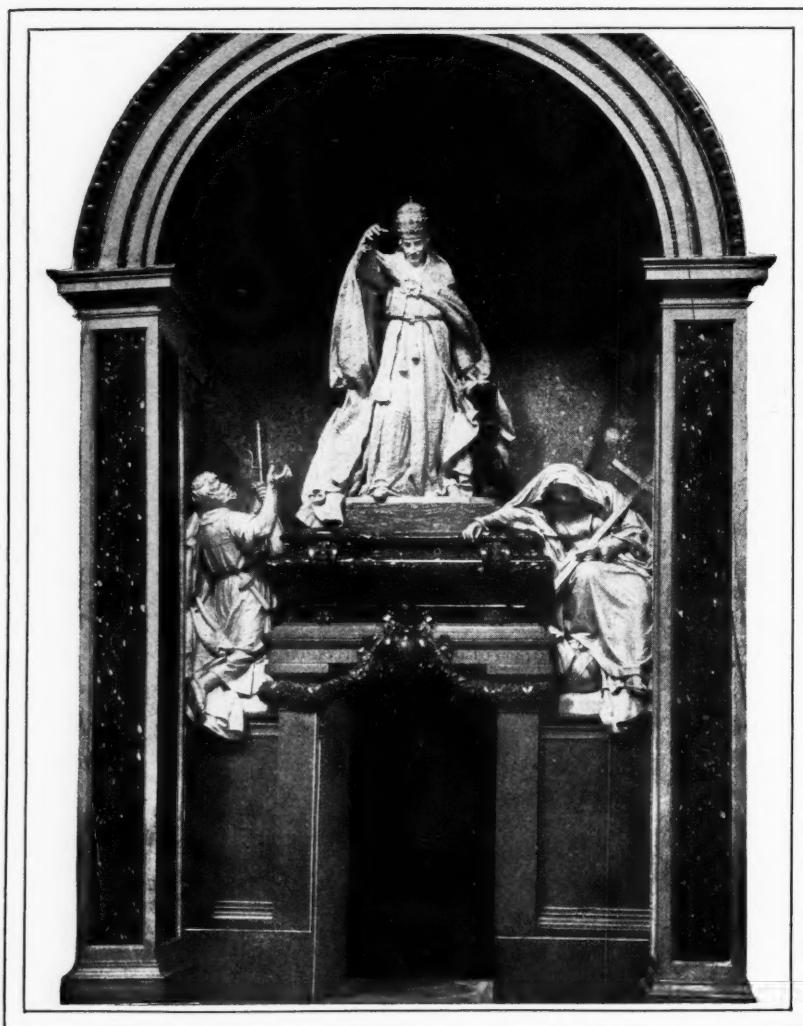
"THE RICHEST HEIRESS IN GREAT BRITAIN"—A DUKE'S DAUGHTER AND A DUKE'S HEIR'S WIFE

THE sex of a child is seldom a matter of much consequence in the United States, except that perhaps a girl may look forward to a life that will be guarded and sheltered from many of the troubles which lie before a boy. But in Great Britain, sex often makes all the difference in the world. The instance of Lady Mary Hamilton, now the Marchioness of Graham, is rather a striking one. She is the only child of the twelfth Duke of Hamilton; and had she been a boy, she would have succeeded to an illustrious title and to one of the greatest estates in the United Kingdom. The Duke of Hamilton is of right the premier peer of Scotland, having also the titles of Duke of Brandon in the peerage of England, and Duke of Chatelhault in the old peerage of France.

But, as Lady Mary was a girl, the law of entail gave all her father's titles and landed estates to a cousin, the nearest male heir, who is now the thirteenth Duke of Hamilton. However, she will in due course become a duchess, as she has married the Marquis of Graham, heir to the duchy of Montrose—another historic Scottish title. She also inherited a large sum of money from her father by will, and was supposed at the time of her marriage to be the richest girl in Great Britain. Like so many of her titled countrywomen, she takes a keen interest in politics. Her husband—who is only a "courtesy" peer, and is therefore eligible to the House of Commons—stood for Parliament at the last election, and his young wife canvassed for him—unsuccessfully, however, for he was defeated.

THE LAST RESTING-PLACE OF LEO XIII

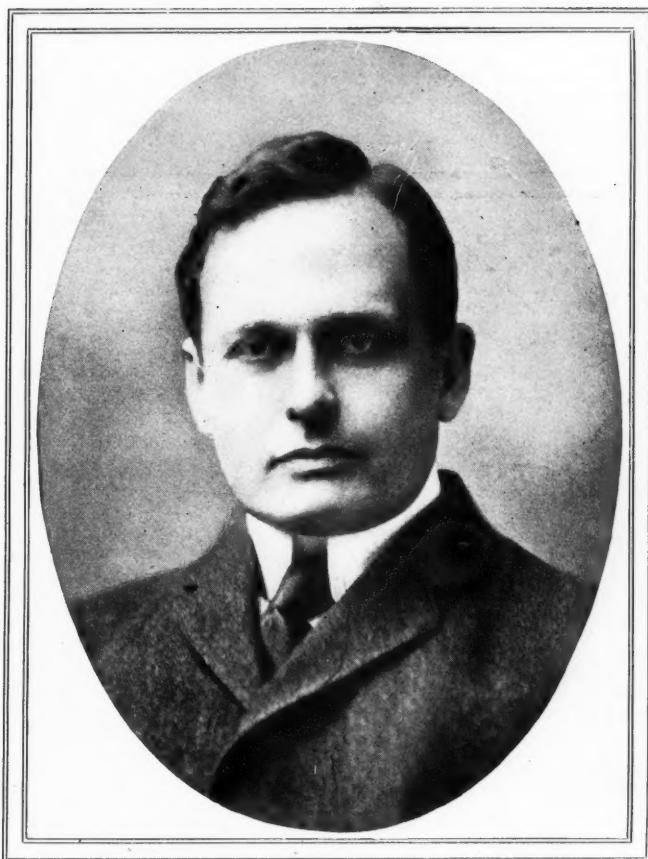
THE FINE MONUMENT THAT MARKS THE TOMB OF THE LATE PONTIFF IN THE HISTORIC CHURCH OF ST. JOHN LATERAN AT ROME



From a photograph by Underwood & Underwood, New York

THE remains of Pope Leo XIII, who died in 1903, are soon to be transferred to their final resting-place in the basilica of St. John Lateran, which was the foremost church in Rome before the building of St. Peter's, and which is still regarded as a part of the territorial dominions of the Papacy. The spot is marked by an impressive monument, erected at the expense of the cardinals who owed their creation to the late pontiff.

The central figure of the monument, an admirable statue of the pontiff, the work of the Roman sculptor Professor Giulio Tadolini, is represented as making the characteristic sign of benediction. On either side is an allegorical figure, one symbolizing Pilgrimage and the other the Church. In the center is placed the sarcophagus of verde antique, decorated with gilded bronze, and bearing in Latin the simple inscription, "To Leo XIII."



HARRY AUGUSTUS GARFIELD, PRESIDENT OF WILLIAMS COLLEGE,
ELDEST SON OF PRESIDENT GARFIELD

From a photograph

THE SONS OF PRESIDENT GARFIELD

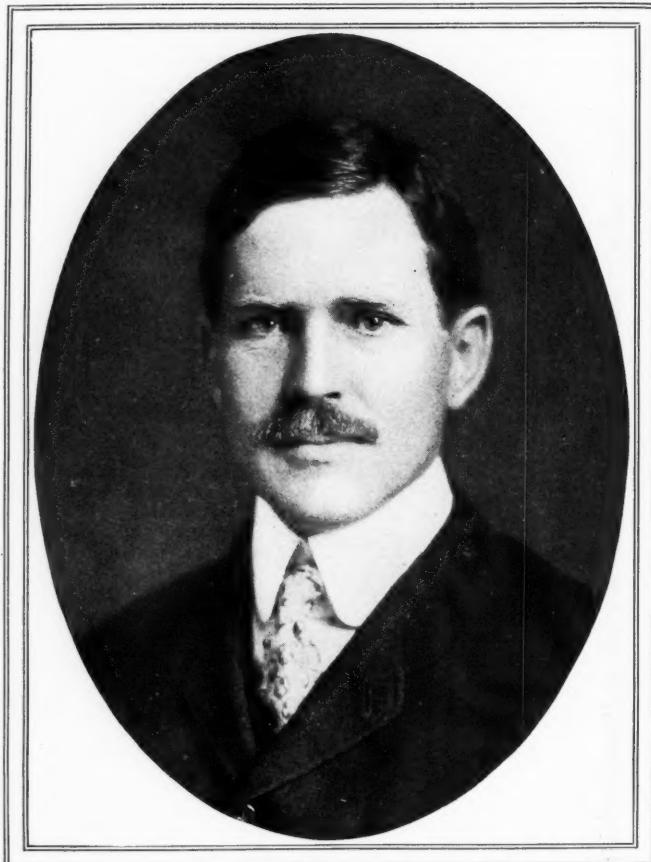
TWO HAVE ALREADY RISEN TO DISTINCTION, ONE AS A MEMBER OF THE CABINET AND ONE AS A COLLEGE PRESIDENT

IT has almost passed into a commonplace that the sons of distinguished men do not make a name for themselves, that they are obscured by their fathers' greatness. Accepting this as generally true, there are still many notable exceptions. The most famous instance in American political life is found in the Adams family of Massachusetts, two members of which were Presidents of the United States, while several others have had distinguished careers.

Another exception seems to exist in the family of President Garfield, two of whose four sons have rapidly attained to prominence. The first of these is James Rudolph Garfield, now Secretary of the Interior. The political progress of this young official has been achieved within less than a dozen years. On leaving college he took up the practise of the law in Cleveland, and his first appearance in public life was in 1896, when he was elected to the Ohio Senate from his father's old district. As a Senator he fought the old politicians vigorously, and secured the passage of the Garfield Corrupt Practises Act. In 1902 President Roosevelt made him a member of the Civil Service Commission, and in the following year Commissioner of Corporations, in the Department of Commerce and Labor. His first official report in that capacity startled the country by its frankness, and by his statement that the present diversity of corporation law in the United States

amounts to anarchy. At the beginning of the present year he was promoted to the headship of the department, in succession to Secretary Hitchcock, whose vigorous campaign against the violators of the Federal land-laws Mr. Garfield is following up with no less energy.

Harry Augustus Garfield, who is two years older than his strenuous brother, has also made his mark, having lately been called to the presidency of Williams College—an institution of which he and all his brothers are graduates, as was their father, President Garfield. Harry Augustus Garfield is the first head of Williams College who did not come from the pulpit. He has been for years a lawyer, and a lawyer who was not content



JAMES RUDOLPH GARFIELD, SECRETARY OF THE INTERIOR, SECOND
SON OF PRESIDENT GARFIELD
From a photograph by Pach, New York

with what law-students call a "bread-and-butter education." He is grounded not only in the practise but in the theory and the history of law, having studied not only at Columbia in this country, but at Oxford and in the London Inns of Court. He has interested himself in municipal reforms, has helped to reorganize the United States consular service, and in 1903 was made professor of politics in Princeton University.

The activity and energy of the younger Garfields was shown when they were mere children living in the White House, where they were filled with the spirit of mischief and played many pranks. One of their favorite amusements, it is said, was to empty an ink-bottle over the Presidential desk. Their boyishness was, in fact, a direct inheritance from their father, who was full of humor, genial in manner, and always courteous; so that even his political enemies were fond of him. From him they have also inherited that splendid physique which enabled him to sustain the marvelous struggle against death after he had been shot down by Guiteau at the moment when he was journeying to Williams College, of which his son has now become the president.

THE PRIMA DONNA*

BY F. MARION CRAWFORD,

AUTHOR OF "MR. ISAACS," "CORLEONE," "IN THE PALACE OF
THE KING," "FAIR MARGARET," ETC.

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS ALREADY PUBLISHED

MARGARITA DE CORDOVA, the great prima donna—an English girl whose real name is Margaret Donne—is returning to Europe on the *Leofric*, after singing at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York.

One of the last nights of the opera season was marked by a sensational incident. An explosion outside the Metropolitan shook the building and put out the lights. The audience began to stampede for the doors, and a few were injured in the crush; but the panic was stayed by the presence of mind of Mme. Cordova, who continued to sing until the lights were relit.

The house had been quietly emptied, and the prima donna was starting homeward, when Paul Griggs, a veteran literary man and an old friend of Mme. Cordova, called her into the manager's room, to which he had carried a girl who had been found lying insensible in one of the exits. Griggs had recognized her as a Miss Ida Bamberger, who was to have been married, a couple of days later, to Rufus Van Torp, a millionaire New York financier, head of the Nickel Trust. She was at the point of death, apparently from shock or heart failure. Before the end she told Mme. Cordova that she wished to entrust her with a secret, which must be divulged to no one but Mr. Van Torp; but all that the dying girl could whisper was "He did it"—a message which the prima donna did not understand.

On the *Leofric* Mme. Cordova finds that Rufus Van Torp is among her fellow passengers. This is an unwelcome surprise, as she knows and dislikes the man, and resents the unwelcome attentions he has thrust upon her. During the voyage she tries to avoid him, seeking refuge in the company of Paul Griggs, who is also on the steamer, and with two new acquaintances—a little deaf mute girl, Ida Moon, daughter of the late Senator Alvah Moon, of California, and Miss More, a lady who is in charge of the child. Van Torp manages to talk with the prima donna, however, and she delivers poor Ida Bamberger's message—which, the millionaire tells her, means that he had broken his engagement with the dead girl.

Later in the same day, Margaret, walking with little Ida Moon, sees Van Torp standing on an upper deck, looking over the ship's rail, his lips moving as if he was talking to himself. The deaf mute girl, who can interpret the motions of a speaker's lips, becomes terrified as she watches Van Torp, though she does not reveal what she has learned from his soliloquy.

VIII

MARGARET was sorry to say good-by to Miss More and little Ida when the voyage was over, three days later. She was instinctively fond of children, as all healthy women are, and she saw very few of them in her wandering life. It is true that she did not understand them very well, for she had been an only child, brought up much alone, and chil-

dren's ways are only to be learned and understood by experience, since all children are experimentalists in life, and what often seems to us foolishness in them is practical wisdom of the explorative kind.

When Ida had pulled Margaret away from the railing, after watching Mr. Van Torp while he was talking to himself, the singer had thought very little of it; and Ida never mentioned it afterward. As for the millionaire, he was hardly

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seen again, and he made no attempt to persuade Margaret to take another walk with him on deck.

"Perhaps you would like to see my place," he said, as he bade her good-by at Liverpool. "It used to be called Oxley Paddox; but I didn't like that, so I changed the name to Torp Towers. I'm Mr. Van Torp of Torp Towers. Sounds well, don't it?"

"Yes," Margaret answered, biting her lip, for she wanted to laugh. "It has a very lordly sound. If you bought a moor and a river in Scotland, you might call yourself the McTorp of Glen Torp, in the same way."

"I see you're laughing at me," said the millionaire, with the quiet smile of a man either above or beyond ridicule. "But it's all a game in a toy-shop, anyway, this having a place in Europe. I buy a doll to play with when I have time, and I can call it what I please, and smash its head when I'm tired of it. It's my doll. It isn't any one else's. The Towers is in Derbyshire, if you want to come."

Margaret did not "want to come" to Torp Towers, even if the doll wasn't any one else's. She was sorry for any person or thing that had the misfortune to be Mr. Van Torp's doll, and she felt her inexplicable fear of him coming upon her while he was speaking. She broke off the conversation by saying good-by rather abruptly.

"Then you won't come?" he said, in a tone of amusement.

"Really, you are very kind, but I have so many engagements."

"Saturday to Monday in the season wouldn't interfere with your engagements. However, do as you like."

"Thank you very much. Good-by again."

She escaped, and he looked after her with an unsatisfied expression that was almost wistful, and that would certainly not have been in his face if she could have seen it.

Griggs was beside her when she went ashore.

"I had not much to do, after all," he said, glancing at Van Torp.

"No," Margaret answered, "but please don't think it was all imagination. I may tell you some day. No,"

she said again, after a short pause, "he did not make himself a nuisance, except that once, and now he has asked me to his place in Derbyshire."

"Torp Towers?" Griggs observed with a smile.

"Yes. I could hardly help laughing when he told me he had changed its name."

"It's worth seeing," said Griggs. "A big old house, all full of other people's ghosts."

"Ghosts?"

"I mean figuratively. It's full of things that remind one of the people who lived there. It has one of the oldest parks in England. Lots of pheasants, too; but that cannot last long."

"Why not?"

"He won't let any one shoot them! They will all die of overcrowding in two or three years. His keepers are three men from the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals."

"What a mad idea!" Margaret laughed. "Is he a Buddhist?"

"No." Paul Griggs knew something about Buddhism. "Certainly not! He's eccentric. That's all."

Half an hour later they were in the train together, and there was no one else in the carriage. Miss More and little Ida had disappeared directly after landing, but Margaret had seen Mr. Van Torp get into a carriage on the window of which was pasted the label of the rich and great: "Reserved." She could have had the same privilege if she had chosen to ask for it or pay for it, but it irritated her that he should treat himself like a superior being. Everything he did either irritated her or frightened her, and she found herself constantly thinking of him and wishing that he would get out at the first station. Griggs was silent, too, and Margaret thought he really might have taken some trouble to amuse her.

She had Lushington's book on her knee, for she had found it less interesting than she had expected, and was rather ashamed of not having finished it before meeting him, since it had been given to her. She thought he might come down as far as Rugby to meet her, and she was quite willing that he should find her with it in her hand. A literary

man is always supposed to be flattered at finding a friend reading his last production, as if he did not know that the friend has probably grabbed the volume with undignified haste the instant he was on the horizon, with the intention of being discovered deep in it. Yet such little friendly frauds are sweet compared with the extremes of brutal frankness to which our dearest friends sometimes think it their duty to go with us, for our own good.

After a time Griggs spoke to her, and she was glad to hear his voice. She had grown to like him during the voyage, even more than she had ever thought probable. She had even gone so far as to wonder whether, if he had been twenty-five years younger, he might not have been the one man she had ever met whom she might care to marry, and she had laughed at the involved terms of the hypothesis as soon as she thought of it. Griggs had never been married, but elderly people remembered that there had been some romantic tale about his youth, when he had been an unknown young writer struggling for life as a newspaper correspondent.

"You saw the notice of Miss Bamberger's death, I suppose?" he said, turning his gray eyes to hers.

He had not alluded to the subject during the voyage.

"Yes," Margaret answered, wondering why he broached it now.

"The notice said that she died of heart failure, from shock," Griggs continued. "I should like to know what you think about it, as you were with her when she died. Have you any idea that she may have died of anything else?"

"No," Margaret was surprised. "The doctor said it was that."

"I know. I only wanted to have your own impression. I believe that when people die of heart failure in that way they often make desperate efforts to explain what has happened, and go on trying to talk when they can only make inarticulate sounds. Do you remember if it was at all like that?"

"Not at all," Margaret said. "She whispered the last words she spoke, but I could hear them quite distinctly. Then she drew three or four deep breaths, and all at once I saw that she was dead,

and I called the doctor from the next room."

"I suppose that might be heart failure," said Griggs thoughtfully. "You are quite sure that you thought it was only that, are you not?"

"Only what?" Margaret asked with growing surprise.

"Only fright, or the result of having been half suffocated in the crowd."

"Yes, I think I am sure. What do you mean? Why do you insist so much?"

"It's of no use to tell other people," said Griggs, "but you may just as well know. I found her lying in a heap behind a door, where there could not have been much of a crowd."

"Perhaps she had taken refuge there, to save herself," Margaret suggested.

"Possibly. But there was another thing. When I got home I found that there was a little blood on the palm of my hand. It was the hand I had put under her waist when I lifted her."

"Do you mean to say you think she was wounded?" Margaret asked, opening her eyes wide.

"There was blood on the inside of my hand," Griggs answered, "and I had no scratch to account for it. I know quite well that it was on the hand that I put under her waist—a little above the waist, just in the middle of her back."

"But it would have been seen afterward."

"On the dark red silk she wore? Not if there was very little of it. The doctor never thought of looking for such a wound. Why should he? He had not the slightest reason for suspecting that the poor girl had been murdered."

"Murdered?"

Margaret looked hard at Griggs, and then she suddenly shuddered from head to foot. She had never before had such a sensation; it was like a shock from an electric current at the instant when the contact is made, not strong enough to hurt, but yet very disagreeable. She felt it at the moment when her mind connected what Griggs was saying with the dying girl's last words, "He did it"; and with little Ida's look of horror when she had watched Mr. Van Torp's lips while he was talking to himself on the boat-deck of the *Leofric*; and again,

with the physical fear of the man that always came over her when she had been near him for a little while.

When she spoke to Griggs again the tone of her voice had changed.

"Please tell me how it could have been done," she said.

"Easily enough. A steel bodkin six or seven inches long, or even a strong hatpin. It would be only a question of strength."

Margaret remembered Mr. Van Torp's coarse hands, and shuddered again.

"How awful!" she exclaimed.

"One would bleed to death internally before long," Griggs said.

"Are you sure?"

"Yes. That is the reason why the three-cornered blade for dueling-swords was introduced in France thirty years ago. Before that, men often used ordinary foils filed to a point, and there were many deaths from internal hemorrhage."

"What odd things you always know! That would be just like being run through with a bodkin, then?"

"Very much the same."

"But it would have been found out afterward," Margaret said, "and the papers would have been full of it."

"That does not follow," Griggs answered. "The girl was an only child, and her mother had been divorced and married again. She lived alone with her father, and he probably was told the truth. But Isidore Bamberger is not the man to spread out his troubles before the public in the newspapers. On the contrary, if he found out that his daughter had been killed—supposing that she was—he probably made up his mind at once that the world should not know it till he had caught the murderer. So he sent for the best detective in America, put the matter in his hands, and inserted a notice of his daughter's death that agreed with what the doctor had said. That would be the detective's advice, I'm sure, and probably Van Torp approved of it."

"Mr. Van Torp? Do you think he was told about it? Why?"

"First, because Bamberger is Van Torp's banker, broker, figurehead, and general representative on earth," answered Griggs. "Secondly, because Van Torp was engaged to marry the girl."

"The engagement was broken off," Margaret said.

"How do you know that?" asked Griggs quickly.

"Mr. Van Torp told me, on the steamer. They had broken it off that very day, and were going to let it be known the next morning. He told me so, that afternoon when I walked with him."

"Really!"

Griggs was a little surprised, but as he did not connect Van Torp with the possibility that Miss Bamberger had been murdered, his thoughts did not dwell on the broken engagement.

"Why don't you try to find out the truth?" Margaret asked rather anxiously. "You know so many people everywhere—you have so much experience."

"I never had much taste for detective work," answered the literary man, "and, besides, this is none of my business. But Bamberger and Van Torp are probably both of them aware by this time that I found the girl and carried her to the manager's room, and when they are ready to ask me what I know, or what I remember, the detective they are employing will suddenly appear to me in the shape of a new acquaintance in some out-of-the-way place, who will go to work scientifically to make me talk to him. He will very likely have a little theory of his own, to the effect that since it was I who brought Miss Bamberger to Schreiermeyer's room, it was probably I who killed her, for some mysterious reason!"

"Shall you tell him about the drop of blood on your hand?"

"Without the slightest hesitation. But not until I am asked, and I shall be very glad if you will not speak of it."

"I won't," Margaret said; "but I wonder why you have told me if you mean to keep it a secret!"

The veteran man of letters turned his sad gray eyes to hers, while his lips smiled.

"The world is not all bad," he said. "All men are not liars, and all women do not betray confidence."

"It's very good to hear a man like you say that," Margaret answered. "It means something."

"Yes," assented Griggs thoughtfully. "It means a great deal to me to be sure of it, now that most of my life is lived."

"Were you unhappy when you were young?"

She asked the question as a woman sometimes does who feels herself strongly drawn to a man much older than she. Griggs did not answer at once, and when he spoke his voice was unusually grave, and his eyes looked far away.

"A great misfortune happened to me," he said. "A great misfortune," he repeated slowly, after a pause, and his tone and look told Margaret how great that calamity had been better than a score of big words.

"Forgive me," Margaret said softly; "I should have known."

"No," Griggs answered after a moment. "You could not have known. It happened very long ago, perhaps ten years before you were born."

Again he turned his sad gray eyes to hers, but no smile lingered now about the rather stern mouth. The two looked at each other quietly for five or six seconds, and that may seem a long time. When Margaret turned away from the elderly man's more enduring gaze, both felt that there was a bond of sympathy between them which neither had quite acknowledged till then.

There was silence after that, and Margaret looked out of the window, while her hand unconsciously played with the book on her knee, lifting the cover a little and letting it fall again and again.

Suddenly she turned to Griggs once more, and held the book out to him with a smile.

"I'm not an autograph-hunter," she said, "but will you write something on the fly-leaf? Just a word or two, without your name, if you like. Do you think I'm very sentimental?"

She smiled again, and he took the book from her and produced a pencil.

"It's a book I shall not throw away," she went on, "because the man who wrote it is a great friend of mine, and I have everything he has ever written. So, as I shall keep it, I want it to remind me that you and I grew to know each other better on this voyage."

It occurred to the veteran that while this was complimentary to himself, it was

not altogether promising for Lushington, who was the old friend in question. A woman who loves a man does not usually ask another to write a line in that man's book. Griggs set the point of the pencil on the fly-leaf as if he were going to write; but then he hesitated, looked up, glanced at Margaret, and at last leaned back in the seat, as if in deep thought.

"I didn't mean to give you so much trouble," Margaret said, still smiling. "I thought it must be so easy for a famous author like you to write half a dozen words!"

"A 'sentiment,' you mean!" Griggs laughed rather contemptuously, and then was grave again.

"No!" Margaret said, a little disappointed. "You did not understand me. Don't write anything at all. Give me back the book."

She held out her hand for it; but as if he had just made up his mind, he put his pencil to the paper again and wrote four words in a small, clear hand. She leaned forward a little to see what he was writing.

"You know enough Latin to read that," he said, as he gave the book back to her.

She read the words aloud, with a puzzled expression.

"*Credo in resurrectionem mortuorum.*" She looked at him for some explanation.

"Yes," he said, answering her unspoken question. "'I believe in the resurrection of the dead.'"

"It means something especial to you—is that it?"

"Yes." His eyes were very sad again as they met hers.

"My voice?" she asked. "Some one—who sang like me? Who died?"

"Long before you were born," he answered gently.

There was another little pause before she spoke again, for she was touched.

"Thank you," she said. "Thank you for writing that."

IX

MR. VAN TORP arrived in London alone, with one small valise, for he had sent his man with his luggage to the place in Derbyshire. At Euston a porter

got him a hansom, and he bargained with the cabman to take him and his valise to the Temple for eighteenpence, a sum which, he explained, allowed sixpence for the valise, as the distance could not by any means be made out to be more than two miles.

Such close economy was to be expected from a millionaire traveling *incognito*; what was more surprising was that, when the cab stopped before a door in Hare Court and Mr. Van Torp received his valise from the roof of the vehicle, he gave the man half a crown and said it was "all right."

"Now, my man," he observed, "you've not only got an extra shilling, to which you had no claim whatever, but you've had the pleasure of a surprise which you could not have bought for that money."

The cabman grinned as he touched his hat and drove away, and Mr. Van Torp took his valise in one hand and his umbrella in the other and went up the dark stairs. He went up four flights without stopping to take breath, and without so much as glancing at any of the names painted in white letters on the small black boards beside the doors on the right and left of each landing.

The fourth floor was the last, and though the name on the left had evidently been there a number of years, for the white lettering was of the tint of a yellow fog, it was still quite clear and legible:

MR. I. BAMBERGER.

That was the name, but the millionaire did not look at it any more than he had looked at the others lower down. He knew them all by heart. He dropped his valise, took a small key from his pocket, opened the door, picked up his valise again, and, as neither hand was free, he shut the door with his heel as he passed in, and it slammed behind him, sending dismal echoes down the empty staircase.

The entry was almost quite dark, for it was past six o'clock in the afternoon, late in March, and the sky was overcast; but there was still light enough to see in the large room on the left into which Mr. Van Torp carried his things.

It was a dingy place, poorly furnished, but some one had dusted the table, the

mantelpiece, and the small bookcase, and the fire was laid in the grate, while a bright copper kettle stood on a movable hob. Mr. Van Torp struck a match and lighted the kindling before he took off his overcoat, and in a few minutes a cheerful blaze dispelled the gathering gloom. He went to a small old-fashioned cupboard in a corner and brought from it a chipped cup and saucer, a brown teapot, and a cheap japanned tea-caddy, all of which he set on the table; and as soon as the fire burned brightly, he pushed the movable hob round with his foot till the kettle was over the flame of the coals. Then he took off his overcoat and sat down in the shabby easy-chair by the hearth, to wait till the water boiled.

His proceedings, his manner, and his expression would have surprised the people who had been his fellow passengers on the Leofric, and who imagined Mr. Van Torp driving to an Olympian mansion, somewhere between Constitution Hill and Sloane Square, to be received at his own door by gravely obsequious footmen in plush, and to drink Imperial Chinese tea from cups of Old Saxe, or Bleu du Roi, or Capo di Monte.

Paul Griggs, having tea and a pipe in a quiet little hotel in Clarges Street, would have been much surprised if he could have seen Rufus Van Torp lighting a fire for himself in that dingy room in Hare Court. Mme. Margarita de Cordova, waiting for an expected visitor in her own sitting-room, in her own pretty house in Norfolk Crescent, would have been very much surprised indeed. The sight would have plunged her into even greater uncertainty as to the man's real character, and it is not unlikely that she would have taken his mysterious retreat to be another link in the chain of evidence against him which already seemed so convincing. She might naturally have wondered, too, what he had felt when he had seen that board beside the door, and she could hardly have believed that he had gone in without so much as glancing at the yellowish letters that formed the name of Bamberger.

But he seemed quite at home where he was, and not at all uncomfortable as he sat before the fire, watching the spout of the kettle, his elbows on the arms of

the easy-chair and his hands raised before him, with the finger-tips pressed against each other, in the attitude which, with most men, means that they are considering the two sides of a question that is interesting without being very important.

Perhaps a thoughtful observer would have noticed at once that there had been no letters waiting for him when he had arrived, and would have inferred either that he did not mean to stay at the rooms twenty-four hours, or that, if he did, he had not chosen to let any one know where he was.

Presently it occurred to him that there was no longer any light in the room except from the fire, and he rose and lit the gas. The incandescent light sent a raw glare into the farthest corners of the large room, and just then a tiny wreath of white steam issued from the spout of the kettle. This did not escape Mr. Van Torp's watchful eye, but instead of making tea at once he looked at his watch, after which he crossed the room to the window and stood thoughtfully gazing through the panes at the fast disappearing outlines of the roofs and chimney-pots which made up the view when there was daylight outside.

He did not pull down the shade before he turned back to the fire, perhaps because no one could possibly look in. But he poured a little hot water into the teapot, to scald it, and went to the cupboard and got another cup and saucer, and an old tobacco-tin of which the dingy label was half torn off, and which betrayed by a rattling noise that it contained lumps of sugar.

The imaginary thoughtful observer already mentioned would have inferred from all this that Mr. Van Torp had resolved to put off making tea until some one came to share it with him, and that the some one might take sugar, though he himself did not; and further, as it was extremely improbable, on the face of it, that an afternoon visitor should look in by a mere chance, in the hope of finding some one in Mr. Isidore Bamberger's usually deserted rooms, on the fourth floor of a dark building in Hare Court, the observer would suppose that Mr. Van Torp was expecting some one to come and see him just at that hour,

though he had only landed in Liverpool that day, and would have been still at sea if the weather had been rough or foggy.

All this might have still further interested Paul Griggs, and would certainly have seemed suspicious to Margaret if she could have known about it.

Five minutes passed, and ten, and the kettle was boiling furiously, and sending out a long jet of steam over the not very shapely toes of Mr. Van Torp's boots, as he leaned back with his feet on the fender. He looked at his watch again, and apparently gave up the idea of waiting any longer, for he rose and poured out the hot water from the teapot into one of the cups, as a preparatory measure, and took off the lid to put in the tea. But just as he had opened the caddy, he paused and listened. The door of the room leading to the entry was ajar, and as he stood by the table he had heard footsteps on the stairs, still far down, but mounting steadily.

He went to the outer door and listened. There was no doubt that somebody was coming up; any one not deaf could have heard the sound. It was more strange that Mr. Van Torp should recognize the step, for the rooms on the other side of the landing were occupied, and a stranger would have thought it quite possible that the person who was coming up should be going there. But Mr. Van Torp evidently knew better, for he opened his door noiselessly and stood waiting to receive the visitor.

The staircase below was dimly lighted by gas, but there was none at the upper landing, and in a few seconds a dark form appeared, casting a tall shadow upward against the dingy white paint of the wall. The figure mounted steadily and came directly to the open door—a lady in a long black cloak that quite hid her dress. She wore no hat, but her head was altogether covered by one of those things which are neither hoods nor mantillas nor veils, but which serve women for any of the three, according to weather and circumstances. The peculiarity of the one the lady wore was that it cast a deep shadow over her face. "Come in," said Mr. Van Torp, withdrawing into the entry to make way.

She entered and went on directly to

the sitting-room, while he shut the outer door. Then he followed her, and shut the second door behind him. She was standing before the fire, spreading her gloved hands to the blaze, as if she were cold. The gloves were white, and they fitted very perfectly. As he came near, she turned and held out one hand.

"All right?" he inquired, shaking it heartily, as if it had been a man's.

A sweet low voice answered him.

"Yes—all right," it said, as if nothing could ever be wrong with its possessor. "But you?" it asked directly afterward, in a tone of sympathetic anxiety.

"I? Oh, well—" Mr. Van Torp's incomplete answer might have meant anything, except that he, too, was "all right."

"Yes," said the lady gravely. "I read the telegram the next day. Did you get my cable? I did not think you would sail."

"Yes, I got your cable. Thank you. Well—I did sail, you see. Take off your things. The water's boiling, and we'll have tea in a minute."

The lady undid the fastening at her throat so that the fur-lined cloak opened and slipped a little on her white shoulders. She held it in place with one hand, and with the other she carefully turned back the lace hood from her face, so as not to disarrange her hair. Mr. Van Torp was making tea, and he looked up at her over the teapot.

"I dressed for dinner," she said, explaining.

"Well," said Mr. Van Torp, looking at her, "I should think you did!"

There was real admiration in his tone, though it was distinctly reluctant.

"I thought it would save half an hour and give us more time together," said the lady simply.

She sat down in the shabby easy-chair, and as she did so the cloak slipped and lay about her waist, and she gathered one side of it over her knees. Her gown was of black velvet, without so much as a bit of lace, except at the sleeves, and the only ornament she wore was a short string of very perfect pearls clasped round her handsome young throat.

She was handsome, to say the least. If tired ghosts of departed barristers

were haunting the dingy room in Hare Court that night, they must have blinked and quivered for sheer pleasure at what they saw, for Mr. Van Torp's visitor was a very fine creature to look at; and if ghosts can hear, they heard that her voice was sweet and low, like an evening breeze and flowing water in a garden, even in the Garden of Eden.

She was handsome, and she was young; and above all she had the freshness, the uncontaminated bloom, the subdued brilliancy of nature's most perfect growing things. It was in the deep, clear eyes, in the satin sheen of her bare shoulders under the sordid gaslight; it was in the strong, smooth lips, delicately shaded from salmon color to the faintest peach-blossom; it was in the firm oval of her face, in the well-modeled ear, the straight throat and the curving neck; it was in her graceful attitude; it was everywhere.

"No doubt," the ghosts might have said, "there are more beautiful women in England than this one, but surely there is none more like a thoroughbred and a Derby winner!"

"You take sugar, don't you?" asked Mr. Van Torp, having got the lid off the old tobacco-tin with some difficulty, for it had developed an inclination to rust since it had last been moved.

"One lump, please," said the thoroughbred, looking at the fire.

"I thought I remembered," observed the millionaire. "The tea's good," he added, "and you'll have to excuse the cup. And there's no cream."

"I'll excuse anything," said the lady, "I'm so glad to be here!"

"Well, I'm glad to see you, too," said Mr. Van Torp, giving her the cup. "Crackers? I'll see if there are any in the cupboard. I forgot." He went to the corner again and found a small tin of biscuits, which he opened and examined under gaslight. "Moldy," he observed. "Weevils in them, too. Sorry. Does it matter much?"

"Nothing matters," answered the lady, sweet and low. "But why do you put them away if they are bad? It would be better to burn them and be done with it."

He was taking the box back to the cupboard.

"I suppose you're right," he said re-

luctantly. "But it always seems wicked to burn bread, doesn't it?"

"Not when it's weevily," replied the thoroughbred, after sipping the hot tea.

He emptied the contents of the tin upon the coal fire, and the room presently began to smell of moldy toast.

"Besides," he said, "it's cruel to burn weevils, I suppose. If I'd thought of that, I'd have left them alone. It's too late now. They're done for, poor beasts! I'm sorry. I don't like to kill things."

He stared thoughtfully at the already charred remains of the holocaust, and shook his head a little. The lady sipped her tea and looked at him quietly, perhaps affectionately, but he did not see her.

"You think I'm rather silly sometimes, don't you?" he asked, still gazing at the fire.

"No," she answered at once. "It's never silly to be kind, even to weevils."

"Thank you for thinking so," said Mr. Van Torp in an oddly humble tone, and he began to drink his own tea.

If Margaret Donne could have suddenly found herself perched among the chimney-pots on the opposite roof, and if she had then looked at his face through the window, she would have wondered why she had ever felt a perfectly irrational terror of him. It was quite plain that the lady in black velvet had no such impression.

"You need not be so meek," she said, smiling.

She did not laugh often, but sometimes there was a ripple in her fresh voice that would turn a man's head. Mr. Van Torp looked at her in a rather dull way.

"I believe I feel meek when I'm with you—especially just now."

He swallowed the rest of his tea at a gulp, set the cup on the table, and folded his hands loosely together, his elbows resting on his knees; in this attitude he leaned forward and looked at the burning coals. Again his companion watched his hard face with affectionate interest.

"Tell me just how it happened," she said. "I mean, if it will help you at all to talk about it."

"Yes. You always help me," he answered, and then paused. "I think I

should like to tell you the whole thing," he added after an instant. "Somehow, I never tell anybody much about myself."

"I know."

She bent her handsome head in assent. Just then it would have been very hard to guess what the relations were between the oddly assorted pair, as they sat a little apart from each other before the grate. Mr. Van Torp was silent now, as if he were making up his mind how to begin.

In the pause, the lady quietly held out her hand toward him. He saw without turning farther, and he stretched out his own. She took it gently, and then, without warning, she leaned very far forward, bent over it, and touched it with her lips. He started and drew it back hastily. It was as if the leaf of a flower had settled upon it, and had hovered an instant and fluttered away in a breath of soft air.

"Please don't!" he cried, almost roughly. "There's nothing to thank me for. I've often told you so."

But the lady was already leaning back in the old easy-chair again as if she had done nothing at all unusual.

"It wasn't for myself," she said. "It was for all the others, who will never know."

"Well, I'd rather not," he answered. "It's not worth all that. Now, see here! I'm going to tell you as near as I can what happened, and when you know you can make up your mind. You never saw but one side of me, anyhow, but you've got to see the other sooner or later. No, I know what you're going to say—all that about a dual nature, and *Jekyll* and *Hyde*, and all the rest of it. That may be true for nervous people, but I'm not nervous. Not at all. I never was. What I know is, there are two sides to everybody, and one's always the business side. The other may be anything. Sometimes it's good, sometimes it's bad. Sometimes it cares for a woman, sometimes it's a collector of art things, Babylonian glass, and Etruscan toys and prehistoric dolls. It may gamble, or drink, or teach a Sunday-school, or read Dante, or shoot, or fish, or anything that's of no use. But one side's always the business side. That's certain."

Mr. Van Torp paused, and looked at his companion's empty cup. Seeing that he was going to get up in order to give her more, she herself rose quickly and did it for herself. He sat still and watched her, probably because the business side of his nature judged that he could be of no use. The fur-lined cloak was now lying in the easy-chair, and there was nothing to break the sweeping lines of the black velvet from her dazzling shoulders to her waist, to her knee, to her feet. Mr. Van Torp watched her in silence, till she sat down again.

"You know me well enough to understand that," he said, going on. "My outside's my business side, and that's what matters most. Now the plain truth is this. My engagement to Miss Bamberger was just a business affair. Bamberger thought of it first, and suggested it to me, and he asked her if she'd mind being engaged to me for a few weeks; and she said she wouldn't, provided she wasn't expected to marry me. That was fair and square on both sides. Wasn't it?"

"It depends on why you did it," said the lady, going to the point directly.

"That was the business side," answered her companion. "You see, a big thing like the Nickel Trust always has a lot of enemies, besides a heap of people who want to get some of it cheap. This time they put their heads together and got up one of the usual stories. You see, Isidore H. Bamberger is the president, and I only appear as a director, though most of it's mine. So they got up a story that he was operating on his own account to get behind me, and that we were going to quarrel over it, and there was going to be a slump, and people began to believe it. It wasn't any use talking to the papers. We soon found that out. Sometimes the public won't believe anything it's told, and sometimes it swallows faster than you can feed to it. I don't know why, though I've had a pretty long experience, but I generally do know which state it's in. I feel it. That's what's called business ability. It's like fishing. Any old fisherman can judge in half an hour whether the fish are going to bite all day or not. If he's wrong once, he'll be right a hundred times. Well, I felt talk-

ing was no good, and so did Bamberger, and the shares began to go down before the storm. If the big slump had come there'd have been a heap of money lost. I don't say we didn't let the shares drop a couple of points further than they needed to, and Bamberger bought any of it that happened to be lying around, and the more he bought the quicker it wanted to go down, because people said there was going to be trouble and an investigation. But if we'd gone on, lots of people would have been ruined, and yet we didn't just see how to stop it sharp, till Bamberger started his scheme. Do you understand all that?"

The lady nodded gravely.

"You make it clear," she said.

"Well, I thought it was a good scheme," continued her companion, "and as the girl said she didn't mind, we told we were engaged. That settled things pretty quick. The shares went up again in forty-eight hours, and as we'd bought for cash we made the points, and the other people were short, and lost. But when everything was all right again we got tired of being engaged, Miss Bamberger and I; and, besides, there was a young fellow she'd a fancy for, and he kept writing to her that he'd kill himself, and that made her nervous, you see, and she said if it went on another day she knew she'd have appendicitis or something. So we were going to announce that the engagement was broken. And the very night before—"

He paused. Not a muscle of the hard face moved, there was not a change in the expression of the mouth, there was not a tremor in the tone; but the man kept his eyes steadily on the fire.

"Oh, well, she's dead now, poor thing!" he said presently. "And that's what I wanted to tell you. I suppose it's not a very pretty story, is it? But I'll tell you one thing. Though we made a little by the turn of the market, we saved a heap of small fry from losing all they'd put in. If we'd let the slump come and then bought we should have made a pile; but then we might have had difficulty in getting the stock up to anywhere near par again for some time."

"Besides," said the lady quietly, "you would not have ruined all those little people if you could help it."

"You think I wouldn't?" He turned his eyes to her now.

"I'm sure you would not," said the lady with perfect confidence.

"I don't know, I'm sure," answered Mr. Van Torp in a doubtful tone. "Perhaps I wouldn't. But it would only have been business if I had. It's not as if Bamberger and I had started a story on purpose about our quarreling in order to make things go down. I draw the line there. That's downright dishonest, I call it. But if we'd just let things slide and taken advantage of what happened, it would only have been business after all. Except for that doubt about getting back to par," he added, as an afterthought. "But then I should have felt whether it was safe or not."

"Then why did you not let things slide, as you call it?"

"I don't know, I'm sure. Maybe I was soft-hearted. We don't always know why we do things in business. There's a great deal more in the weather where big money is moving than you might think. For instance, there was never a great revolution in winter. But as for making people lose their money, those who can't keep it ought not to have it. They're a danger to society, and half the time it's they who upset the market by acting like lunatics. They get a lot of sentimental pity sometimes, those people; but, after all, if they didn't try to cut in without capital, and play the game without knowing the rules, business would be much steadier and there would be fewer panics. They're the people who get frightened and run, not we. The fact is, they ought never to have been there. That's why I believe in big things myself."

He paused, having apparently reached the end of his subject.

"Were you with the poor girl when she died?" asked the lady presently.

"No. She'd dined with a party and was in their box, and they were the last people who saw her. You read about the explosion. She bolted from the box in the dark, I was told, and as she couldn't be found they concluded she had rushed out and taken a cab home. It seemed natural, I suppose."

"Who found her at last?"

"A man called Griggs—the author,

you know. He carried her to the manager's room, still alive. They got a doctor, and as she wanted to see a woman, they sent for Cordova, the singer, from her dressing-room, and the girl died in her arms. They said it was heart failure, from shock."

"It was very sad."

"I'm sorry for poor Bamberger," said Mr. Van Torp thoughtfully. "She was his only child, and he doted on her. I never saw a man so cut up as he looked. I wanted to stay, but he said the mere sight of me drove him crazy, poor fellow! and as I had business over here and my passage was taken, I just sailed. Sometimes the kindest thing one can do is to get out. So I did. But I'm very sorry for him. I wish I could do anything to make it easier for him. It was nobody's fault, I suppose, though I do think the people she was with might have prevented her from rushing out in the dark."

"They were frightened themselves. How could any one be blamed for her death?"

"Exactly. But if any one could be made responsible, I know Bamberger would do for him in some way. He's a resentful sort of man if any one does him an injury. 'Blood for blood' is Bamberger's motto, every time. One thing I'm sure of. He'll run down whoever was responsible for that explosion, and he'll do for him, whoever he is, if it costs one million to get a conviction. I wouldn't like to be the fellow!"

"I can understand wishing to be revenged for the death of one's only child," said the lady thoughtfully. "Cannot you?"

The American turned his hard face to her.

"Yes," he said, "I can. It's only human, after all."

She sighed and looked into the fire. She was married, but she was childless, and it was a constant regret to her. Mr. Van Torp knew it and understood.

"To change the subject," he said cheerfully, "I suppose you need money, don't you?"

"Oh, yes! Indeed I do!"

Her momentary sadness had already disappeared, and there was almost a ripple in her tone again as she answered.

"How much?" asked the millionaire, smiling.

She shook her head and smiled, too; and as she met his eyes she settled herself and leaned far back in the shabby easy-chair. She was wonderfully graceful and good to look at in her easy attitude.

"I'm afraid to tell you how much!" She shook her head again as she answered.

"Well," said Mr. Van Torp in an encouraging tone, "I've brought some cash in my pocket, and if it isn't enough I'll get you some more to-morrow. But I won't give you a check. It's too compromising. I thought of that before I left New York, so I brought some English notes from there."

"How thoughtful you always are for me!"

"It's not much to do for a woman one likes. But I'm sorry if I've brought too little. Here it is, anyway."

He produced a large and well-worn pocketbook, and took from it a small envelope, which he handed to her.

"Tell me how much more you'll need," he said, "and I'll give it to you to-morrow. I'll put the notes between the pages of a new book and leave it at your door. He wouldn't open a package that was addressed to you from a bookseller's, would he?"

"No," answered the lady, her expression changing a little. "I think he draws the line at the bookseller."

"You see, this was meant for you," said Mr. Van Torp. "There are your initials on it."

She glanced at the envelope, and saw that it was marked in pencil with the letters M. L. in one corner.

"Thank you," she said, but she did not open it.

"You'd better count the notes," suggested the millionaire. "I'm open to making mistakes myself."

The lady took from the envelope a thin, flat package of new Bank of England notes, folded together in four. Without separating them she glanced carelessly at the first, which was for a hundred pounds, and then counted the others by the edges. She counted four after the first, and Mr. Van Torp watched her with evident amusement.

"You need more than that, don't you?" he asked, when she had finished.

"A little more, perhaps," she said quietly, though she could not quite conceal her disappointment as she folded the notes and slipped them into the envelope again. "But I shall try to make this last. Thank you very much."

"I like you," said Mr. Van Torp. "You're the real thing. They'd call you a chief's daughter in the South Seas. But I'm not so mean as all that. I only thought you might need a little cash at once. That's all."

A loud knocking at the outer door prevented the lady from answering.

She looked at Mr. Van Torp in surprise.

"What's that?" she asked, rather anxiously.

"I don't know," he answered. "He couldn't guess that you were here, could he?"

"Oh, no! That's quite out of the question!"

"Then I'll open the door," said the millionaire, and he left the sitting-room.

X

THE lady had not risen, and she still leaned back in her seat. She idly tapped the knuckles of her gloved hand with the small envelope.

The knocking was repeated, she heard the outer door opened, and the sound of voices followed directly.

"Oh!" Mr. Van Torp exclaimed in a tone of contemptuous surprise. "It's you, is it? Well, I'm busy just now. I can't see you till to-morrow."

"My business will not keep till to-morrow," answered an oily voice in a slightly foreign accent.

At the very first syllables the lady rose quickly to her feet, and resting one hand on the table she leaned forward in the direction of the door, with an expression that was at once eager and anxious, and yet quite fearless.

"What you call your business is going to wait my convenience," said Mr. Van Torp. "You'll find me here to-morrow morning until eleven o'clock."

From the sounds the lady judged that the American now attempted to shut the door in his visitor's face, but that he was hindered and that a scuffle followed.

"Hold him!" cried the oily voice in a tone of command. "Bring him in! Lock the door!"

It was clear enough that the visitor had not come alone, and that Mr. Van Torp had been overpowered. The lady bit her salmon-colored lip angrily and contemptuously.

A moment later a tall, heavily built man with thick, fair hair, a long mustache, and shifty blue eyes, rushed into the room and did not stop till there was only the small table between him and the lady.

"I've caught you! What have you to say?" he asked.

"To you? Nothing!"

She deliberately turned her back on her husband, rested one elbow on the mantelpiece, and set one foot upon the low fender, drawing up her velvet gown over her instep. But a moment later she heard other footsteps in the room, and turned her head to see Mr. Van Torp enter the room between two big men who were evidently ex-policemen. The millionaire, having failed to shut the door in the face of the three men, had been too wise to attempt any further resistance.

The fair man glanced down at the table and saw the envelope with his wife's initials lying beside the tea-things. She had dropped it there when she had risen to her feet at the sound of his voice. He snatched it away as soon as he saw the penciled letters on it, and in a moment he had taken out the notes and was looking over them.

"I should like you to remember this, please," he said, addressing the two men who had accompanied him. "This envelope is addressed to my wife, under her initials, in the handwriting of Mr. Van Torp. Am I right in taking it for your handwriting?" he inquired in a disagreeably polite tone, and turning toward the millionaire.

"You are," answered the American in a perfectly colorless voice and without moving a muscle. "That's my writing."

"And this envelope," continued the husband, holding up the notes before the men, "contains notes to the amount of four thousand one hundred pounds."

"Five hundred pounds, you mean," said the lady coldly.

"See for yourself!" retorted the fair man, raising his eyebrows and holding out the notes.

"That's correct," said Mr. Van Torp, smiling and looking at the lady. "Four thousand one hundred. Only the first one was for a hundred, and the rest were thousands. I meant it for a little surprise, you see."

"Oh, how kind! How dear and kind!" cried the lady gratefully, and with amazing disregard of her husband's presence.

The two ex-policemen had not expected anything so interesting as this, and their expressions were worthy of study. They had been engaged, through a private agency, to assist and support an injured husband, and afterward to appear as witnesses of a vulgar clandestine meeting, as they supposed. It was not the first time they had been employed on such business, but they did not remember ever having had to deal with two persons who exhibited such hardened indifference; and though the incident of the notes was not new to them, they had never been in a case where the amount of cash received by the lady at one time was so large.

"It is needless," said the fair man, addressing them both, "to ask what this money was for."

"Yes," said Mr. Van Torp coolly. "You needn't bother. But I'll call your attention to the fact that the notes are not yours, and that I'd like to see them put back into that envelope and laid on that table before you go. You broke into my house by force, anyhow. If you take valuables away with you, which you found here, it's burglary in England, whatever it may be in your country; and if you don't know it, these two professional gentlemen do. So you just do as I tell you, if you want to keep out of jail."

The fair man had shown a too evident intention of slipping the envelope into his own pocket, doubtless to be produced in evidence, but Mr. Van Torp's final argument seemed convincing.

"I have not the smallest intention of depriving my wife of the price of my honor, sir. Indeed, I am rather flattered to find that you both value it so highly."

Mr. Van Torp's hard face grew

harder, and a very singular light came into his eyes. He moved forward till he was close to the fair man.

"None of that!" he said authoritatively. "If you say another word against your wife in my hearing I'll make it the last you ever said to anybody. Now, you'd better be gone before I telephone for the police. Do you understand?"

The two ex-policemen thought that the case was becoming more and more interesting; but at the same time they were made vaguely nervous by Mr. Van Torp's attitude.

"I think you are threatening me," said the fair man, drawing back a step, and leaving the envelope on the table.

"No," answered his adversary, "I'm warning you off my premises, and if you don't go pretty soon I'll telephone for the police. Is that a threat?"

The last question was addressed to the two men.

"No, sir," answered one of them.

"It would hardly be to your advantage to have more witnesses of my wife's presence here," observed the fair man coldly, "but as I intend to take her home we may as well go at once. Come, Maud! The carriage is waiting."

The lady, whose name was now spoken for the first time since she had entered Mr. Van Torp's lodging, had not moved from the fireplace since she had taken up her position there. Women are as clever as Napoleon or Julius Cæsar in selecting strong positions when there is to be an encounter, and a fireplace, with a solid mantelpiece to lean against, to strike, to cry upon, or to cling to, is one of the strongest. The enemy is thus reduced to prowling about the room and handling knickknacks while he talks, or smashing them if he is of a violent disposition.

The lady now leaned back against the dingy marble shelf and laid one white-gloved arm along it, in an attitude that was positively regal. Her right hand might appropriately have been toying with the orb of empire on the mantelpiece, and her left, which hung down beside her, might have loosely held the scepter. Mr. Van Torp, who often bought large pictures, was reminded of one recently offered to him in America, representing an empress. He would

have bought the portrait if the dealer could have remembered which empress it represented, but the fact that he could not had seemed suspicious to Mr. Van Torp. It was clearly the man's business to know empresses by sight.

From her commanding position the Lady Maud refused her husband's invitation to go home with him.

"I shall certainly not go with you," she said. "Besides, I'm dining early at the Turkish Embassy, and we are going to the play. You need not wait for me. I'll take care of myself this evening, thank you."

"This is monstrous!" cried the fair man, and with a peculiarly un-English gesture he thrust his hand into his thick hair.

The foreigner in despair has always amused the genuine Anglo-Saxon. Lady Maud's lip did not curl contemptuously now, she did not raise her eyebrows, nor did her eyes flash with scorn. On the contrary, she smiled quite frankly, and the sweet ripple was in her voice—the ripple that drove some men almost crazy.

"You needn't make such a fuss," she said. "It's quite absurd, you know. Mr. Van Torp is an old friend of mine, and you have known him ever so long, and he is a man of business. You are, are you not?" she asked, looking to the American for assent.

"I'm generally thought to be that," he answered.

"Very well. I came here, to Mr. Van Torp's rooms in the Temple, before going to dinner, because I wished to see him about a matter of business, in what is a place of business. It's all ridiculous nonsense to talk about having caught me—and worse. That money is for a charity, and I am going to take it before your eyes, and thank Mr. Van Torp for being so splendidly generous. Now go, and take those persons with you, and let me hear no more of this!"

Thereupon Lady Maud came forward from the mantelpiece and deliberately took from the table the envelope which contained four thousand one hundred pounds in Bank of England notes; and she put it into the bosom of her gown, and smiled pleasantly at her husband.

Mr. Van Torp watched her with genuine admiration; and when she

looked at him, and nodded her thanks again, he unconsciously smiled too, and answered by a nod of approval.

The fair-haired foreign gentleman turned to his two ex-policemen with considerable dignity.

"You have heard and seen," he said impressively. "I shall expect you to remember all this when you are in the witness-box. Let us go." He made a sweeping bow to his wife and Mr. Van Torp. "I wish you an agreeable evening," he said.

Thereupon he marched out of the room, followed by his men, who each made an awkward bow at nothing in particular before going out. Mr. Van Torp followed them at some distance toward the outer door, judging that as they had forced their way in they could probably find their way out. He did not even go to the outer threshold, for the last of the three shut the door behind him.

When the millionaire came back Lady Maud was seated in the easy-chair, leaning forward and looking thoughtfully into the fire. Assuredly no one would have suspected from her composed face that anything unusual had happened. She glanced at her friend when he came in, but did not speak, and he began to walk up and down on the other side of the table, with his hands behind him.

"You've got pretty good nerves," he said presently.

"Yes," answered Lady Maud, still watching the coals, "they really are rather good."

A long silence followed, during which she did not move and Mr. Van Torp steadily paced the floor.

"I didn't tell a fib, either," she said at last. "It's charity, in its way."

"Certainly," assented her friend. "What isn't either purchase-money or interest, or taxes, or a bribe, or a loan, or a premium, or a present, or blackmail,

must be charity, because it must be something, and it isn't anything else you can name."

"A present may be a charity," said Lady Maud, still thoughtful.

"Yes," answered Mr. Van Torp. "It may be, but it isn't always."

He walked twice the length of the room before he spoke again.

"Do you think it's really to be war this time?" he asked, stopping beside the table. "Because if it is, I'll see a lawyer before I go to Derbyshire."

Lady Maud looked up with a bright smile. Clearly she had been thinking of something compared with which the divorce court was a delightful contrast.

"I don't know," she answered. "It must come sooner or later, because he wants to be free to marry that woman, and as he has not the courage to cut my throat, he must divorce me—if he can!"

"I've sometimes thought he might take the shorter way," said Van Torp.

"He?" Lady Maud almost laughed, but her companion looked grave.

"There's a thing called homicidal mania," he said. "Didn't he shoot a boy in Russia a year ago?"

"A young man—one of the beaters. But that was an accident."

"I'm not so sure. How about that poor dog at the Theobalds' last September?"

"He thought the creature was mad," Lady Maud explained.

"He knows as well as you do that there's no rabies in the British Isles," objected Mr. Van Torp. "Count Leven never liked that dog for some reason, and he shot him the first time he got a chance. He's always killing things. Some day he'll kill you, I'm afraid."

"I don't think so," answered the lady carelessly. "If he does, I hope he'll do it neatly! I should hate to be maimed or mangled."

(To be continued)

SEVERANCE

Nor sundered by long leagues of pathless land,
Nor severed by wide wastes of sounding sea;
But ever side by side and hand in hand,
Yet—worlds apart are we!

Leigh Gordon Giltner

THE HOUSE OF LORDS

BY T. P. O'CONNOR, M.P.

THE WELL-KNOWN IRISH JOURNALIST AND MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT DESCRIBES BRITAIN'S HEREDITARY LEGISLATIVE BODY—ITS POWERS AND ITS CUSTOMS, ITS FOREMOST PERSONALITIES, AND THE POLITICAL PROBLEM THAT IT PRESENTS

DURING the next few years the assembly known as the House of Lords will probably become the central and most important issue in the struggle of political parties in England. What the final result of that struggle will be it is impossible yet to forecast—though the probabilities undoubtedly are that the assembly will be shorn of much of its present power. It is rather hard, indeed, to understand—except for the instinctive conservatism of the English people—why these powers have lasted so long.

The House of Lords, like all English institutions, is the slow growth of centuries; modifying some of its characteristics now and then and at long intervals, but in the main remaining pretty much as it began. Like the House of Commons, it finds its first roots in the old Saxon Witenagemot—the assembly of tribes which discussed the different matters of public interest. When Norman feudalism succeeded to the reign of the Anglo-Saxon, the House of Lords took on itself a somewhat new complexion. The ownership of land was associated with title; and as the owner of the land held his court for his tenants, who did him service, the king held his parliament for the purpose of holding counsel with the lords who held their lands on condition of rendering him service both personally and by their retainers. For some centuries, the sovereign was supposed to have the absolute right of choice as to whom he should summon to his great council, and some authorities contend that he has the same right still;

indeed, the unlimited creation of peers by the sovereign—who, in reality, of course, would be made by the administration of the day—has often been suggested as a means of overcoming the opposition of the House of Lords to some measure which has been passed by the House of Commons. As time has gone on, the habit has become a law that the persons summoned to the House of Peers are those who have received a title from the crown or inherited it from a predecessor.

THE LORDS SPIRITUAL

The peers are of either of two orders—lords spiritual and lords temporal. The lords spiritual are the bishops. In ancient Catholic times, the clergy had a right to be represented in both Houses of Parliament; in the House of Lords by the bishops and the abbots of the great monasteries; in the House of Commons the lesser clergy were represented by proctors. The representation in the House of Commons, however, was abandoned when the clergy received the right to settle their own affairs in convocation. The abbots were excluded after the Reformation. A certain number of bishops—the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, and the Bishops of London, Durham, and Winchester have always a right to be summoned; other bishops take their places in turn; but they must not exceed a certain number—twenty-six.

This section of the assembly is distinguished from the rest in many ways. They sit, for instance, on one particular set of benches—those immediately to the right of the woolsack, where sits the lord

chancellor, presiding officer of the assembly. The bishops also, unlike the other peers, have always to appear in full dress; that is to say, in their lawn sleeves. They have a right to vote with the other peers, and they do so vote; but, as a rule, they take little or no part in general debates.

It is a singular fact that though the majority of the lay peers are members of the Church of England, and though they would all fight strenuously against

singularity with their abundant lawn sleeves—making, when there are many of them on the benches, a great patch of white in the assembly—they always seem to me to suggest a flock of sheep or of geese; cackling but timid, intimate and yet afraid.

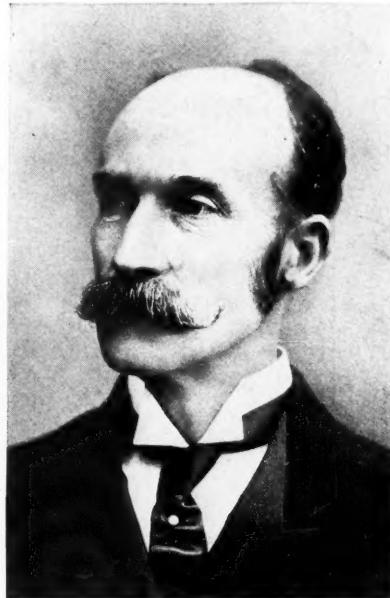
THE LORDS TEMPORAL

The lay peers—or the lords temporal, to give them their technical title—may consist of any number. And their num-



THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE, THE LIBERAL UNIONIST LEADER IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS

From a photograph by Lafayette, London

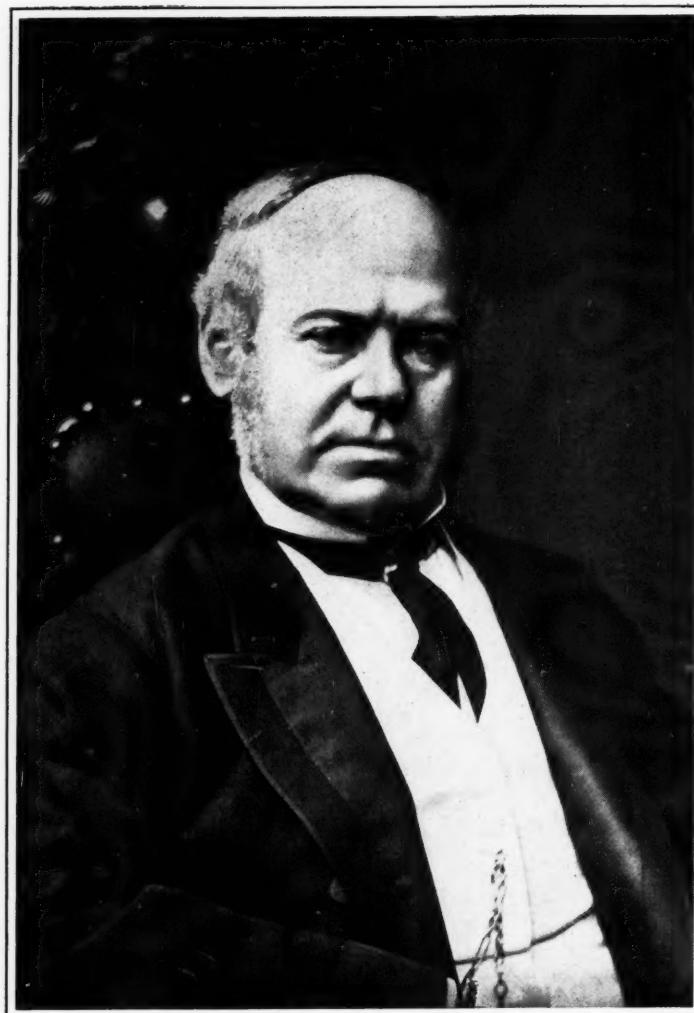


THE MARQUIS OF LANSDOWNE, THE CONSERVATIVE LEADER IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS

From a photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company

any attack on the privileges of that church, yet they are without any sense of reverence for the bishops. The whole air of the House of Lords, when a bishop is addressing it, is quite different from the aspect which it assumes during a speech from a lay peer. There is a subtle and indescribable sense that the bishop is regarded as a somewhat vulgar and baser-born intruder, who is tolerated rather than cordially accepted. The bishops themselves seem to feel this somewhat hostile attitude; and most of them have a certain shamefacedness when they stand up to address the house. Presenting an appearance of curious

bers have varied much at different epochs in their history. In the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries there were from fifty to sixty. After the Revolution of 1688 the number was a hundred and fifty; when George I came to the throne it was a hundred and seventy-eight; and the fortunate possessors of titles at that period proposed that this number should be made the maximum. The effect of such a proposal would have been to create a close corporation; and doubtless, though they did not see it, the peers, if allowed to carry out this project, would have long since ceased to hold the great powers they still exercise. For



THE EARL OF HALSBURY, LORD CHANCELLOR FROM 1895 TO 1905

From a photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company

this would have meant, of course, that the house would have consisted entirely, or almost entirely, of members of a comparatively few great families; and these families, by concentrating a monopoly of such power in their own hands, would have aroused so much resentment, and the body they formed would have become so unpopular, that it could not have lasted.

The proposed limitation was violently opposed in the House of Commons and had to be abandoned; and the number

of lords temporal, instead of decreasing or remaining stationary, was gradually increased. In the reign of George II there were no fewer than three hundred and eighty-eight new creations. It was the genius of the younger Pitt which did more than anything else to transform the character of the House of Lords, and by doing so, to secure its perpetuation and its strength. He foresaw how indefensible the institution would become if it had been confined to a few great families; and he initiated accordingly the



LORD LOREBURN (FORMERLY SIR ROBERT REID), THE PRESENT LORD CHANCELLOR

From a photograph by Elliott & Fry, London

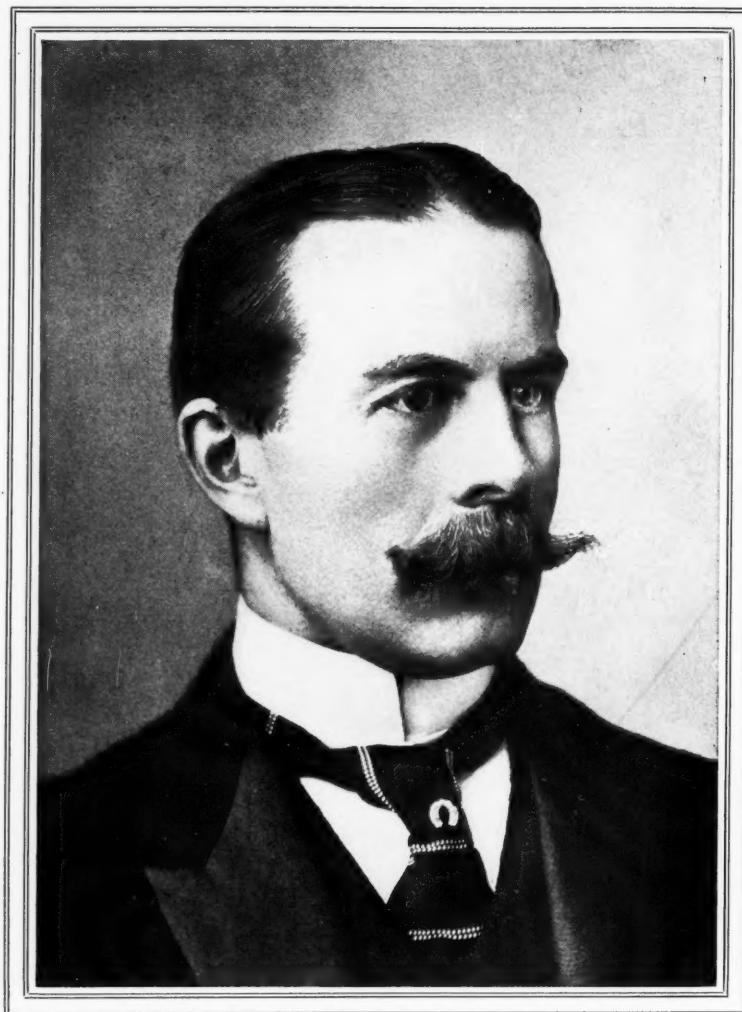
new policy of creating peerages from the great trading and middle classes. In this way the chamber has acquired new strength at every epoch, and new advocates. Wealth has been ranged on its side by the fact that wealth has been able to have its doors opened for admission. The legal profession has been brought to its side—to a certain extent, at least—by the fact that a great advocate or a great judge has always a good chance of joining its ranks. And trade, so long despised, has supplied many of its stout-

est defenders, because trade has often been ennobled.

Take, for instance, one great trade—that of brewing; the number of peers who are or have been brewers is large. The manufacturer of the well-known Bass's bitter ale is Lord Burton; the head of the other great brewing-house of Allsopps is Lord Hindlip. A certain number of great sailors and soldiers have found places there, from Nelson and Wellington in olden days to Roberts, Wolseley, and Kitchener to-day. In

this way the House of Lords has undoubtedly gained in strength; for it has always a certain democratic element in

which it occupies an inferior position is that the House of Commons is supreme in all matters of finance. The House of



THE EARL OF CREWE, LORD PRESIDENT OF THE COUNCIL, A PROMINENT FIGURE
ON THE LIBERAL SIDE IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS

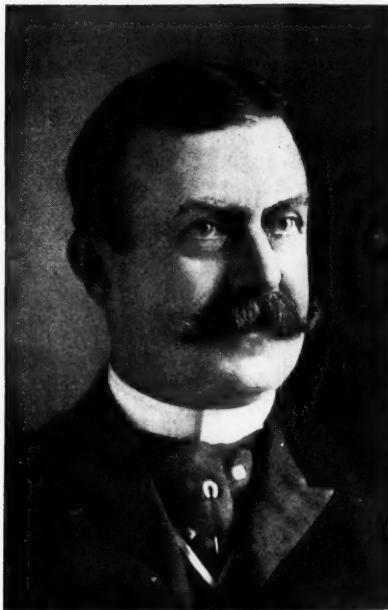
From a photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company

it; it always can make some claim to be representative of the success of genius in the great professions.

THE POWERS OF THE LORDS

The powers of the House of Lords are almost coequal with those of the House of Commons. The one respect in

Lords can reject, but it cannot amend, a money bill. This fact has occasionally enabled the Commons to defeat the opposition of the Lords. One of Mr. Gladstone's hardest struggles, for instance, was the effort to abolish the duty on newspapers, which had for many generations made the creation of the



EARL CARRINGTON, PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD
OF AGRICULTURE

From a photograph by Elliott & Fry, London

cheap newspaper practically impossible. The Lords rejected his proposal when it came before them; but he tacked it on to a money bill—with the result that they had to accept it. They did not like the particular clause which abolished the paper tax, but they dared not face the derangement of all the finances of the country by rejecting the whole bill; and they had no choice between accepting the bill as a whole or rejecting it as a whole; they could not pick and choose.

In appearance the House of Lords is extremely imposing—far more imposing than the House of Commons. Indeed, everything is done to make the inferiority of the popular and representative house to the hereditary house conspicuous. For instance, in the House of Commons, all the upholstering is subdued and almost dingy in color; the seats are in a dark green. In the House of Lords, the seats are all in blazing and opulent scarlet. Even in the corridors which lead to the House of Lords, you see the upholstering in this blazing scarlet; wherever there is even a chair belonging to the House of Lords, it is in the same material.



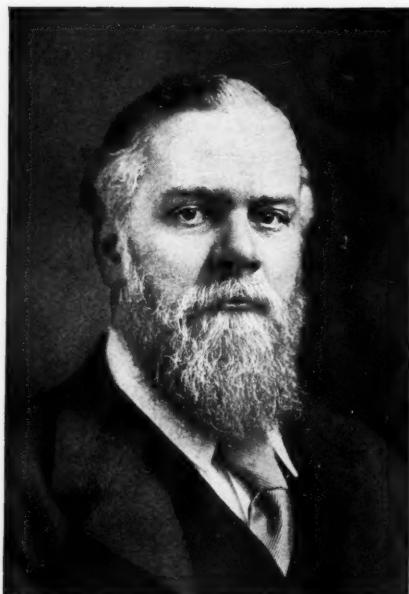
LORD TWEEDMOUTH, FIRST LORD OF THE
ADMIRALTY

From a photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company

When you enter the House of Commons for the first time, your impression is likely to be one of extreme surprise that so august and powerful a body should sit in an apartment so small and so modest. As a matter of fact, the House of Commons is not only small, but it is far too small; there are not seats for more than two-thirds of the members. On a crowded night members have to climb up to the surrounding galleries. On one occasion, when Gladstone introduced his first Home Rule Bill, the members took refuge in the empty space between the two sides of the house, and planted chairs there. The ceiling of the House of Commons, moreover, is low; the acoustics were found to be so bad that a second ceiling of glass had to be placed under the first; which leaves a very low-ceilinged hall.

A MAGNIFICENT CHAMBER

When you enter the House of Lords from the House of Commons, the sensation is somewhat the same as if you were passing from a modest chapel-of-ease to a great cathedral. Everything in the chamber suggests spaciousness and op-



THE EARL OF ELGIN AND KINCARDINE, SECRETARY OF STATE FOR THE COLONIES

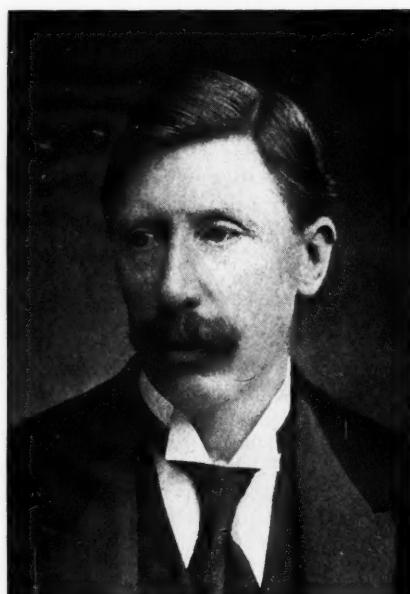
From a photograph by Elliott & Fry, London

ulence. The ceiling is very high; on the great wall at the back huge and beautiful historic pictures greet the eye. The throne, with its seats for the king and the queen—draped except when the sovereigns open Parliament—is a magnificent seat, worthy in its size and its splendor for the persons of monarchs; the door through which you enter is a splendid and massive piece of beautifully carved brass. Everywhere you have the sense of something like the magnificent distances of Washington, the American capital.

There are some other great differences between the appearance and structure of the House of Peers and those of the House of Commons. In the latter, ladies still have only a very limited accommodation—some forty to fifty seats, which have to be won by ballot. The ladies' gallery has in front a great grille, which prevents its occupants from being seen, and, to some extent, prevents them from seeing or hearing. Moreover, the low ceiling and the smallness of the space in this gallery often make it a veritable Black Hole of Calcutta, a visit to which usually means a violent

headache. The House of Lords, on the other hand, has a large gallery on both sides; and here the peeresses are privileged to sit. On a great night, there are few sights so dramatic and as picturesque. The peeresses appear here dressed as for a gala night at the opera; ambassadors have their places not far from them; and with the lofty ceiling, the richly upholstered benches, the tall candelabra that stand up at various points in the hall, and the great and conspicuous pictures, you have a mingled sense of a great religious ceremonial in a fine cathedral, a dramatic performance, and a historic tournament in which some mighty historical issue is to be decided; where the fate of empires and of coming generations trembles in the balance.

The House of Commons, as is often said in debate, has only two lobbies; that is to say, a man has to belong to either one or the other of the two great parties in the state—at least when it comes to a division. In the House of Lords they have to make provision for the peers who are not entitled to express

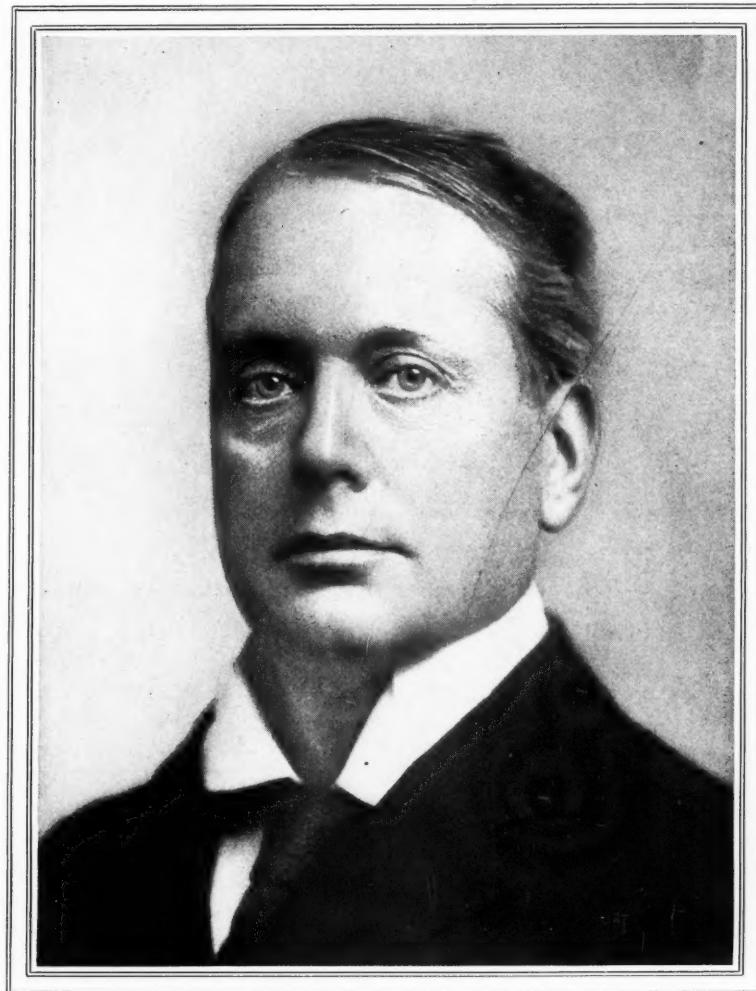


LORD NEWTON, A CONSERVATIVE PEER WHO RECENTLY BROUGHT FORWARD A MOTION FOR THE REFORM OF THE HOUSE OF LORDS

From a photograph by Russell, London

any political preference. Princes of the blood—for instance, the Prince of Wales at this moment—have a right to a seat in the House of Peers; but of

When you come to analyze the House of Lords, you are immediately struck with the contrast between its superficial splendor and its often squalid realities.

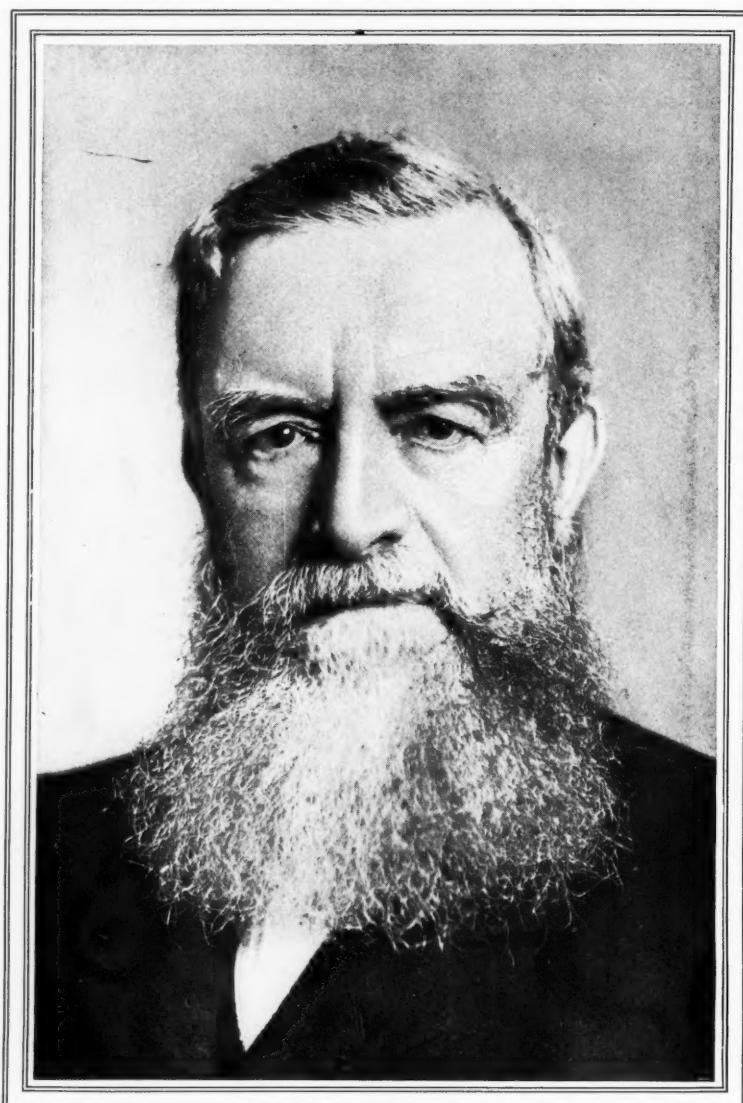


THE EARL OF ROSEBERY, PRIME MINISTER FROM MARCH, 1894, TO JANUARY, 1895

From a photograph by Jerrard, London

course, as representing royalty, they cannot manifest any partizanship. The great soldiers who are elevated to the peerage are also supposed to remain outside party politics. For the convenience of these classes there are in the House of Peers what are known as the cross benches, standing between the two sides, and representing detachment from party.

Nothing could better illustrate this than the contrast, for instance, between the woolsack and the other furniture of the house. The woolsack is the seat of the lord chancellor, the highest legal official of the British Empire. Its name has come to be a short term for the highest distinction and success in the legal profession; “to reach the woolsack”



THE MARQUIS OF RIPON, LORD PRIVY SEAL, THE FOREMOST FIGURE ON THE GOVERNMENT SIDE IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS

From a photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company

means something like reaching the White House in American parlance. Yet this historic seat, when you come to regard it, looks like some large, clumsy, and amorphous mattress or feather-bed. And similarly there is a contrast between the powers and privileges of the House of Lords, on the one hand, and the personalities of the assembly, on the

other. There are in it, certainly, some of the ablest men in the country; but the underlying theory that heredity gives the privileges of lawmaking finds in the hereditary chamber itself its most flagrant contradiction and refutation. And the contrast—pathetic, comic, sometimes tragic—between the founders of great titles and great names and the

present-day possessors is brought out into strange relief by some of the habits of the house.

It is perhaps the only assembly in the world which has no rules of order. It even has no presiding officer, in any real sense of the term. The lord chancellor apparently occupies the same position in the House of Lords as the Speaker does in the House of Commons; but there could not be a much more fallacious analogy. The Speaker of the House of Commons never speaks—except to rule on a point of order; the lord chancellor is an active partisan, for he is a member of the existing cabinet, and always makes one of the important speeches of the great party debates. The Speaker of the House of Commons has the absolute right to call whom he pleases among the many members who attempt to catch his eye; the lord chancellor has no such right. As a rule, when one peer sits down, another jumps up with jack-in-the-box alertness to his feet, and begins speaking; another—perhaps several others—do the same thing; and whoever beats the rest down by rapidity of motion or loudness of voice has the right to speak.

The question which peer shall speak may be put to a vote, as has now and then happened; but the lord chancellor has nothing to say in the choice. In fact, this independence of the lord chancellor is maintained so scrupulously and so vehemently that the woolsack is technically held to be outside the House of Lords; and the lord chancellor, when he gets up to speak, has to move a little away from the woolsack so as to bring himself within the sacred area of the house itself.

ECCENTRICITIES OF THE LORDS

Unrestrained, then, by any rules of order, there is room in the House of Lords for that exuberant and lawless manifestation of individuality which brings out the foibles, follies, and eccentricities of its members. If a peer be a little demented—which sometimes happens—his mental weakness does not prevent him from addressing the House of Lords. Some years ago, there was a member of the house who was the son of a great and historic judge. His

father had been a man of distinguished and lofty mien, with a great hooked nose, a long hatchet-shaped face, great height, a certain classic and almost Cæsar-like air. The son had all these things; but with that curious suggestion of caricature you often see in relatives where the physical features are the same, while in the one they are lit by brilliancy of intellect and in the other are darkened and distorted by sheer imbecility. This unfortunate peer spoke in season and out of season—in fact, almost every time that he sat in the House of Lords—but he never said anything that anybody could follow. And yet there was no means of calling him to order, or of stopping his flow of vacuous cackle. All that the House of Lords could do was to begin talking loudly; and after he had withstood this for a while, and had indulged in several outbursts of impotent wrath, the poor creature sat down, but the next night he would begin as fresh as ever.

The debates in the House of Lords are absolutely different from those in the House of Commons. There are those who think that the House of Commons is an orderly, silent, decorous assembly. Nothing could be farther from the truth, for it is more like an assembly of boisterous schoolboys than anything else. It is as responsive, as changeable, as noisy as an eolian harp on a breezy night. In the House of Lords you seem to have reached the spectral quiet, the bloodless fantoms, of the Elysian fields. Such a thing as a loud cheer is almost unknown there. To exhibit emotion or excitement would be regarded as bad manners. Slowly, frigidly, amid dead silence, the different leaders address the house; if now and then there is a sign of applause it is but a faint echo of the thunderous tumult of the popular chamber.

A CONSERVATIVE STRONGHOLD

The most important figure in the House of Lords is always the leader of the Conservative party. One of the anomalies of the place—the anomaly which is now bringing about the great conflict—is that there is always an overwhelming majority of Conservatives. The house numbers some five hundred

and fifty members, and of these five hundred belong to one party. So long, therefore, as the House of Lords exercises coequal rights with the Commons, it is evident that the constituencies of England are practically left powerless. They may give a Liberal administration an apparent majority of two hundred, as in the present House of Commons—the result remains the same. The Conservative majority in the House of Lords can calmly reject any and all of the government's measures. This is what happened last year with regard to the Education Bill and the Plural Voting Bill, which both passed by huge majorities in the House of Commons, and were then contemptuously rejected by the House of Lords. It was evident that such a state of things could not remain unchallenged; and accordingly the present prime minister and the existing House of Commons have entered upon this great struggle with the other chamber.

The present leader of the Conservatives is the Marquis of Lansdowne. No man is better fitted by nature and by training for such a place. He comes from an ancient family—whose chief wealth, by the way, comes from an adventurous ancestor who emigrated to Ireland, and was there enriched by the confiscated lands of the native chieftains in the old days of rebellion and conquest. Well bred, frigid, self-possessed, he speaks in that deliberate, slow, passionless manner which the House of Lords loves. He is a great landlord, of course—as are most of the peers; and he naturally opposes all projects of land-reform. He is a great Irish landlord, moreover; and therefore he is one of the most effective enemies of reform in the government of Ireland. He is adroit and moderate, and an excellent leader.

THE LIBERAL LEADERS

The chief figure on the government side, for the moment, is the Marquis of Ripon. Here is one of the finest figures of contemporary politics. A marquis, a large landholder, son of a prime minister, he has all his life been a consistent and almost extreme Radical in opinion. As Viceroy of India, he first

attempted to enlarge the liberties of the native population, with the result that he had to pass over long roads of roses as he left the country, where he is worshiped to this day. He is almost eighty years of age, has weak health, and has recently lost a wife to whom he was devoted for half a century; but he often speaks with all the fire of youth.

A figure which has attracted a great deal of attention in the last year is the Earl of Crewe. He is the son of a man of letters, who began life as Richard Monckton Milnes, and ended as Lord Houghton. It was as Lord Houghton that the present peer also began; but the death of his uncle—the Earl of Crewe—enabled the government of the day to pass on the title to him. Here is a typical *grand seigneur* in appearance and manner. Lord Crewe is perhaps the handsomest man in the House of Peers; very tall, very slight, with beautifully chiseled and regular features; fine, brilliant, prominent eyes; and a manner so frigid, so polite, and such a delicious combination of courtliness and sarcasm as to make even Lord Lansdowne look and sound plebeian. He conducted the Education Bill with extraordinary skill and good temper last year; and he is already indicated as a man who may reach anything. He was handsome and attractive enough in his fortieth year to win the love of Peggy Primrose, as the second daughter of Lord Rosebery was called—a fascinating young woman, half *grande dame*, half soubrette in appearance, with much of her father's attractiveness, with his sense of humor, his whimsicality, and perhaps his waywardness.

This brings me to the man who as an individual is perhaps the most attractive, singular, and enigmatic of all the peers. Lord Rosebery was born with both golden and silver spoons in his mouth; is England's greatest orator to-day; has inordinate ambition, and immense grasp of politics; has held the premiership once, and was asked by all his party, and perhaps by the majority of his countrymen, to take it again; but from some defect or peculiarity has allowed all those mighty possibilities to pass him by; and is now an isolated, disappointed, and spectral figure, with no

political influence left, and more dangerous to his friends than to his enemies.

The House of Lords is richer than the House of Commons in striking or curious personalities; for no member of that body has to pass through the searching and cruel analysis of popular election. You see there all kinds of anachronisms in persons, in thoughts, in clothes. This peer wears a hat, the shape of which belongs to the eighteenth century; this other man has the long whiskers and the stock of the early Victorian epoch. In a corner you may catch sight of a curious drab-colored man, with a drab

beard, a drab complexion, and appallingly bad clothes. This is the Marquis of Clanricarde, who stands for a type of Irish landlordism that is almost as dead as the dodo; but still lives to curse and be cursed by his tenantry on a vast estate in the west of Ireland.

Look at them steadily and well; with their coats of ancient garb; their strangely shaped hats; their frigid speech; for it is possible that we of this generation are gazing at an institution which in its present shape and composition will be numbered among dead things that have no resurrection.

THE MODERN MUSE

God gave me a flute when I was young,
And laid his magic on my tongue,
Bidding me join that blessed throng
Who voice His mysteries in song.

At first, the passion in my soul
Would not endure a written scroll;
This conquered as in battle, then
Thin voices from dead worlds of men
Caressed my heart seductively;
I dreamed beside an emerald sea;
Saw galleys, purple-sailed, go by,
And temples white against the sky.

Then, as I wandered by the way,
A goddess smote my eyes with day.
Her magic touch removed the curse,
And widened by a universe
My narrowed sight, singing to me
That modern life is fair to see—
Thunder-winged battle-ships driving home,
With deep-mouthed guns from turret and dome;
Liners that guide their certain flight
Sheer through the black abyss of night;
Gray cities which colossal rise
Against infinitudes of skies;
Science, which strides from star to star
As children o'er a pasture-bar;
The lightning tamed to strain in thills;
The up-poured smoke from many mills—
Incense more sweet to God, I ween,
Than knife-slain bullock's reeking spleen—
And how at last men's wrongs will be
Wiped out by love and equity.

Thus, while I strove with backward face,
Like one who watches in a race,
She seized me as I sought to pass;
She broke my strength like fragile glass,
And wooed me from patrician pride
Till longing for the old things died—
Till in my heart, like flowers, there grew
The nobler beauty of the new!

Harry H. Kemp

THE VIRGINIAN DESCENDANTS OF POCOHONTAS

BY LYNDON ORR

THE TRUE STORY OF THE INDIAN "PRINCESS" WHO RESCUED
JOHN SMITH AND MARRIED JOHN ROLFE—MANY WELL-
KNOWN SOUTHERN FAMILIES HAVE HER BLOOD IN THEIR VEINS

WHEN the name of Pocahontas is spoken in any chance gathering of Americans it is usually received with smiles. Most persons know of this Indian girl only as the heroine of a picturesque story which is viewed as being nothing but a myth. Historical writers have in part discredited the romantic tale of Captain John Smith's rescue by Pocahontas at the moment when his head was about to be shattered by the stone club of an Indian executioner. In fact, the Pocahontas legend has been popularly placed in the same class of anecdotes as that of William Tell and the apple, and that of George Washington and the cherry-tree. Some years ago a musical farce was composed with *Pocahontas* as the most farcical of all its characters. And so it is to-day that this very interesting figure in American history is associated mainly with what is partly mythical and partly comic.

THE TRUE STORY OF POCOHONTAS

The celebration at Jamestown makes this time appropriate for the retelling of a narrative which has a permanent historic interest. The rescue of Captain John Smith is but an episode. The true career of Pocahontas is worth considering seriously. Although she died almost in girlhood, she has, through her descendants, left a lasting mark upon the history of the oldest of American commonwealths, and therefore, in a sense, upon the history of our nation. Some of the proudest families of Virginia are glad to number her among their ances-

tors, and they regard the strain of Indian blood inherited from her as a claim to long descent and high distinction.

When Jamestown was first settled it was a straggling little hamlet, more rude than the rudest mining-camp in the days of the Californian Argonauts. Improvised cabins, roofed with bark or sedge, were the finest structures which the little settlement could show. Some of its inhabitants lived in ragged tents, and some, like animals, had burrows in the earth. Food was so scarce that porridge made of damaged barley was served out stingily as the only ration.

Into this squalid settlement came the Indians of the neighboring forest, eying the white men with eager curiosity, as though they were newcomers from another planet. Among them was the Indian chief, or *werowance*, Powhatan, sachem of the Rappahannocks, "strangely grimed and disguised," as Smith expresses it. On his head he wore a plate of gleaming copper set off by feathers. His body was stained a crimson hue. His face was smeared with some silvery pigment, and his neck and ears were hung with wampum, river-pearls, and the claws of forest birds.

Powhatan was an Indian of infinite craft and cruelty, of keen sagacity, and of heroic courage. He saw from the very first that the coming of the whites foreboded the downfall of his own people, and he soon became their open enemy. He was the prototype of other great Indian warriors to whom the same conviction came—warriors like Philip in Rhode

Island, like Tecumseh in the West, and like Osceola in the territory which lay farther to the south. But for the moment he was friendly.

Presently, the Indians had grown familiar with the whites. Little copper-colored children, naked and unashamed, romped through the single street of Jamestown, playing good-natured pranks upon the white men and wondering at their dress and customs. Among these children was Pocahontas, Powhatan's daughter, who was spoken of as "the princess," just as her grim father was described as "king." She was then a child of twelve or so, gentle in manner, friendly, and with a sense of fun which was quite unlike that stoical severity which marks the Indian character.

POCAHONTAS AND JOHN SMITH

When Smith came out to the new colony, Pocahontas was attracted by his personality, which was, indeed, a very striking one. He was then only twenty-eight years of age, but had already passed through more romantic scenes than most men witness in a century. He was a soldier of fortune, bold in action, wily in counsel, and an accurate observer, yet reckless of speech, absolutely sure of his own prowess, and much given to boasting of his exploits on sea and land. In the history which he afterward set down on paper, what he told of others may be accepted as truth. His explorations in an open boat added greatly to geographical knowledge. It was only when he chronicled his own achievements that he let his imagination play around the facts and color them to suit his fancy. But he was unquestionably an ardent, gallant spirit, and the little Indian girl viewed him almost as a god. Whether or not she really rescued him after he had been captured by the hostile Indians is open to much question. The only first-hand authority for it is Smith himself, and it may have been a fiction. But this much is certain: the rescue of white captives by Indian women was in accordance with Indian custom. There are instances which rest upon undisputed evidence, as, for example, the case of Juan Ortiz, a member of the ill-fated expedition which Narvaez led into the territory of the Appalaches in 1528, who

was captured and lived with the aborigines for several years before he escaped to join De Soto. The story of Smith and Pocahontas was earnestly defended by the late historian, John Fiske.

Afterward, when Powhatan had let his hatred of the whites blaze out into open warfare, an English sea-captain named Argall lured Pocahontas on board his vessel and carried her to Jamestown as a hostage. There she was detained, not as a prisoner, but as an honored guest; and there she remained for several years, a favorite with all who saw her, and especially admired by a young Englishman named John Rolfe.

HER MARRIAGE TO JOHN ROLFE

Rolfe was a gentleman from Norfolk, tracing his descent back to the time when England was a Danish kingdom under Knut. The grace and winsomeness of Pocahontas fascinated him, and he fell in love with her and desired to marry her. Yet because she was a "princess" and a pagan, he could not take her for his wife without permission from the governor of the colony, Sir Thomas Dale. A quaint letter from Rolfe to Sir Thomas is preserved in the annals of Ralph Hamor. In it he details in old-time phrases "the grounds and principal agitations which should thus provoke me to be in love." He speaks of the object of his love as "an unbelieving creature, namely, Pocahontas, to whom my hearty and best thoughts are and have a long time been so entangled and enthralled in so intricate a labyrinth that I was even awearied to unwind myself thereout."

This naïve appeal must have touched the heart of Sir Thomas Dale, for he gave his consent; and after Pocahontas had been baptized, she was married to her lover on the 5th of April, in 1614. This union brought peace to the colony. Powhatan ceased from warfare; and Jamestown flourished. Rolfe was the first Virginian to plant and to export tobacco—a commodity which brought wealth to men who had expected to grow rich by the discovery of gold.

In 1616, Rolfe and his Indian bride embarked for England. There they were received with the very highest honors, and even with popular enthusiasm. Pocahon-

tas was treated like a royal personage. The English king, James I, and his queen entertained her at Whitehall. Her beauty was warmly praised, and her charming manners won the hearts of all who met her. For Rolfe himself the king created the post of secretary and recorder-general of Virginia. All seemed bright to the newly wedded pair. On the eve of their departure for the colony, however, Pocahontas was taken with a sudden illness, and died at Gravesend, in 1617, the twenty-first year of her short life. She left one son, named Thomas Rolfe; and he, in time, went to Virginia, where, on the soil of his mother's people, he became the progenitor of a race of gallant men and of lovely women.

DESCENDANTS OF POCAHONTAS

Thomas Rolfe was married to Jane Poythress, a Virginian lady. His daughter, Jane Rolfe, married Colonel Robert Bolling, the head of a colonial family which lived, as one chronicler expresses it, "in a style of elegance and profusion not inferior to the barons of England." From time to time, both in this family and in the other families which became allied to it through marriage, there appeared and reappeared the Indian type.

During the Revolutionary War, Anne Bolling showed the spirit of old Powhatan. She was a tall, imposing woman, of great courage. Once, when she was a guest at the country-seat of a relative, a band of drunken British soldiers from General Tarleton's army invaded the grounds, and even entered the house, to plunder and maraud. The mistress of the mansion was a helpless little woman, and she turned with tears to Anne Bolling, who was sitting silently beside her.

"Will you allow them to do this?" she asked of Anne.

At once the descendant of Powhatan rose to her full height and with blazing eyes advanced upon the roistering invaders. At the very sight of her they shrank back in dismay; and when she spoke to them imperious words of anger these rough and lawless soldiers slunk from the house without a word.

Anne Bolling later became the bride of James Murray, a scion of the Scottish family at whose head were the Dukes of

Atholl, and of which the famous jurist, Lord Chief Justice Mansfield, was a distinguished member.

The Indian traits appeared again in John Bolling, of Chestnut Grove, who married Martha Jefferson, sister of Thomas Jefferson, then President of the United States. Men recognized in John Bolling the Indian type so strongly marked that he was called behind his back "the old Indian." His love of color and of gorgeous costumes, no less than his violent passions, marked him out as a descendant of Powhatan. He dressed by choice in a vivid scarlet coat and bright-blue trousers; yet no one dared to criticize his appearance, for he was a deadly duelist and had killed his man. Yet there was another side to him. His love of music was intense, and his mastery of the violin reached the point of virtuosity.

His contemporary, Blair Bolling, a captain in the Virginia State Guard, was still another incarnation of indomitable courage. Once, while he was on a merchant ship, a vessel supposed to be a pirate bore down upon the craft. The only weapon on the ship was an old musket; and the captain, therefore, decided to surrender and to beg for mercy. But Blair Bolling imperiously ordered him below deck, and loading the musket, took his stand prepared alone to meet the buccaneers and to kill at least a brace of pirates before he should himself meet death. As it turned out, the other ship was not a pirate, but was merely heaving to to get its bearings; yet the incident is none the less significant and striking.

JOHN RANDOLPH OF ROANOKE

From the Bollings sprang the branch of the Randolph family to which belonged that strange, eccentric personage, John Randolph of Roanoke. Randolph had genius of the highest order. He was eloquent, far-seeing, impressive, a born master of men. Yet in him his inherited Indian traits marred all his virtues. Intensely avaricious, he was scornful, fierce, and even bloodthirsty, treating all his equals with contempt. On the night of his marriage he left his bride and rode away from the house in a fit of savage fury which has never been explained. He used to stroll into the

halls of Congress dressed in hunting costume and in his riding-boots, spattered with mud, followed by his hounds, and bearing in his hand a riding-whip, utterly indifferent to formalities and rules. His vituperation scorched like vitriol. His insults fell upon his associates like hail. He was ready at all times to fight a duel, and once he challenged Henry Clay. Himself the most combative of men, he was a persistent foe of war and of standing armies. He branded all professional soldiers as "mercenaries"—a term which involved him in a public brawl with some army officers.

As he grew older he became almost an object of universal terror, and he never seems to have loved any human being save his own mother. He had, however, gleams of kindness, as when he sought to emancipate his slaves; but his undoubted genius was so sterile of results that it has been truly said of him: "He dazzled but did not warm, and no fruit ripened in his rays."

To enumerate even the most notable of the Virginians who were descended from Pocahontas would be impossible in these pages. The genealogy of Pocahontas includes the Robertsons, one of whom was the first secretary of the Louisiana Territory and afterward its governor; the Tazewells, from whom came

an eminent American botanist; the Harrisons, who gave two Presidents to the United States; and the Archers, Carys, Dandridges, Elletts, Flemings, Gordons, Markhams, Wests, Eldridges, and Gays, all of whom down to the present time have shown a pride in their Indian ancestry by naming some of their male children Powhatan, and some of their women Pocahontas.

THE PORTRAIT OF POCOHONTAS

The only authentic likeness of Pocahontas now known to exist is a portrait preserved by the Rolfe family in Norfolk. It was painted in 1617, the year of her death. Many engravings and drawings of it have been made—one of them was printed in this magazine in October, 1905; but the first photographic reproduction was that published in 1887 by Mr. Wyndham Robertson in his excellent genealogical monograph. The face is unmistakably Indian, as can be seen in the somewhat prominent nose, the thin lips, and the eyes. Nevertheless, the painter has caught the amiability and good humor which all agree were the characteristics of Pocahontas; and there is a certain charm about the face which seems to explain and justify the love which she inspired in the Englishman who made his own this flower of the wilderness.

THE COLONIAL IN ENGLAND

A LAND that is a garden all rose-grown,
Of muffled lawn and odorous lane;
A land of languid rivers and repose,
And ivied green and quiet rain!

An ordered land that broods on yesterday,
Of hearts content with other years,
Of haunted dusks and hills that harbor dreams—
A country old in time and tears!

But, oh! my heart goes, homesick, back to-day—
Back to the wide free prairie's sweep,
Back to the pines that brought the sunset near,
Back where the great white Rockies sleep!

For I am tired of dusk and dream and rose,
Of ghosts, and glories dead and gone.
I want the outland trail, the upward sweep,
The New World and the widening dawn!

Arthur Stringer

LIGHT VERSE

A LOVE DUEL

A FAN, a rose, a handkerchief—
What weapons for a duel!
It seems almost beyond belief
That you could be so cruel.

Unarmed I come; I didn't bring
A solitary second.
Give me a rose, or anything—
Reckless I shall be reckoned.

Your roguish eyes will do for light;
For signals, give me kisses;
So, when you're ready, all is right,
It matters not who misses.

How many duels you have fought,
And nothing yet has hurt you!
Beware! Love comes, sometimes, unsought.
Kiss me, you little flirt, you!

Felix Carmen

THE SIREN

LOVE and Duty met, one day,
On the path of Life.
"Whither off," cried Love, "I pray?"
Answered Duty: "I'm away
To the toil and strife."

But the laughing eyes of Love
Looked into his own.
Thrills ecstatic! Heav'n above
From their bright depths shone.
Burned his heart with fierce desire!
Reeled his soul beneath their fire!
Turned with steps that never tire—
He with Love had flown!

M. Aloysius Kelly

TO MY BUNGALOW

MY bungalow!
My bungalow!
Thy nooks are cool as April snow;
Thy window-seats are soft and fair;
Inviting is each wicker chair.
But what of that if Prue's not there,
My bungalow?

My bungalow!
My bungalow!

The hammock's swaying to and fro
Upon thy shaded porch. The vine
Is clambering the pillared pine.
But where does her sweet presence shine,
My bungalow?

My bungalow!
My bungalow!
At night thy hearth is all aglow;
Thy flames are dancing, gaily bold;
The back-log turns to liquid gold;
Yet, without Prue—ah, thou art cold,
My bungalow!

My bungalow!
My bungalow!
Thou heaven couldst be, well I know,
If furnished with two eyes of blue,
A hand that's warm, a heart that's true,
The loving whisperings of Prue—
My bungalow!

My bungalow!
My bungalow!
Bereft of comforts, shorn of show,
A palace thou wouldest yet abide,
A place of joy and happy pride,
If she were only at my side—
My bungalow!

John Kendrick Bangs

ON BEING GOOD

IT is not easy to be good
At all times, as one really should;
Temptations lie on every hand
That only saints can well withstand.
E'en though to virtue one's inclined,
Old Satan will not stay behind.

One thing, however, is quite sure—
In one commandment I'm secure:
Since Daphne came to live next door
I find it difficult no more—
Stop laughing, Cupid, naughty elf!—
To love my neighbor as myself.

Blakeney Gray

BALLADE OF THE ARTISTIC TEMPERAMENT

ONE moment are you glum and sad?
The next one are you blithe and gay?
Does one day find you bright and glad,
And does another bring dismay?
Do you say things you shouldn't say,
And do you suddenly repent?
I can explain these things away—
'Tis the Artistic Temperament!

Do you adopt a sudden fad?
 Does it absorb you night and day?
 Does something else then drive you mad,
 And hold you firmly in its sway?
 You first blaspheme and then you pray?
 And don't you ever feel content?
 I'll size you up without delay—
 'Tis the Artistic Temperament!

Does bad seem good and good seem bad?
 You don't love work? You do love play?
 Do you like being strangely clad
 In weird and wonderful array,
 Of cut bizarre, of hue outré?
 In short, are you e'er torn and rent
 With passions? If you tell me "Yea"—
 'Tis the Artistic Temperament!

ENVOY

Plain common sense will sure allay
 Your fears, and all your doubts prevent;
 What is it makes the asses bray?
 'Tis the Artistic Temperament!

Harold Susman

CONTENTMENT

FORTUNE turns her back upon me—
 Not a whit care I!
 Fame is still a stranger to me—
 Not the loser I!
 With you, dear heart, beside me singing,
 Bells of hope and cheer all ringing,
 And your dear arms around me clinging,
 Who'd exchange? Not I!

David Seid

THE LAST WILD FLOWER

WHEN other flowers have gone to seed,
 And leaves their dying tints assume,
 Above the tallest brake and weed
 The aster waves its purple plume.

The wild rose blossomed for a while,
 Then shed its petals by the way;
 The daisy doffed her dainty smile;
 The goldenrod has had its day.

But in the summer's closing hours,
 Unshielded and unkept by art,
 From out this sepulcher of flowers
 We see the purple aster start.

Thus in the field of memory's gloom,
 Where died the earliest flowers of thought,
 Some lovelier plant to-day may bloom
 To balm the losses Time hath wrought.

John Troland

TELEPHONE SONG

BY the magic of the wire,
 By the force that mocks at space,
 I can reach you, my Desire,
 In your far place.

I can draw you, at my choice,
 Close within my heart's control.
 Oh, at will to hear your voice—
 To feel your soul!

Oh, to pluck your golden speech
 From the air, like drifting flowers!
 Oh, to know you within reach
 In silent hours!

Ever, without dread of change,
 At a touch to draw you near!
 Was there ever spell so strange,
 Or boon so dear?

This—the slave of men's affairs,
 Chained and prisoned mystery—
 Is the golden road of prayers
 For you—for me.

As we call through leagues of air—
 We, whom space can never part—
 Though with guarded words and spare,
 I hear your heart!

Marion Couthouy Smith

ZENITH

IN my Garden of Delight
 Rue nor rosemary is found;
 Pansies purple, pale, and fair
 Glow in mellow velvet there,
 And the paths are primrose-bound.

In my Garden of Delight
 Sunflowers lift their loyal heads,
 Lifting not to bend or sway,
 And the violet's helio-gray
 Deepens in dusk-perfumed beds.

In my Garden of Delight,
 'Mid the blooms all petal-spread,
 Wander I, condemned to know
 Autumn's blighting breath must blow—
 Blossoms spent are blossoms dead!

Anna Marble Pollock

A RETROSPECT

IN days when I attended school
 And broke the stern preceptor's rule
 He made me sit among the girls,
 Who laughed and shook their saucy curls,
 And did their utmost to annoy
 A shamefaced and unhappy boy.

Long years have flown—I think that I,
 Grown bald and slightly gray, but shy
 No longer—would be quite content
 With my stern tutor's punishment.
 I'm forced in sorrow to avow
 I seldom get such chances now!

Joseph Dana Miller

STORIETTES

The Coming of Aunt Cordelia

IF it had ever rained any harder, it was when I didn't happen to be around. And the wind! My heart swelled with pity for the tin rooster on top of the barn.

I wished that father had chosen any other day to go to the city. A summer home on an island of its own never struck me as desolate until I was shut up in it, with no one for company and the rain and wind fighting for supremacy outside. I could scarcely see twenty yards from the house.

Usually I loved dear old Ventosa, with the river flowing peacefully around it. But the river wasn't flowing very peacefully now. I had never seen it so frightfully rough; and it was very little I could see of it at that. The rain came down in such torrents that I think it would have been a revelation to Noah himself of what rain really could be.

Just then the gong sounded for luncheon, but I could scarcely eat a thing. As I was leaving the table, Tompkins, the coachman, came rushing in, crying: "Oh, Miss Helen, the bridge is down, and the boats have got away!"

Merciful Heavens! Here was trouble worth noticing.

Snatching my rain-coat, I rushed to the porch. Sure enough, our beautiful little bridge, connecting us with the mainland, was tearing down the river in sections, with a speed that would do credit to contesting fire-departments, and the boats were bobbing up and down like corks.

By this time it had stopped raining, and the wind was less terrific, but the idea that had just struck me a blow made me forget all previous calamities.

Aunt Cordelia!

To you the name may mean nothing. To me it meant everything ugly, disagreeable, narrow, and mean, but, withal, a creature to whom loving respect and admiration must be adminis-

tered in stated doses. It was time for one of the doses. She was coming to visit us. The train would leave her five miles across country, and the bridge was down, and, even had the boats been there, no one could have rowed them across.

Heavens! The more I thought about it the crazier I got.

It may not be uninteresting to remark that Aunt Cordelia was sixty-nine years old, unmarried, and worth ten millions. In her early youth she had happened to buy land on which oil was afterward found, and she had been scooping it out in barrel lots ever since.

From my earliest infancy, through all the twenty-one years of my motherless life, I had been taught to love and respect Aunt Cordelia, and naturally I disliked her with all the warmth of which my heart was capable. But the fact remained that she was to arrive at seven o'clock that evening, and the question driving me to distraction was, how to meet her.

I could positively see the relief with which the porter would dump her and her million bundles on the platform. And then Perkins, her maid, would follow with that yelping little beast, Gyp, in her arms. The trunks would then be thrown off, and there Aunt Cordelia would stand, surrounded by her collateral, her black silk coat waving in the remains of the wind, and her buttony little eyes looking for her loving niece while the train swept out of sight.

Nothing anybody could say afterward would convince her that we hadn't planned it all on purpose to annoy her. She would think that we had destroyed the bridge deliberately and cut loose the boats. She was everlastingly standing around with a chip on her shoulder, and I very well knew that the ancient and honorable family of McAllister would be a million short some day—and the Home for Friendless Females that much in—if something were not done. She

never gave a cent to charity, but had a waiting-list a yard long.

I explained the situation to Tompkins, and he looked sufficiently sympathetic but absolutely dull.

Just then I heard a war-whoop, and saw Don McDonald on the opposite shore. The McDonalds had a summer home a mile inland. He yelled and jumped around, but I couldn't understand a thing, the water roared so.

Suddenly another idea struck me. Motioning to Don to stay where he was, I tore into the house and grabbed up a golf-ball and some clubs. Then racing madly out, I waved my driver in the air, tossed up the ball, and did everything I could think of to attract his interest and attention.

I succeeded admirably. He confided to me afterward that he thought I had gone crazy.

When I saw that curiosity would hold him I again made a mad rush for the house, this time returning with my steel stiletto and a hammer. In full view, for Don's benefit, I proceeded to pound a hole in the golf-ball. Then quickly explaining my predicament on a thin slip of paper, and begging Don to meet the old lady and take her to his home, I rolled it into a minute form and stuck it into the ball.

Could I drive that ball over to Don? The distance was fully a hundred and twenty-five yards, and the drive of my life had been only seventy-five.

But I must do it. Don had caught on to my game now, and was clapping his hands and laughing until I thought he would fall into the river. I knew his opinion of my drives. I suppose he thought that I was taking all that trouble just to write to him.

The wind had gone down, and my spirits had gone up, though I had to keep swallowing a hen's egg in my throat. I felt that I could drive that ball straight across the country, and land it in Aunt Cordelia's lap. I should have liked to land it near the middle of her face.

I got some sand, and made a tee about a foot high. I know that high tees are not considered very good form among professional golfers, but as I usually fan the air, I thought that, if

I got my tee high enough, I might hit the ball. I had read that day that Cromwell told his soldiers to trust in Providence, but keep their powder dry. Now, in my case it was, "Trust in Providence, but make your tee high."

I finally got through building my hill of sand, and gently placed my little Mercury on top.

Even Don was like a graven image now. The immensity of my undertaking had frozen him stiff. I picked up my driver, and practised swinging it and myself all around, until I felt as limber as a cat. Then, without stopping to think, I swung my club and gave the ball a crack, and with the club poised high in air I watched it go. It skimmed the water like a living thing. Would it reach the opposite shore?

Ah, joy! It landed, and on solid ground!

Don! I thought he would have a spasm; but as for myself I felt suddenly rather weak, and sat down in a hurry. Golfing is rather fatiguing, you know. I felt the way a frost-bitten geranium looks.

I saw Don poke out my note and read it with a broad grin. Then he gave me to understand, as nearly as the human framework would allow, that everything possible would be done for Aunt Cordelia; and, taking off his cap and making me a low bow, conspicuous for the admiration it breathed, he was off.

It might not appear such a grave matter to other people; but dear old father, with his head in the clouds six days out of seven, had left me burdened with the responsibility of safely "arriving" Aunt Cordelia, and if there's anything more disquieting than being responsible for the arrival of a maiden aunt, I've yet to meet with it.

I think father chose to be away on purpose, so that his dear love of a sister could get sort of used to her surroundings before he encountered her. I never could comprehend how they both happened to have the same mother—the eldest and the youngest. I fancy grandmother must have improved and mellowed with the years, for certainly father is as meek and mild a little lamb as ever trod grass, and wouldn't purposely step on an ant; while Aunt Cordelia goes

around like a roaring lioness seeking whom she may devour.

II

I FELT fairly sure that the river would be calm enough to row across in the morning. I was up bright and early. The sunshine flooded my room, and in its light all my tribulations seemed trivial, and I felt sure that Don had done whatever was possible. You can always depend on Don.

Everything outdoors was as calm as a pan of milk. I dressed rapidly. My star song-sparrow was singing his morning greeting. He is the only song-sparrow I ever heard who sings in triple chords. I fancy one of his grandfathers fell in love with, and married, a veery thrush. Probably it was considered a scandal, and hushed up by the family—which would account for the relationship never having been mentioned in ornithological reports.

Breakfast was scarcely over when I heard Don's whoop. Dear me! It's so funny how that whoop of Don's makes little thrills go up and down my back. As I reached the porch I saw him rowing down-stream, and he landed soon after I got to the water's edge.

"Hello, Miss Bogey!" he called as soon as he saw me. "Fine morning."

"Oh, Don, please don't fool," I begged, "but tell me at once what happened."

"Well," he said, as he beached the boat, "she's the limit, or I don't know what kind of trees make shingles. She is as thin as the last run of shad; her face is a cross between a gargoyle and a gorilla; and her voice would cut nails." All of which, of course, was rare news to me.

"Well," he continued—Don never could start anything without saying "well"—"I met her with all the dignity of the Lord High Chancellor—had on all my best clothes—best carriage, silver-plated harness, coachman and footman in full regalia, with a groom in the cart for her maid. Had to fix the gardener up for that. I unbent from my dignity sufficiently to wring her hand and explained the situation. I didn't know I could be so fascinating. I could see my personality was im-

pressing her wonderfully, but my tale not a whit. She had no use for that. It was plain that she thought you might have rigged up a sheet on a tub and come over, or Tompkins could have swum across on a horse. She didn't say so, but I divined it. Also, though she didn't mention it, I could see that she was going to disinherit you and leave me her millions."

"Ugh!" I ejaculated.

"Mother joined the conspiracy," he continued, paying no attention to my remark, "and made herself so agreeable that, next to me, the old lady considers her the best thing yet. We haven't had the least bit of trouble. It's quite evident that you people don't know how to manage her. I could not get her away from mother this morning."

"Well," I snapped, "you may keep her as long as you please, and manage her to your heart's content."

"Why, dear old champion, haven't I done just what you wanted me to: made her feel at home and happy?"

"I suppose you have," I relented.

"And," he continued, "as she has determined to leave me the money, though it hasn't been legally announced, I've thought of a plan to fix things up."

He hesitated a moment, and there was a funny queer note in his voice, though his eyes still danced as he went on:

"You marry me, and that will keep it all in the family."

"Let's go and see Aunt Cordelia," I said.

• *Anna A. Merriam*

The Passing of Sonora Pete

WHEN Sonora Pete Simmons departed from Dunn City, he did so in considerable haste, mounted upon the most accessible cayuse—for ownership, at certain times, becomes a minor consideration. He left behind him, on the floor of the New York Palace Saloon, two men whose sphere of endeavor upon this earth had been suddenly terminated by bullets from his gun, and two more who, with great fluency and feeling, cursed him and nursed the wounds that he had made.

He took his leave a little more than eighty seconds ahead of the sheriff and an extemporaneous but none the less

eager and effective posse; for Sonora Pete's latest exploit had made him more than ever a municipal evil and a menace to the fair name of Dunn City; and it was unanimously felt that the time had come for his permanent disintegration.

But Sonora Pete's usual good luck had seen to it that the most accessible cayuse had been Red Grady's pinto; and as Red Grady's pinto could get over the ground faster than anything in that part of the world, except a bird, the fugitive's lead of eighty seconds gave him a safe start. At dawn, when he reached Thunder Pass, his pursuers and their panting, reeking ponies were scattered from Black Butte to Peso Cañon. The only man with hope in his heart and a steady mount between his legs was the sheriff of Aguardez County. With dripping spurs and foam-flecked chaps, he alone urged his quivering bronco on and on and on; for the sheriff was a conscientious man, and had sworn to uphold the majesty of the law. Besides, one of the men who now lay stiff in his clothes on the pool-table of the New York Palace Saloon had been his brother; and the other—which is, perhaps, more to the point—had been his debtor to the tune of seven hundred dollars, and had left no estate but his raiment, his revolvers, and a plug of tobacco.

This Sonora Pete knew; and as he came through the pass he turned his pinto toward the mining settlement of El Toro, for the spent pony must be replaced with a fresh one. A visit to El Toro, particularly on such a mission, was a risk, and a great risk; but there were still greater that oppressed him. So he plunged his red spurs once again into the heaving, spotted sides, and the pinto loped heavily, stumblingly, over the rocky ground.

At the last turn of the trail, however, the pinto shied suddenly, and ere he could recover rammed a slender fore leg into a hole. He pitched over on his head like a shot rabbit, and Sonora Pete found himself sprawled on his face in the shale beside a cayuse with a broken neck.

Cursing thickly, he rose to his knees. His revolver, with his fall, had been jerked from the holster, and lay a few feet away. Still on his knees, he

leaned forward and took it from the ground, examining it eagerly, carefully—examining it and the one cartridge which, as Sonora Pete knew but too well, was all that it held.

He rose to his feet. As he did so, there came to him upon the thin mountain air the clatter of stumbling hoofs, back along the trail. With a muttered oath, he sprang to the corner of the boulder behind which his cayuse had fallen.

A hundred yards of the rough, winding trail lay before him, and along this rode the sheriff of Aguardez County, pounding sullenly onward. Sonora Pete's lips set beneath thick mustache and coarse beard in a thin, straight line. He shoved the cylinder of his revolver around so that with the cocking it might swing his one cartridge into place. There was a little click as the hammer sprang back, ready at trigger pressure to speed the bullet on its way. He laid the muzzle of the weapon on a little shoulder of rock, its sight covering the heaving, solid figure stumbling toward him down the trail, and waited; for, when one has but one cartridge, it is not well to need a second shot.

And then it was that Sonora Pete heard behind him a little cry of wonder—of surprise—of fear; and he glanced quickly behind him to see a woman child.

A tiny thing she was, with hair like the rays of the sun and eyes like the soft skies of summer. She was standing, her little hands clenched timidly in the folds of a little gingham apron, about twenty feet from him, beside an alkali-covered, cactus-ridden boulder; and even as Sonora Pete looked, his keen black eyes saw, waving to and fro, not a foot from the child's pink, sun-kissed cheek, a flat, venomous head, and he heard the soft whirring of a snake's rattles.

For a fraction of a fraction of an instant Sonora Pete hesitated. His eyes shot again to the sheriff of Aguardez County, now but twenty yards away, and then leaped back again to the tiny child and the swaying snake-head. And then his revolver jumped. There was a sharp, short crack, like the snap of a whip.

The little child, hands clenched, eyes wide-set in terror, stood watching a long, dark body lashing in headless fury

the rock and the dust and the cactus. And the man, casting his useless weapon from him, stood forth, his hands at his sides, his eyes set calmly straight before him into the open trail.

The oncoming bronco, jaws spread by cruel curb, slipping feet bunched, flat ears laid back, shot through the shale and came to a quick stop. The little child turned frightened eyes quickly at the sound of another whiplike crack—turned to see the man who had first frightened her fall limp upon his face, his fingers gripping the shattered stones of the trail at the very hoofs of a spent pony upon which sat a tall, silent man with foam-covered chaps and red spurs, and a smoking revolver in his hand.

The gaze of the sheriff of Aguardez County turned to the child; and then beyond, to the threshing body of the snake, with its shattered head; and then to the dead man's revolver, lying on the trail beside the body.

He dismounted slowly, and going to the revolver, picked it up. He swung open the breech and his eyes fell on the one exploded cartridge that lay in the cylinder.

For a long, long moment he stood silent, motionless. And then slowly he turned the body over upon its back and placed his handkerchief upon the blood-splashed face.

"Hell!" he said softly. "Hell!"
Porter Emerson Browne

A Post-Mortem Vengeance

"STRIPPED of all legal phraseology, Michael," explained the parish priest, "the will states that the three-family house known as No. 8 Clune Street becomes your property, under the following conditions: You are to collect the rent monthly, in person; you must keep the property in good repair, and you must not evict or disturb the present tenants so long as they express a desire to remain. Do you quite understand the conditions, Michael?"

"Sure, father," returned Michael—known to the "gang" as Tough Mickey. "But what I can't get through me nut is why de old junkman left de place t' me. I ain't no relation o' his."

"The late Peter Casey," said the

priest musingly, "was, in some respects, a strange man; and his last will and testament is characteristic of him. Still, it is valid, and, since he had no living relatives, there is nothing to prevent your taking possession of the property, subject to the terms of the will."

"An' dere ain't no strings to it?" asked Mickey incredulously.

"There is a codicil that gives the property to the orphan asylum in the event of your failure to observe faithfully the conditions of the will," returned the priest.

"De ole junkman was more fun dan a goat," said Mickey, with a reminiscent grin. "Many a time he chased me, wid a quart bottle in one hand an' an iron bar in de odder; but he couldn't never ketch me!"

"I'm afraid, Michael," said the priest reprovingly, "that your treatment of the old man was reprehensible."

"Aw, dat was when I was runnin' wid de gang," said Mickey, with a deprecatory wave of the hand. "I'm woikin' now, an' I don't do nuttin' like dat no more."

"Well, well!" said the priest good-naturedly, "perhaps your faults were no more than venial, everything considered. But now that you've reached the age of discretion and are about to become a property-holder, I trust you will always respect the rights of others."

"Sure I will, father," said Mickey earnestly. "I've shook de gang for keeps. But who is me tenants?" he asked, as he reached for his hat.

"An Irishwoman—a widow she is—occupies the lower floor," explained the priest, as he accompanied Mickey to the door. "The second floor is tenanted by a German family named Shultz, and an Italian named Marco lives on the top floor. Mr. Casey, I understand, usually went to collect his rents on the first of the month. You, of course, will do likewise. You had better provide yourself with a rent-receipt book."

When rent-day came, Mickey donned his "foist best." He was glad to see that it was raining, as it gave him an excuse to carry an umbrella.

"It looks kind o' prosp'rous t' carry a rag-stick," said he with a grin, as he started out.

Mickey reached Clune Street in due time. Entering the yard of No. 8, he rapped at the rear door of the lower tenement. The door was opened, in answer to his summons, by a red-haired Irishwoman.

"I'm de noo lan'lord," said Mickey, assuming his best manner. "You're Mrs. O'Brien, I suppose?"

"Oi am, sorr," said the Irishwoman, wiping the suds from her arms with her apron. "Come in, sorr."

Mickey entered. Mrs. O'Brien wiped a chair and requested him to be seated.

"Oim glad there's a noo lan'lord," she began, as Mickey took the proffered seat. "Ould Casey war a hard man t' dale wid. There's a bit o' ploombin' Oi've been wantin' him t' have 'tinded to since Lord knows whin; but he'd niver have it done. It's roight undher the sink, so it is, an' the shmeel from it do be horrid, sometoimes, sorr."

"I'll send a plumber in a day or two," promised Mickey.

"Musha, Oim glad t' hear that!" said Mrs. O'Brien, resuming her interrupted labors and vigorously soosing some articles in the tub. "Sure, ye have the dacint cut about ye—not loike that ould miser, Casey, the Lord be good t' him!"

"I'll have it fixed, sure," said Mickey. "An' now, Mrs. O'Brien, I'd like t' have de rent."

"So ye would, sorr, an' shmall blame t' ye," she agreed complacently. "An' it's me that'd pay it wid a heart an' a half—av Oi had it. But Oi haven't, sorr."

"But, Mrs. O'Brien," protested Mickey, "I've got t' have de rent, or I can't have nuttin' done."

"Arrah, will ye listen t' the man!" exclaimed Mrs. O'Brien, as she lifted an article from the tub and gave it a vigorous whirl preparatory to soosing it down again. "Wan 'ud think, t' hear ye, that ould Casey left ye his miserly shperit as well as his property!"

"That's all very well," grumbled Mickey, "but I want me rent."

"So ye do, sorr," she acquiesced cheerfully. "But Oi haven't a cint t' me name, at prisint. Whin ye come again, sorr," she concluded hopefully, "mebbe Oi'll give ye twiect as much."

"Twicet nuttin' is nuttin'," said Mick-

ey, with a wry grin, as he climbed to the next floor. "I should 'a' crossed me fingers when I seen her hair."

"Vat iss?" asked the stout German woman who opened the door in answer to Mickey's knock.

"I'm de noo lan'lord—" began Mickey.

"Gome righd in," she interrupted, grabbing the young man by the arm and dragging him into the kitchen. "You see dot blaster vot issn'd dere pecause auf dem crazy peoples vot lifs upsdairs?" she went on, pointing to the ceiling. "Und dose window-banes vot's gone by Irish boys mit ball-games? Ven you goin' do haf dem fixed, yet?"

"I'll—I'll have 'em fixed in a day or two," gasped Mickey. "Honest, I will; but I'm here t' collect de rent now."

"Rendt!" she snorted. "Vat you dink, I bay rendt do ged my headt proke mit blaster, und gatch numony mit ball-games? Rendt? You talk mit a foolishness!"

"But, Mrs. Shultz," protested Mickey, "if I don't get me rent I can't have nuttin' done."

The German woman pushed him to the door.

"You go by dose crazy peoples," she said, pointing upward, "und make dem bay you; und ven you gome again maybe I gif you some more."

"Gee!" muttered Mickey, as he climbed the last flight. "Dis is fierce! I'll be ownin' meself money soon, if dis keeps on."

A swarthy son of Italy opened the door of the Marco tenement in response to Mickey's rap.

"Whata you want?" he asked civilly.

"I'm de noo lan'lord," said Mickey. "I've come for de rent."

"I no gotta da mon'," said the Italian, with a shrug and an upward turn of the palms.

"Aw, gimme none o' dat!" said Mickey, with an outward set of the chin. "I've been jollied by de Irish an' bullied by de Dutch, but I ain't goin' t' take no song an' dance from no dago! I want me rent. See? And he pushed into the kitchen, closing the door behind him.

"I no gotta da mon," the Italian stol-

idly repeated. "Alla da wint' I no work; my borda's no work—nobody work! Springa come, I getta da job, but it raina alla da time. Whata you t'ink I giva you da mon' when I no got?"

Mickey's shoulders squared, and his chin assumed a more aggressive angle.

"Look here, Mr. Dago," he said threateningly, "if ye don't gimme me rent I'll knock yer block off!"

"Whata dat?" cried the Italian. "You knocka my block? Geta outa here!"

He tried to push Mickey to the door, but the young man, now thoroughly angry, punched him in the face.

"Hellofadam!" screamed the Italian. "Angelo! Dominic! Giuseppe! Frank! Comea quick!"

"Whata da matt?" asked five or six partially clad Italians, as they swarmed from the various bedrooms. "Whata da matt, Pietro?"

"Disa fell' knocka my block!" shouted Pietro. "Giva da fit!"

"Dat's where I live!" cried Mickey joyfully. "Dis is pie t' me!"

He dropped his umbrella as the Italians rushed on him, and met them with flying fists. Fortunately for Mickey, they had no knives—or if they had they showed no desire to use such weapons. Instead, they rushed on him, cuffing, kicking, and shouting excitedly.

Mickey, the lust of battle raging in his veins, met them half-way. It was "Donnybrook rule" with him—hit a head wherever you see it. The Italians went down in one, two, three order before his well-aimed punches. But they didn't stay down. Instead, they got up quickly and mixed in again.

There were so many of them, and the room was so small, that they hampered one another; still, they got in an occasional kick or awkwardly delivered cuff, and although Mickey fought furiously and skilfully, his enemies, by sheer weight of numbers, gradually drove him to the door and eventually through it.

If any of his angry assailants had had the forethought to open the door for him, the operation of going through would have been less painful for Mickey. Still, he went through, and the Italians followed. There was a strenuous mix-up on the landing outside, and then Mickey

went down-stairs. If he had had a choice, it is probable that he would have preferred to walk down in the normal manner. As it was, he went down less gracefully but much more rapidly.

On the landing below stood Mrs. Shultz, with a pail of soapsuds in her hand. Seeing the new landlord's plight, and fearing, no doubt, that he might injure himself, she clapped the pail on his head. It was unfortunate for Mickey's "foist best" that she did not first empty the pail. Still, her intentions were kindly, no doubt. Moreover, not content with giving him a protection for his head, Mrs. Shultz dragged him to the head of the next flight, where, with a forward movement of her strong arm, she sped him on his way.

It was quite to be expected that the turmoil of Mickey's battle and subsequent retreat would call the Irishwoman to her door. Anyhow, she was there. She took in the situation at a glance, and when Mickey, bruised and breathless, landed at her feet, she seized him by the shoulders and dragged him out into the yard. Here a couple of boys, with hair reminiscent of her own, ran to her assistance. They seized Mickey by the feet—the Irishwoman still retaining her grip on his shoulders—and between them carried the unfortunate young man to the fence, and lifting him over, dropped him on the wet sidewalk.

"Run away from here, loike a woise felly," advised the Irishwoman, as she turned to reenter her domicile, "or thim Oitalians'll do ye a hurt!"

Mickey extricated himself from Mrs. Shultz's pail and rose painfully to his feet. Something more than a glimmer of comprehension entered his brain as he stood shaking the soapsuds from his hair and garments.

"Gee!" he muttered. "De old junkman handed me a lemon! An' dere's more of 'em comin' every foist of de mont'—if I want 'em. But I don't. I'll let de orphans have 'em. Orphans is used t' havin' lemons handed to 'em, anyway. But gee!" he finished, as, taking careful aim, he returned Mrs. Shultz's pail through her front window, "if I could find out where dey planted de old junkman I'd—I'd go an' jump on his slats!"

James J. Carroll

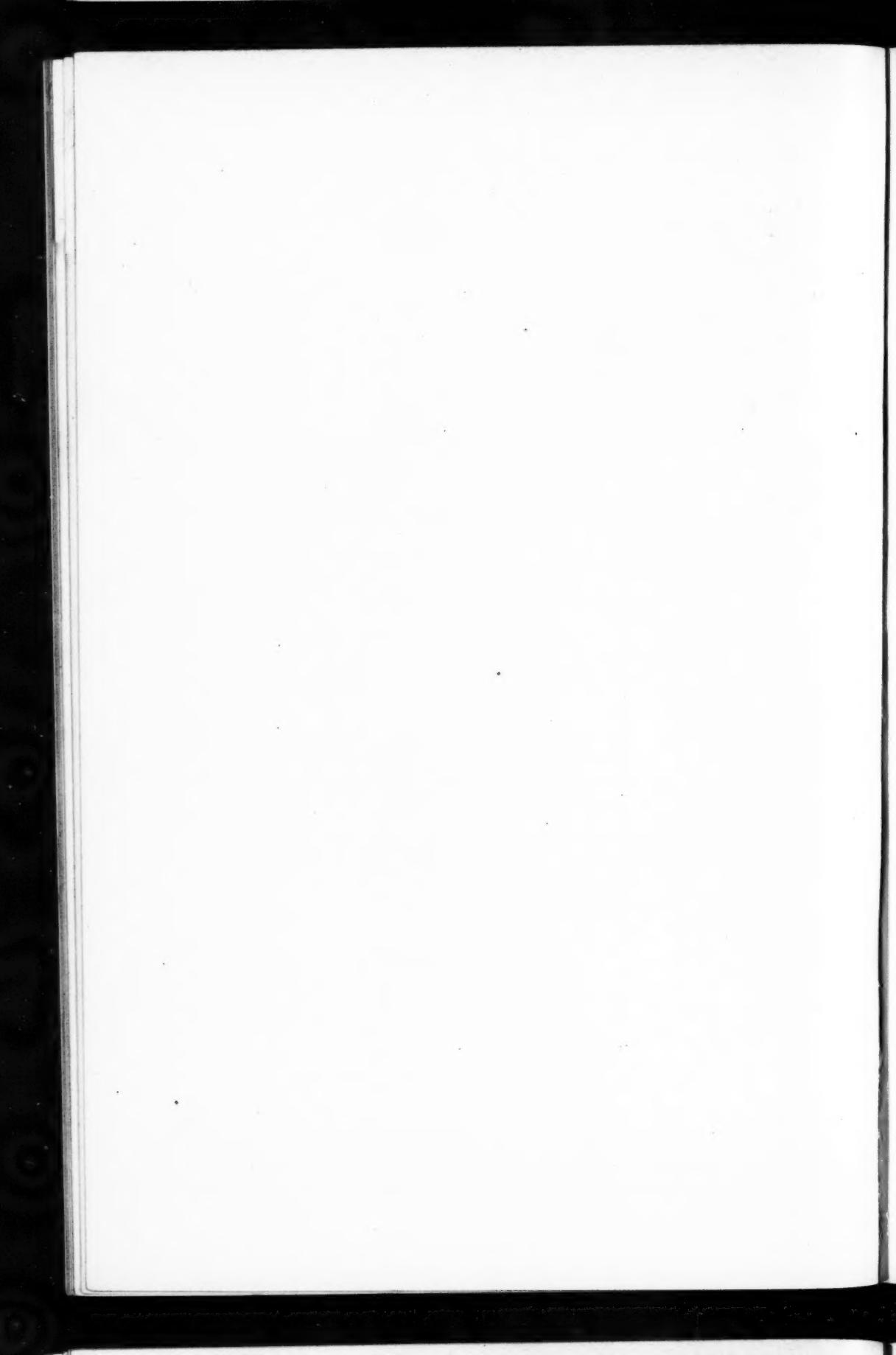


A GARDEN RONDEL

This way she went. Ah me, but it is easy reading—
Her glimmering trail across the garden's green descent;
As clear to follow as a flute's fine note receding.
Beneath her lissom tread these tangled grasses bent,
And here her fragile lace, upon a brier impeding,
Left pendulous a rose of thread and perfume blent.
This way she went!

Behind her all the air is murmurous with pleading,
Vibrates with yearning sighs of languor and lament.
And see, how red the path is fringed with love-lies-bleeding;
This way she went!

—Anne O'Hagan



THE CONFESSIONS OF A PRESS AGENT

BY CHANNING POLLOCK

A FRANK REVELATION OF THE METHODS OF A PECULIAR MODERN PROFESSION, WHICH MAY MAKE THE READER WONDER HOW MUCH HE CAN BELIEVE OF THE THEATRICAL NEWS OF THE DAY

A PRESS AGENT, as the reader may know, is a person employed to obtain free newspaper advertising for any given thing, the thing usually being a theatrical production. This advertising he is supposed to get as the Quaker was advised to get money—honestly, if possible. Since it isn't often possible, the press agent may be described in two words as a professional liar.

There is neither malice nor "muck rake" in this assertion. The press agent knows that his business is the dissemination of falsehood, and he is proud of it. Go up to any member of the craft you find on Broadway and say to him, "You are a liar!" You will see a smile of satisfaction spread itself over his happy face, and his horny hand will grasp yours in earnest gratitude. Victor Hugo and Charles Dickens and William Makepeace Thackeray were liars, too, according to his way of thinking, and not particularly ingenuous or entertaining liars, at that. Their fiction was spread over the pages of books, as his is spread over the pages of the daily journals, and their mission, like his, was the enlivening of a terribly dull little planet.

This altruistic motive really lurks behind the prevarications of the press agent with imagination. He conceives his philanthropic duty to be the making of news to fill a demand largely in excess of the supply. If the pursuit of this purpose brings him an income hovering about that of a United States Senator, he cannot be blamed.

I became one of the gild of Ananias

some six or seven years ago, coming fresh from the position of dramatic critic on a Washington newspaper; and I think I may say without undue egotism that, throughout this period, I have lied industriously, conscientiously, and with a fair degree of success. There have been, and are, more able falsifiers than I in the field, but the confessions of one man cannot in honor include the deeds of another, and so I must omit them from this chronicle. Suffice it to say that the stories of Anna Held's bathing in milk, of the detention of a recently imported giant at Ellis Island, of Mrs. Patrick Campbell having tan bark spread in the street to deaden the rumbling that annoyed her during performances, and a score similar in nature, remain conspicuous examples of various press agents' skill in attracting attention to the players to whose staffs they were attached.

THE ELEMENTS OF A GOOD "FAKE"

The successful launching of a "fake"—so these imaginative efforts are known to the profession—is not at all the simple matter that it may appear to be. The mere conception of the story is only the beginning of the task. It is not enough to decide that such and such a thing might happen, or to swear that it has happened; it must be made to happen. Moreover, the occurrence should be so natural, and the plans leading to it so carefully laid and concealed, as to prevent suspicion and baffle investigation. If possible, the press agent ought ostensibly to be unconnected with

the affair; if not, he must hide his knowledge behind a mask of innocence in comparison with which the face of Mary's little lamb would have looked like a selection from the Rogues' Gallery.

There are other requisites to the spinning of a yarn which shall be valuable in an advertising way. In the first place, it is necessary that the story shall not injure the reputation or lower the standing of its hero or heroine, and equally desirable that it shall have no "come back" that may make enemies for the press agent. For instance, the announcement, made during a recent engagement of Mrs. Patrick Campbell in New York, that the actress had won a large sum from society women at bridge whist received all kinds of space in the newspapers, but it brought down upon Mrs. Campbell's devoted head such scathing denunciation from press and pulpit that she lost no time in issuing a denial. A good "fake" is bizarre and picturesque enough to be interesting, will defy the prober after truth, hurts no one, and creates no journalistic grudges to be fought down in the future. There must be no limit to the number of times that the press agent can stir up excitement when he calls "Wolf!"

So many of the stories invented by theatrical Münchausens possess the qualification first mentioned that it is by no means unusual for the inventor to take the newspaper man into his confidence. Of course, before doing this, he wants to feel sure of his newspaper and of his man. Dailies there be that prefer fact to fiction, however prosaic the former; that treat the stage in so dignified a manner that, if the Empire Theater burned to the ground, they probably would print the information under a head reading "The Drama"; that scorn the press agent and have only contempt for his handiwork. The most extreme of these dailies, strangely enough, is the very newspaper that once, for its own amusement, so successfully exploited a "fake" about wild animals escaping from the Central Park Zoo that for twelve hours afterward business was practically suspended in New York. On the other hand, at least half of the newspapers of the metropolis do not inquire too closely into a tale that is likely to appeal to

their readers, especially if the tale in question is obviously harmless.

THE TWENTY-FOUR-HOUR PLAY

A characteristic example of the kind of "fake" in which one may rely upon the cooperation of the Fourth Estate is the incident of Margaret Mayo writing a play in twenty-four hours. Miss Mayo, who has since written many plays, at the time of which I speak was appearing with Grace George in "Pretty Peggy" at the Herald Square. The season had been dull, and I was casting about for any item likely to get into print, when the idea of having some one go Clyde Fitch one or two better in rapidity of accomplishment occurred to me. Obviously, it was impossible to involve Miss George in the episode without making her appear ridiculous, and so I cast about for a likely member of her company.

Miss Mayo's name suggested itself to me because of the fact that she was even then at work on several comedies, and I obtained her consent to my plan. Shortly afterward, it was announced from the Herald Square that Miss Mayo had wagered a supper with Theodore Burt Sayre, an author of prominence, that she could begin and complete a four-act drama in the space of a single day. The test was to be made on the following Sunday at the residence of the actress, who was to have the benefit of a stenographer; and to guard against her using an idea previously worked out, she was to follow a synopsis furnished by Mr. Sayre. This synopsis was to be delivered in a sealed envelope at six o'clock one morning, and the play was to be finished at six o'clock the next. Mr. Sayre, an intimate personal friend, had been furnished with these details over the telephone, and affirmed them when called up by the reporters. Our announcement was printed by nearly every newspaper in town.

The stenographer furnished Miss Mayo on that eventful morning was my own—a bright, quick-witted Irish girl, whose name, unfortunately, I have forgotten. The synopsis of the play was Miss Mayo's. She had it made from an old manuscript of her own, which had been freshly typed a day or two before.

On Saturday night sheets from this manuscript were generously distributed about the room, the remaining sheets were hidden in a bureau drawer, the typewriter was put in position, and our scenery was ready. Business took me to Philadelphia on a late train, and the beginning of our two little comedies—that to be written and that to be acted—was entrusted to Miss Mayo.

I got back from the Quaker City shortly after noon on Sunday, and went directly to the apartment house in which the lady lived. From the hall I heard a nervous voice and the click of a typewriter. Somebody admitted me, and my eyes beheld as excellent a counterfeit of fevered energy as it has ever been their luck to fall upon. Miss Mayo was pacing the floor wildly, dictating at least sixty words a minute, while the stenographer bent quivering over her machine. A pile of manuscript, such as Arthur Wing Pinero might possibly have prepared in six months, lay on the table. The typist broke the charm.

"Why," she exclaimed, "it's Mr. Pollock!"

"Oh," said Miss Mayo, "I thought you were a newspaper man! Sit down and have a biscuit."

This pretense was continued all day. When reporters came we struggled with the difficulties of rapid-fire composition; when they didn't we ate biscuits and manifolded epigrams, which were sent to waiting city editors and quoted as being from "the twenty-four-hour play." Miss Mayo was photographed several times, and we had dinner at six. Afterward, we named our product "The Mart," and our day's work was done. Despite our thin histrionism, there wasn't a scribe among our visitors who didn't know in his secret soul that the whole thing had been cooked up for advertising purposes; yet, a newsless Sunday aiding and abetting us, we had more space the next morning than would have been devoted to the outbreak of a revolution in France.

A MATINÉE "FOR WOMEN ONLY"

Similarly, no intelligent person could have questioned for a moment the purpose of the matinée which De Wolf Hopper gave "for women only" a year ago

at the Casino. "Happyland," the opera in which Mr. Hopper was appearing, made no especial appeal to the gentler sex, while the presenting company included so many pretty girls that a performance for men only might have been more reasonable. As a matter of fact, I first conceived the idea in this form, but swerved from my course upon taking into account two important considerations. The announcement of an entertainment "for men only" must have created the impression that there was something objectionable about the presentation—an impression which we were anxious to avoid—and it would not have given the opportunities for humorous writing which we hoped would serve as bait to the newspaper reporters.

Foreseeing that upon the obviousness of these opportunities would depend the amount of attention paid to so palpable an advertising scheme, we took care to guard against a dearth of incident by providing our own happenings. Among these were the entrance of a youth who had disguised himself as a girl in order to gain admittance, the appearance of a husband who insisted that his wife must not remain at a performance from which he was barred, and one or two like episodes. We found in the end that these devices were superfluous. On the afternoon selected, the interior of the Casino fairly grinned with femininity, the audience looked like a suffragists' mass-meeting multiplied by two, and even so dignified and important a news-gathering service as the Associated Press descended to take facetious notice of the "woman's matinée."

If you remember what you read in newspapers, it is not at all impossible that, even at this date, you will find something familiar about the name of Marion Alexander. You don't? Perhaps your memory can be assisted. Miss Alexander was the chorus girl supporting Lillian Russell in "Lady Teazle" who sued the manager of the company for ten thousand dollars because he had said she was not beautiful. The story of this slander and of the resentment it provoked went all around the world, though it is unlikely that any one who printed it was deceived as to the genuineness of the lady's fine frenzy.

The Marion Alexander tale had all the journalistic attractions of the woman's matinée, in that it was unique and admitted of breeziness in narration; but it had, in addition, an advantage which no press agent overlooks—it was easily capable of illustration. Newspapers always are eager to print pictures of pretty women. The average New York daily would rather reproduce a stunning photograph of Trixie Twinkletoes than the most dignified portrait of Ellen Terry or Ada Rehan. Miss Alexander was pretty—no doubt she still is—and, while this story was running along, her manager's firm paid nearly three hundred dollars for photographs used by daily papers, weekly papers, magazines, and news syndicates.

In the course of the controversy, Miss Russell took occasion to side with the manager—she didn't know that she had done so until she read her published letter the next morning—and ventured the opinion that no brunette could possibly be beautiful. As had been expected, this statement aroused a storm of protest. There are half a million brunettes in New York, and to say that we succeeded in interesting them is putting it mildly. When "Lady Teazle" departed for the road they were still writing indignant notes to the newspapers, and nearly every note gave added prominence to Miss Russell. I wrote a few indignant letters myself, and had them copied in long hand by the telephone girls and stenographers in the building. It is quite needless to say that Miss Alexander's suit never came to trial.

AWKWARD REQUESTS FOR PROOF

It has sometimes happened that managing editors have become interested in my humble efforts at the creation of news, and have demanded proofs that were not easily manufactured. During the run of "Fantana" at the Lyric Theater I discovered a chorus girl whose dog wore an exquisite pair of diamond earrings. To be quite accurate, neither the chorus girl nor the dog had thought of any such adornment when we three became acquainted, but a ten-cent pair of jewels stuck to the animal's head with chewing-gum and the popular belief that "the camera does not lie" were expected to

make the discovery seem convincing. A doubting Thomas on the *World* made it necessary for us to borrow earrings from an obliging jeweler, and to bore holes in the flesh of a poor little canine that might never have known what suffering was but for the shocking skepticism mentioned.

If in this case the beast was martyred in the interest of science—the science of advertising—the staff of the press department at the Lyric had its share of trouble a bit later on. We had sent out ingenuously a trifling story about what we were pleased to call a "chorus girls' rogues' gallery," detailing the manner in which the records of the young women were kept on the backs of photographs filed away in a room arranged for that purpose. A newspaper wanted the tale verified, and inquired blandly if it might send up a reporter to inspect. We replied with equal politeness that it might—the next day. That afternoon we bought a rubber stamp and nearly a thousand old pictures, and all night long six of us worked on a "chorus girls' rogues' gallery" that would live up to its reputation. Our reward was a page in colors.

Sometimes things really do happen to actors and actresses, and so, not infrequently, there is a grain of truth in the news printed about them. Only a grain, mind you, for if a tenth of the happenings in which they are supposed to take part were actual, the inevitable end of life on the stage would be death from nervous prostration. The wide-awake press agent is quick to plant the grain of truth aforesaid, growing therefrom stories no more like the originals than a radish is like a radish seed.

Grace George once telegraphed me, at Chicago, that she would not open at the Grand Opera House in "Pretty Peggy" on a Sunday. She felt, quite rightly, that eight performances a week were the limit of her endurance. Staring at a pile of printed bills announcing an engagement beginning on the Sabbath, I concluded that this ultimatum had reached the limit of mine. Then an inspiration. Up went the original bills, to be covered a day later with others advertising the première for Monday. The newspapers were curious as to the reason of the change in our plans, and

we were willing, not to say eager, to satisfy their curiosity. Miss George did not believe in giving theatrical performances on Sunday. At least a dozen clergymen read this, and told their congregations about it the day before the postponed advent of "Pretty Peggy."

Caught in a blizzard at Oswego, four years ago, I was informed that the only chance of my joining Miss George that night at Syracuse lay in making the trip in a special locomotive. That necessity got printed throughout the country a vivid description of Miss George driving an engine through banks of snow in order to reach Syracuse for her performance of "Under Southern Skies." The woman who actually made the trip with me was a waitress from an Oswego hotel, and she received ten dollars for it.

A little later, William A. Brady needed a thousand girls for his Woman's Exhibition at Madison Square Garden. They could have been obtained without the knowledge of the police, but secrecy was not what we were after. "Wanted—One Thousand Women at Madison Square Garden, at 8 P.M. on Friday" was an advertisement which brought down upon us nearly thrice that number, together with a small army of newspaper reporters and photographers.

STORIES THAT HAVE HAD THEIR DAY

Truth is never especially a *desideratum* in a press agent's story, and there are some actual occurrences which he willingly suppresses. Accounts of small fires, accidents, thefts, and quarrels never get into type if he can help it. Several kinds of news stories have been "faked" so often that no one would attempt to have them exploited journalistically should examples of their class really happen. He would be a brave publicity promoter, for instance, who carried to an editor the tale of his star stopping a runaway, no matter how firmly the tale might be based on fact. Miss George had a valuable diamond necklace stolen from her while she was playing in "Pretty Peggy," but she knew better than to permit my sending out an announcement of the theft. "An Actress Loses Her Diamonds!" You laugh scornfully at the very idea.

The newspapers no longer publish ac-

counts of people standing in line before box-offices all night in order to secure good seats in the morning, though I succeeded in obtaining mention of this feature of Sarah Bernhardt's recent engagement in New York by injecting into the yarn a few drops of what theatrical managers call "heart interest." Five dollars and a little careful coaching secured for me a picturesque-looking old woman, who convinced her inquisitors that she had once acted with the Divine Sarah in Paris. Her vigil in the lobby of the Lyric received more attention than did the *bona-fide* line of three thousand persons which I rose at five to have photographed on the morning following.

This impostor's husband afterward figured at the Casino in the rôle of a man whose visit to "Happyland" was the first he had made to a theater since the night on which he had witnessed the shooting of Abraham Lincoln. The tale we told was that this historic tragedy had so affected him that the soothing influence of forty years was required to bring him again into the precincts of a playhouse. Interviewed by the representatives of several journals, he made a comparison between theatrical performances of *ante bellum* times and those of to-day that could hardly have been more convincing had my confederate's price not included two seats for the preceding evening at another place of amusement under the same management. This story, which went the rounds of the country, cost, in all, ten minutes' work and three dollars in cash. I mention it as an instance of the simple "fake" which sometimes proves most effective.

THE "LOST MANUSCRIPT" EPISODE

An equally simple story, used almost simultaneously, came near being less inexpensive. Henry Miller was about to produce "Grierson's Way" at the Princess, and, rehearsals not progressing to his satisfaction, he determined to postpone the scheduled date of opening. This determination we resolved upon turning to our own account. We advertised widely that Mr. Miller had lost the only manuscript of the play, without which the performance could not be given, and that he would pay a reward of five hundred dollars for its return.

Two days after, Mr. Miller called me up on the telephone.

"An awful thing has happened," he said. "I've actually lost a manuscript of 'Grierson's Way.'"

"What of it?" I inquired.

"What of it!" echoed Mr. Miller. "Supposing somebody brings it to me and demands that five hundred dollars!"

Fortunately, the manuscript was found by one of the stage hands, who was satisfied with a small bill and an explanation.

It seems to me hardly probable that anybody will recall how a barber once delayed the beginning of a performance of "Taps" until half past eight o'clock; yet that tale was one of the most successful of simple stories. The only preparation required was to post the chosen tonsorialist and to hold the curtain at the Lyric. Herbert Kelcey, according to the explanation given out, had just been shaved, when he discovered that he did not have the usual fee about him.

"I'll pay you to-morrow," he had remarked. "I'm Herbert Kelcey."

"Herbert Kelcey nuttin'!" his creditor had replied. "Dat gag don't go! You stay here till you get dat fifteen cents!"

A messenger, hastily summoned, was said to have released the actor shortly after the hour for "ringing up." The idea that a barber could keep a thousand people waiting for their entertainment was both novel and humorous, and, in the vernacular, our story "landed hard."

THE GREAT PARKER ASSOCIATION

It was during Judge Alton B. Parker's Presidential campaign that I evolved what I consider my most magnificent "fake." At that time I represented several attractions in New York, chief among the number two musical comedies, entitled "The Royal Chef" and "Piff, Paff, Pouf." I wired Judge Parker's secretary that the choruses of these productions had formed a club, which was to be known as the Theatrical Women's Parker Association, its purpose being to induce male performers to go home to vote. Would Judge Parker receive a delegation from this society? The wire was signed "Nena Blake," and in due time Miss Blake received a

courteous but conclusive reply. No, Judge Parker would not.

That message was a stunner. In the face of it, there was only one thing to do—to send the delegation on the pretense that no answer to our message had ever been received. Nine young women were picked out in a hurry, placed in charge of a shrewd newspaper woman, who passed as another show girl, and the whole outfit was despatched to Esopus. The newspaper woman had instructions to register at a local hotel as a delegation from the Theatrical Women's Parker Association and to parade before all the alert correspondents in the little town on the Hudson. That done, we who had stayed behind got ready photographs of the pilgrims and waited.

The wait was not long. By nine o'clock that night the bait had been swallowed at Esopus, and my office was crowded with reporters anxious to verify the story wired from up the river. Judge Parker, with characteristic kindness, had lunched the party, allowed it to sing to him, and sent it away rejoicing. Most of the boys "smelled a mouse," but the story was undeniably true, and much too picturesque to be ignored. The Theatrical Women's Parker Association, "Piff, Paff, Pouf," and "The Royal Chef" were well advertised the next day.

It was the failure of a prominent newspaper to mention either of these plays by name that drove me to further utilization of the scheme. Such an omission, to my mind, is unfair and unjust. A story is good enough to be printed or it is not: if not, nobody has cause for complaint; if it is, there is no reason why a newspaper should deny the expected compensation. Resolving that I would compel this payment, I arranged for a public meeting of the club. The Democratic National Committee furnished us with a cart-load of campaign literature and with three speakers, one of whom was Senator Charles A. Towne. The other orators we provided. They were Eddie Foy, Dave Lewis, Nena Blake, Grace Cameron, and Amelia Stone. The juxtaposition, I felt confident, was sufficiently grotesque to provoke comment.

I wrote nine political speeches for the occasion, held two rehearsals, and, when our advertisements failed to draw an

audience, secured a fine one by sending to such congregating places as the Actors' Society. The affair passed off beautifully, Senator Towne adapting himself to circumstances and making one of the most graceful and agreeable addresses imaginable. I heard it from a nook in the fly gallery, where I remained until the meeting was adjourned. This "fake" accomplished its purpose, the delinquent newspaper falling in line with the others in publishing the story.

A LONG LIST OF "FAKES"

It would tax your patience and your faith in the existence of modesty were I to go into detail regarding a score of similar "fakes" which come to mind. How this same Nena Blake was kidnaped from the Garrick, in Chicago, and sent to New York in the costume she wore in "The Royal Chef"; how her sister, Bertha, was sent to Zion to kiss the unkissed son of John Alexander Dowie; how a supposed German baron threw across the footlights to Julia Sanderson a bouquet from which dropped an eighteen-thousand-dollar diamond necklace; how a chorus girl called Mabel Wilbur was found in the "wee, sma' hours" in a comatose condition on the doorstep of a prominent physician; how another young woman created a sensation at a recent physical culture show in Madison Square Garden by declaring the costume she was expected to wear "shockingly immodest"; how a niece of Adele Ritchie changed her name to Adele Ritchie, Jr., and how Miss Ritchie herself was sought in marriage by a Siamese millionaire—all these anecdotes must pass with the mere mention that they were successful "fakes."

Sometimes an ingenious and promising story may prove to be an almost fatal mistake. Such a story was the announcement of the management that it would pay fifty dollars a week for exceptionally beautiful chorus girls to appear in "Mexicana." The tale was printed all over the world, but it caused newspaper critics to stamp as homely one of the most attractive ensembles ever brought to New York. "If any of these girls," said the *Sun*, "gets fifty dollars a week, her employers are entitled to a rebate."

I cannot place in the same category

Mme. Bernhardt's appeal to the French ambassador at Washington to protest against her exclusion from playhouses controlled by the so-called Theatrical Syndicate. *Madame* denied this over her own signature, but, from a press agent's point of view, it was an exceedingly creditable falsehood.

It is possible to discuss at endless length the real value of the "fake" and its place in theatrical advertising. Perhaps no one ever went to a place of amusement merely because one of the performers at that house was supposed to have bathed in milk or to have stopped a runaway horse. On the other hand, I am sure that no one ever went to a theater because he or she had seen the name of the play acted there posted conspicuously on a bill-board. The mission of the bill-board is to call attention to the fact that there is such and such an entertainment, and that it may be seen at such and such a location. There is no question in my mind but that quite as much is done for a production by "fake" stories concerning it.

In some rare instances, where the story accentuates the importance of the presentation and its success, or awakens interest in some member of the presenting company, the service performed may be even greater. At all events, the average manager expects this kind of advertising from the publicity promoter to whom he pays a salary, and, naturally, the publicity promoter feels that it is "his not to reason why."

The press agent realizes that to any failure on his part will always be attributed the misfortunes of the management with which he is connected. Productions do a good business because they are good productions, or a bad business because they have bad press agents. Every theatrical newspaper man knows the anecdote of the German cornetist *en tour* with a minstrel company. The organization was toiling up a steep hill that lay between the railway station and the town. The cornetist was warm and he was tired. The camel's back broke, at last, when he stubbed his toe against a stone. Picking up the obstruction, he threw it as far away as he could.

"Ach!" he exclaimed. "Ve got a fine advance agent!"

THE STAGE

A LETTER FROM EDWIN BOOTH

THE writer has in his possession a four-page letter written by Edwin Booth to a young man who had submitted a play to the great actor. The piece was a translation of a German tragedy called "Struensee," written by a brother of Meyerbeer, and furnished with some incidental music by the famous Jewish composer. The letter is worth reprinting in full:

68 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK.
November 9, 1879.

DEAR SIR:

"Struensee" is a very interesting play, and your translation of it impresses me as a remarkably good one; a slight alteration of the text, here and there, might perhaps improve it—but as it stands it reads smoothly. I am sorry, however, that the hero is not sufficiently strong to carry the weight of the piece. It would require several—indeed, a full company of able actors to sustain the weight of such a play through five acts; but even at its best I very much doubt if it would attain more than a temporary success with our audiences. It is, as I feared, "talky"—i.e., there's too much said and too little done. This the Germans seem to like; at all events, they endure it patiently; not so with us—we want *action*.

I may be at fault in my estimate of its merits as an *acting* play, for—as I told you—actors are seldom correct judges of what the public likes; but I am confident that there is nothing in "Struensee" with which I could successfully grapple. Besides, I am "o'er-full" of heroic parts; my repertory now contains quite twenty of that ilk; something of the domestic, or the grotesque, or what the players term a "character part," would be of far more service to me.

I think the play would have the fairest chance with such a company as that which performed "Danisches" so successfully some two years since at the Union Square Theater. It is not a "star" play.

The translation, however—even though it should not succeed in representation—should encourage you to delve deeper into the German mine, stored as it is with rich

dramatic ore. For your success therein you have the sincere wish of

Yours truly,
EDWIN BOOTH.

The play in question—as I chance to know—did not succeed in representation. In fact, it never got any nearer the foot-lights than being read and declined by various members of the profession. The manuscript has been idly accumulating dust for years on a shelf in the translator's closet; but he does not regard the time devoted to it ill spent, for in eliciting such a letter from Edwin Booth he certainly drew a prize in "rejection blanks."

JOHN DREW'S NEW LEADING WOMAN

Although London has not been over-kind to the majority of American plays submitted for its approval, it has done a great deal for several American actresses of the musical comedy school. It is scarcely necessary to mention Edna May, so well known is the fact that it was London's indorsement that really placed her full in the lime-light of success. Others in the lengthy list are Pauline Chase, who first came forward here as the "pink pajama girl" in "The Liberty Belles," went across the ocean not long afterward, and has now reached the stage of playing Maude Adams's part in "Peter Pan." May de Sousa, of the Gaiety forces, is another example; and although Camille Clifford is by birth a Norwegian, she made her stage *début* here and went across as a chorus girl with "The Prince of Pilsen." Everybody who takes an interest in current theatricals knows of her hit as the "Gibson girl" in "The Belle of Mayfair," and how it landed her as the bride of an English "honorable."

This month we print a portrait of Billie Burke, who, when these lines are read—unless Mr. Frohman meantime changes his plans—will be supporting John Drew in his new play, "My Wife." Judging by the English notices, the

really important part in the piece is the title rôle, for which Miss Burke is booked. She is a sort of child wife, whose name, *Trixie*, is suggestive of her character. The comedy was adapted

appeared at the Pavilion music-hall. Then she went into pantomime, and in 1903 she was with Edna May in "The School Girl," singing the catchiest song of the piece, "My Little Canoe." Last



BILLIE BURKE, AN AMERICAN ACTRESS WHO HAS BECOME A FAVORITE IN LONDON, AND WHO IS TO RETURN TO HER NATIVE COUNTRY AS JOHN DREW'S LEADING WOMAN

From a photograph by Bassano, London

from the French by an American, Michael Morton, brother to the Martha Morton who has written "The Movers" for Grace Elliston.

Billie Burke is a Washington girl, but has made practically her whole career on the English stage, where she first

season she was with Charles Hawtrey in "Mr. George." Her advent here with John Drew will certainly mark a big departure both for herself and Mr. Drew. Meantime, Miss Burke has been appearing in the London revival of "Mrs. Ponderbury's Past."



ANNA HELD, WHO IN PRIVATE LIFE IS MRS. FLORENZ ZIEGFELD, JR., AND WHO LAST SEASON SCORED THE GREATEST SUCCESS OF HER THEATRICAL CAREER IN "THE PARISIAN MODEL."

From her latest photograph by the Otto Sarony Company, New York



MARGUERITE CLARK, DE WOLF HOPPER'S LEADING WOMAN IN "HAPPYLAND," AND NOW TO BE A STAR

From a photograph by the Otto Sarony Company, New York

Speaking of the London stage, the paucity of new material there is evidenced by the seeming ease with which American managers find theaters for offerings from "the States." They are even planning to send over productions which have already been seen there, but which, they fondly believe, now that the books have been "Americanized," the Britishers will be athirst to see again. One of these is "The Orchid"; another is "A Knight for a Day," a Chicago hit in musical comedy after it failed in New York as "The Medal and the Maid" and again as "Mlle. Sallie." In London it went fairly well under the first name, but it seems strange to expect any great amount of success for a return date of the Illinois brand.

Of course, managers are anxious to utilize to the fullest extent scenery and costumes for which they have paid good money. The Shuberts, for instance, are said to be contemplating a revival of "Shore Acres" because they happen to have the mountings on hand as an after-



MARGARET DALRYMPLE, IN HENRY W. SAVAGE'S COMPANY PRESENTING "THE MERRY WIDOW"

From a photograph by White, New York

math of the London fiasco of the late James A. Herne's well-worn play.

THE MYSTERY OF ANNA HELD

Notable as was the last theatrical season for the number of its successes, few of them were more financially profitable than the hit made by Anna Held with "The Parisian Model." Miss Held herself wanted to cry quits long before the end of June, but her contract with the Broadway Theater called for her continuance there as long as the receipts remained above a certain figure; so, she was obliged to keep on, willy-nilly.

Anna Held is one of the actresses who seem to possess a marked fascination for their own sex. This was demonstrated any Saturday afternoon last winter by the crowd of girls that blockaded Forty-First Street merely for a passing glimpse of her as she stepped from the stage door into her carriage. It does not augur very well, to be sure, for that "advancement of the drama" of which the playgoers' clubs talk so much that

a mere hodgepodge of vaudeville specialties like "The Parisian Model" should win out while Miss Held's last previous offering, "Mlle. Napoléon," which bore at least some resemblance to a play, fell flat; but if one is recording facts, the thirty-three weeks' New York run of "The Parisian Model" is a fact there is no gainsaying.

As to Miss Held herself, everybody "in the know" of stage affairs can tell

you that she long since married her manager, Florenz Ziegfeld, Jr.; but if we are to believe all we read in the papers, we may have some trouble in determining the place of her nativity. In the summer of 1896, when she was to make her American débüt with Evans & Hoey in "A Parlor Match," the New York *Herald* said of her:

Miss Anna Held is an Englishwoman, who, until a year ago last February, was



VIOLET McMILLEN, WHO IS "THE GIRL" IN "THE TIME, THE PLACE, AND THE GIRL"

From a photograph by the Otto Sarony Company, New York



FRANCES STARR, WHO, PRACTICALLY UNKNOWN A YEAR AGO, HAS WON DRAMATIC FAME
BY HER WORK AS LEADING WOMAN IN DAVID BELASCO'S PLAY,
"THE ROSE OF THE RANCHO"

From a photograph by the Misses Selby, New York

practically unknown, although she had been appearing for some time at the London music-halls. About the date mentioned she secured an engagement in Paris, and her success there was phenomenal.

The same paper, in its review of "Papa's Wife," on November 14, 1899, took occasion to remark that Miss Held displayed "a mastery of English that was unlooked for"—implying, apparently, that she was born to some other language.

But this is only one phase of the mystery surrounding the actress who laid the foundation of her cisatlantic

vogue with the song "Oh, Won't You Come and Play with Me?" and capped it with a substantial superstructure of histrionic art by her portrayal of a convent girl's intoxication in "Papa's Wife." Her managers assert that Miss Held is a native-born Parisian. If you will only take the journey, they offer to point out to you the very house in which she first saw the light in the city on the Seine. On the other hand, the writer knows of wiseacres in stageland who declare with equal positiveness that she is of Polish extraction, that her birthplace was the crowded quarter of New York's



FLORA ZABELLE, WIFE OF RAYMOND HITCHCOCK, AND
HIS LEADING WOMAN IN "A YANKEE TOURIST"

From her latest photograph by Sykes, Chicago

ghetto, and that she first saw the wrong side of a curtain in a Bowery concert-hall. But—how many cities was it claimed Homer for a son? So, Miss Held is not losing any sleep over this clash of rumors.

A STAR THE PUBLIC MADE

From Frances Starr's point of view, the play's the thing, beyond all doubt.

"Aren't you worn out?" she was asked, just after "The Rose of the Rancho" had ended a long season of acting. "Won't you be glad of the rest?"

"No," smiled the girl—she seems barely twenty—and added, with one of her roguish smiles: "You know, if I had my way, I should love to keep on playing all summer; but Mr. Belasco thought I needed the rest."

In this zest for her work she strongly resembles Belasco's other star, now his no longer—Mrs. Leslie Carter, who was so infatuated with "Du Barry" that she was always ready to begin again after that trying last scene in the tumbrel, and go through the whole thing once more.

It is fortunate that Miss Starr's work is her life. She has scant opportunity to enjoy herself in other ways.

"Do you know," she said, "why I waited until Tuesday before returning to my home in Albany? It was because I wanted to see what a New York roof-garden looked like, and to go for once in my life to a noted Broadway restaurant. I dared do this last only in summer, when most people are out of town. When you are playing in a popular piece in which you are not disguised, it is not pleasant to enter a public place; and besides, Mr. Belasco does not approve of late hours for me. I ought to do whatever he thinks best. Sometimes the whole thing seems like a dream."

As a matter of fact, there are few stories in stageland more romantic than that of the speedy rise to fame of little Frances Starr. She lives

Garrick; but it ran long enough for Mr. Belasco to see her stand on the step of a coach, while the rest of the party were on the top of it, looking at a horse-



BLANCHE RING, WHO IS TO BE LEADING WOMAN WITH JEFFERSON DE ANGELIS
IN "THE GREAT WHITE WAY"

From her latest photograph by Hall, New York

very modestly with her mother in an Albany boarding-house, within a stone's throw of Proctor's stage-door. Eighteen months ago she was appearing at Proctor's Fifth Avenue, in New York. Then she got a chance in "Gallops," which failed to draw, at the

race in which her lover was riding, but which she was too nervous to watch herself. For all of ten minutes she had not a word to say nor a movement to make, only to convey by the changing expressions of her face the tumult of emotion that was surging in her mind. She did

this so cleverly—all unconscious of what it meant to her—that Mr. Belasco engaged her as leading woman for David Warfield in "The Music Master."

launch his new find as a star; he left the public to subtract the extra "r" from her name for themselves.

After the first performance of the



MAY DE SOUSA, IN "THE GIRLS OF GOTTERBERG" AT THE GAIETY THEATER
IN LONDON

From a photograph by Bassano, London

From this position he lifted her to create *Juanita* in "The Rose of the Rancho" when first Mrs. Carter deserted him for matrimony, and the next candidate for the part, Bertha Galland, lost her voice. But Mr. Belasco did not

play in which she has made so deep an impression, Miss Starr never looked at a newspaper until four o'clock in the afternoon, when her manager called her up to congratulate her on the good things the critics had said.



MARQUIS HIROBUMI ITO, THE FOREMOST STATESMAN OF THE NEW JAPAN

THE STRONG MEN OF JAPAN

BY HENRY GEORGE, JR.

THE AUTHOR, WHO RECENTLY VISITED JAPAN, DESCRIBES
SOME OF THE MEN WHO ARE PLAYING LEADING PARTS IN
THE MARVELOUS POLITICAL, MILITARY, COMMERCIAL, AND
EDUCATIONAL DEVELOPMENT OF THE ISLAND EMPIRE

OF the men who lead in public affairs in Japan to-day, Marquis Ito is indisputably first. Indeed, it is truly said that his personal

history is the history of Meiji, as the present reign is called in the Japanese calendar, meaning "the era of enlightenment." And it seems certain that suc-

NOTE—The portraits accompanying this article are from photographs by the following Japanese photographers: Maruki, Tokyo; Ogawa, Tokyo; and Kojima, Tokyo.

ceeding generations will pay homage to Ito's versatility, his broad spirit, his progressive genius, his splendid work for the new Japan.

Hiromi Ito celebrated his sixty-sixth birthday on the 2d of September. He was the only child of a petty Samurai of the Choshu clan. As a boy he went to the family school of Yoshida Torajiro, of whom Robert Louis Stevenson wrote in his "Men and Books." He showed remarkable precocity, but there seemed little likelihood of its bearing much

fruit. The times were full of trouble. "The barbarians"—the European and American nations—were anxious to break down the barriers that impeded trade beyond the treaty ports, while the clansmen, and particularly those of Choshu, were bitterly opposed to any such extension of foreign influences.

The spirit of learning was in the young Ito. He was bent on getting knowledge, and especially the new knowledge of the barbarians. He made the acquaintance of the British consul at Yokohama, and through him secretly sailed away for England, with four other young Choshu men. All of the five were less than thirty years old, and each of them was destined to become famous under the new order of things in Japan. Ito himself was only twenty-three at the time.

He was in England perhaps a year when he suddenly received intelligence that the combined British and French fleets, consisting of eighteen vessels, had attacked Shimonoseki, in Choshu, his native province. With one of his fellow students—Inouye, now Count Inouye—



COUNT SHIGE-NOBU OKUMA, LEADER OF THE
PROGRESSIVE, OR DEMOCRATIC, PARTY
IN JAPAN

Ito at once hurried back, and commenced that career of diplomacy which has made him peerless in Japan. He allayed the feeling between the foreigners and his clan prince.

ITO'S LONG PUBLIC CAREER

In 1868, when the feudal government in Japan was overthrown, the Shogunate abolished, and the Mikado restored to his old temporal power, Ito became a counselor of state. As such, he acted as interpreter to the boy emperor when the latter first saw

the foreign representatives. For the next two years the brilliant young Choshu man served in various important administrative capacities, and in 1870 he was sent abroad by the government at the head of a commission to study and report on the question of banking. This resulted, two years later, in the adoption of the banking regulations which form the basis of the present Japanese laws.

A still more important mission followed in connection with Japan's first effort to induce the foreign governments to relinquish their extra-territorial jurisdiction in the Mikado's empire. For this purpose Prince Iwakura was appointed chief plenipotentiary, with Ito as one of his four vice-plenipotentiaries. But Ito was the only one of these men who could speak English—a fact which, together with his natural capabilities, made him practically the leader of the commission, at least in the United States and England. The powers, however, were not yet ready to make the desired concession.

In 1881 the emperor issued a proclamation declaring that ten years later he

would grant a constitution to the people of Japan, and Ito was sent to America and Europe to study the written and unwritten constitutional law of the leading countries. He reported a form of government which was in its main features adopted.

I need not follow it in detail. He has been premier four times, and was at the head of the government during the war with China, but he had little to do with the recent war with Russia. Indeed, he was in St. Petersburg when diplomatic



COUNT MASAYOSHI MATSUKATA, FOR TWELVE YEARS FINANCE MINISTER,
AND FOUNDER OF THE BANK OF JAPAN

He himself became the first president of the House of Peers, while his secretary, Kentaro Kaneko (since created a baron), was the first secretary of the House of Representatives, the popular legislative body. In 1885, at the age of forty-four, Ito undertook the premiership, but within three years he resigned it to accept the presidency of the newly formed Privy Council.

His later career is so well known that

relations between the two governments came to a crisis, and he was compelled to make a summary exit from Russia in consequence. He was understood to disapprove of a martial policy, and, although several times requested to become peace plenipotentiary, he refused, saying that the responsibility for peace terms should rest upon those who had drawn the sword.

Nevertheless, during and after the

war he served as governor-general of Korea. As such he negotiated a treaty under the terms of which the management of all Korea's external relations was turned over to Japan. It was also agreed that the Mikado should send to Seoul a "resident-general," who is what in the Roman days would have been called a proconsul. He "advises" the Korean sovereign and his ministers of state, and that "advice" means law. The Marquis Ito personally undertook this very difficult and irksome office. The world knows how under his firm grasp of the situation the disorganized country which China claimed and Russia coveted has become practically a dependency of Japan.

Many Japanese dislike the marquis.

They regard him as "too smooth"; they do not know how or when to take him. The truth is that he is a combination of Richelieu and Talleyrand. He is never finally defeated. He has extraordinary resourcefulness. Sleeping or awake, he is for Japan. He stands close to the emperor, whose confidence he obtained in the early days of the revolution, and he is the chief of the five Elder Statesmen—those extra-constitutional advisers whom the sovereign consults in all times of crisis.

OKUMA, THE PROGRESSIVE LEADER

A man of quite different type, but of no less ability, and one who is just as active for the welfare of Japan, is Count Shige-nobu Okuma. In fact, in



MARQUIS ARITOMO YAMAGATA, THE GREAT MILITARY ORGANIZER OF JAPAN

speaking of Ito one naturally thinks of Okuma as in many ways his great rival. Okuma is not of the Elder Statesmen. He is not what might be called a "court" man. He is rather a people's man. He is the Thomas Jefferson of Japan, in many senses, having founded a university—the Waseda—besides creating a democratic or popular party, called Kaishinto ("the progressive party").

Okuma was of Samurai birth, and came from the province of Saga, which was not one of the provinces playing a leading part in the revolution that replaced the Mikado at the head of temporal affairs. Choshu and Satsuma were the two foremost provinces in that great achievement, and as a result they were more favored by the new régime than most of the other parts of Japan. But Count Okuma's intellectual power and activity could not be overlooked. From an early date he had to be considered as a factor in public affairs, and he filled a variety of high official positions, giving to each the characteristics of his strong personality.

It was while he was minister of foreign affairs, in 1888, that he revived the Japanese effort to obtain a revision of the treaties with the leading foreign powers. Drafts of the proposed agreements were prematurely made public, and a political fanatic, thinking that Japan was not securing fair treatment, hurled a bomb at the minister as he rode out of the Foreign Office. Okuma was badly wounded, and had to have one of his legs amputated; but this did not impede his ascent to the highest political honors.

In 1898, when Count Okuma was premier, a member of his cabinet—Yuaki-o Ozaki, minister of education, now mayor of Tokyo—in the course of a public address incidentally referred to the time when "after a thousand or two thousand years Japan shall become a republic like the United States or



MARQUIS IWAO OYAMA, COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE JAPANESE ARMY IN MANCHURIA DURING THE LATE WAR WITH RUSSIA

France." Public opinion was not ready for even so remote a republican utterance, and the Okuma cabinet fell.

Count Okuma is as outspoken in the public press, and in interviews with all comers, as Marquis Ito is reserved. Yet it is to be noticed that the count, with all his seeming spontaneity, speaks with full knowledge of what he is saying. He is an incessant reader, possesses an extraordinarily retentive memory, and has an amazing assortment of accurate knowledge of the United States, its geography and natural conditions, its social growth and politics. He deplores the American tariff system, which, he told me when I visited him, does not protect anything in the United States but the trusts. He deprecates Japan's imitation of our tariff policy.

Count Okuma has a large and finely



SOICHIRO ASANO, PRESIDENT OF THE TOYO
STEAMSHIP COMPANY



BARON YEI-ICHI SHIBUSAWA, THE NESTOR OF
JAPANESE COMMERCE AND FINANCE

furnished house in the Waseda suburb of Tokyo. In his hothouse are eight hundred varieties of orchids, and his chrysanthemums make a wonderful display in the fall.

MATSUKATA, THE
FINANCIER

Count Masayoshi Matsukata will probably be best known to posterity as one of the original Elder Statesmen, and the founder of the Bank of Japan. He was born in Satsuma Province, and came to the front soon after the commencement of the era of Meiji. He became chief of the bureau of revenue in the de-

partment of finance, in 1874, when Count Okuma was minister of finance.

He served in other minor capacities, and went abroad in 1878 as commissioner to the Paris Exposition. Later he became minister of home affairs, and in 1881, when Count Okuma retired from the finance department, Matsukata succeeded him, and continued to be minister of the Treasury for twelve years, twice being prime minister as well as holder of the financial portfolio. But he had constant friction with the Diet, and resigned the premiership to Marquis Yamagata.



TAKASHI MASUDA, WHO IS SAID TO RECEIVE THE
LARGEST SALARY IN JAPAN

It was Matsukata who piled on the unpopular land-tax prior to the war with Russia. This was not the "single tax," which is a tax on the value of land, irrespective of improvements. The tax which Matsukata increased was a tax on land, rated by a valuation fixed many years ago, and therefore taking no ac-

like Ito, a Choshu man, and won distinction as a soldier when his clan was attacked by the Shogun's army during the revolution of 1868. Later, he became one of the emperor's leading officers. In 1872 he was commissioned a lieutenant-general, and in the following year he became minister of war. He



ADMIRAL HEIHACHIRO TOGO, CHIEF OF THE NAVAL STAFF, THE NELSON OF JAPAN

count of the great increment in the cities, while it bore heavily on the rice-growers. No attempt was made to get at a fair assessment, and the small farmers were ground down more deeply with every step of preparation for war with Russia.

YAMAGATA, THE MILITARY ORGANIZER

Marshal Marquis Aritomo Yamagata, another of the Elder Statesmen, was,

is regarded as the father of the modern military system in Japan.

In 1889 Yamagata held the premiership for a brief period. He seems, however, to have endeavored to conduct political affairs like a military machine. Instead of deferring and conciliating, he issued peremptory orders. When he needed a majority in the Diet, it is common report that if compulsion failed

he resorted to mercenary means to bring members to his side. Be this true or not, it is certain that his cabinet bore the odium of bitter denunciation for corrupt methods, and Yamagata himself was called the Walpole of the Orient.

During the early nineties he visited Europe and America, where he inquired into the constitution of civil corporations and systems of local government. From

lution, and was afterward despatched by the government to follow the Prussian army as attaché in the Franco-Prussian War. He had one of the bitterest periods in his life in 1877, when he was called to put down the rebellion in his native Satsuma, and had to fight against his own friends and even relatives. He was promoted to lieutenant-general, and later to the full rank of general, becoming com-



BARON DAIROKU KIKUCHI, PRESIDENT OF THE IMPERIAL UNIVERSITY AT TOKYO



DR. IGAKU-HAKUSHI KITAZATO, ONE OF THE FOREMOST BACTERIOLOGISTS OF THE WORLD

these peaceful studies he was carried back into the field by the breaking out of war with China. Put in command of the First Army, he swept the enemy's feeble forces out of Korea and was advancing triumphantly upon Mukden when he was compelled by illness to give up his leadership to General Nodzu.

OYAMA, THE SILENT SOLDIER

Marshal Marquis Iwao Oyama, still another of the Elder Statesmen, is one of the idols of the Japanese army, and was the chief figure on the Japanese side in the late war with Russia, being commander-in-chief of the Mikado's forces in Manchuria. Like Matsukata, he comes from Satsuma. He fought in the revo-

mander-in-chief of the Second Army, which took Port Arthur and Wei-hai-wei in the conflict with China. Subsequently he became marshal and chief of the General Staff, and, very ably aided by General Kodama and other brilliant officers, he carried the Japanese arms to splendid victory against the Russians in the late war.

One of Marshal Oyama's peculiarities is brevity of speech. On one occasion, in Europe, when he was being feted and complimented by the government heads he was impressed with the necessity of making an acknowledgment, though he could speak no tongue save Japanese. He arose, and turning toward the gentleman who was to serve as his interpreter, he

uttered one word in the Satsuma dialect; then he sat down. The interpreter thereupon delivered an address of several hundred words. All present were astonished that a single Japanese word could contain so much meaning. When inquiry was made about that word it was found to mean: "Please make a good speech for me."

TOGO, THE NELSON OF JAPAN

Admiral Heihachiro Togo, chief of the Naval Staff, and the hero of the memorable battle of the Japan Sea, is another taciturn man. He is sixty-five years younger than Oyama; and, unlike the latter, he is small of stature. I met him at a dinner at the official residence of the minister of the navy, Admiral Saito. He entered the drawing-room with so little pretense, and stood there so silent, that it was difficult to believe him to be the man whose name had so recently rung over the world. When I asked him if he thought of visiting the United States next year, he smiled and said he did not know. One of the gentlemen present remarked that the admiral was afraid lest his reception might be too hot for him. I was obliged to admit that the American people would certainly give him a very warm welcome.

Togo was the son of an obscure Kagoshima man, and in 1871 was sent by the imperial government, with thirteen other young men, to study in England. He entered a naval school at Portsmouth. His life has been given to his profession; his were the first shot of the war with China and the crowning triumph of the struggle with Russia. It is said of this silent sailor that he will sit at table for long periods without uttering a word, and then only to express himself in the simplest terms.

OTHER LEADING MEN OF NIPPON

The business world of Japan may be said to be represented by three men, Baron Yei-ichi Shibusawa and Messrs. Takashi Masuda and Soichiro Asano. The former is called the Nestor of Japanese financial and mercantile affairs. He was the son of a well-to-do Saitama-ken farmer. He early showed talent for financial affairs, and became a high official in the department of finance. Leav-

ing the government service, he became president of the First Bank, the earliest of the national banks. To-day, of the leading commercial institutions of Japan it would be easier to name those in which he has no interest than those with which he is actively connected.

Mr. Masuda is fifty-eight, younger than Shibusawa by eight years. He sprang from petty Samurai stock, and early became connected with an importing and exporting house in Yokohama. He developed much aptitude for mercantile matters, and when his firm was absorbed by the great banking and trading Mitsui family, he became the manager of the mercantile end of the combination. He is said to receive the largest salary in Japan, and he has become a rich man. His house in the suburbs contains many rare antiques.

Mr. Asano, by dint of his personal ability and his quickness in seeing opportunities, has come out of nothing to the rank of a money-king of Japan. He is president of the Toyo Steamship Company—one of the great Japanese lines; and is, moreover, successfully building up a rival business in Japan to the Standard Oil Company's.

Dr. Igaku-hakushi Shibasaburo Kitazato may be mentioned among the representative men of Japan. He stands for the scientific achievement of the Island Empire, being one of the foremost bacteriologists of the world. When I visited him at the government laboratory in Tokyo, of which he has charge, he told me of his recent visit to the United States, where he was an interested observer of our equipment for medical research.

There are other men of distinguished parts and services in Japan who deserve attention in this sketch, but the brevity of space forbids. I can do no more than add a mention of Baron Dairoku Kikuchi, who was sent to England by the government in 1870 and studied at Cambridge, where he won a place among the "wranglers." He came back to Japan to do great work as deputy minister, and later as minister, of education, and also as president of the Imperial University at Tokyo and of the Peers' School. He is a member of the House of Peers.

THE WORLD AND THE WOMAN*

A STORY OF WASHINGTON TO-DAY

BY RUTH KIMBALL GARDINER

AUTHOR OF "THE HEART OF A GIRL"

XXVI

BEAUCHAMP went no farther than to Wendell's hotel, where he surprised his friend at breakfast. For a quarter of an hour he talked earnestly; at the end of that time he left the hotel and went to Mrs. Macross's house.

Beauchamp found himself in the drawing-room. For the first time he was conscious of a fear that Lindsley would not see him. Then, suddenly, he saw her standing at the door. The long lines of her white woolen house-gown gave her an effect of austere height. In the dim light she seemed as white as her dress.

"Good morning, Mr. Beauchamp," she said, smiling with her lips only. Beauchamp's eyes were on her, and for the moment he could not speak. "You—you wanted to see me?" she added painfully.

Beauchamp caught her hands.

"I want an answer to my letter. I love you! Tell me—"

"Why, surely you know—" she said.

"I know nothing—nothing but that I love you!"

The words were almost a cry, and he caught her in his arms.

Lindsley still stood passive. Beauchamp's arms dropped.

"I am engaged to Senator Denby," she said. "Isn't—isn't that an answer?"

"It's not an answer. You don't love Denby."

Lindsley held her head proudly.

"I love him very dearly," she said.

"You don't love him!" Beauchamp cried. "You don't love him. It's not an answer unless you tell me you don't love me. You can't tell me that!"

Lindsley began to twist her hands together. Beauchamp came nearer. She thrust out her hands to keep him away.

"Oh, how unfair you are!" she broke out. "To come here—when you know—and torture me with—you have no right—you—"

"I have a right!" Beauchamp interrupted.

"Oh, please go!" she cried, pitifully shaken. "Please go away. Can't you see it's—it's too late?"

The next instant Beauchamp was holding her close, his lips on hers. A sob burst from the girl.

"Oh, go away!" she said again. "You are unkind."

She stood looking at Beauchamp, with agony in her eyes.

"You can't marry Denby," he said. "They've forced you into it. They sha'n't sell you—"

A cry from Lindsley stopped him.

"Oh, shame!" she cried. "How dare you? Oh, I didn't think that of you. They're not—nobody's selling me!" Her face went scarlet. "Oh, it's shameful of you. Senator Denby is the kindest—I am very grateful to him—you don't know all he's done for me—I am glad I can repay—" She stopped suddenly, for the first time seeing the thing in the brutal light of a bargain, and hid her face with her hands. "Oh, how could you say that?" she sobbed.

Her distress brought sanity to Beauchamp.

"Forgive me," he said. "I didn't mean that—God knows I didn't. I was beside myself. I was angry because you didn't turn to me in your trouble instead of to Denby."

"Turn to you!" Lindsley flashed. "Turn to you! What have you to do with us? I—oh, you think I've sold myself to the highest bidder—you want me to understand that you're willing to bid as high. You say you love me—and you—you—" She flung herself into a chair, hiding her face. "I never thought of it like that," she said brokenly. "He was so good—the world is such a dreadful place—he's so kind, so good! I was so afraid—I—" She sat up and looked at him from an infinite remoteness. "Will you please go away?" she said. "You have hurt me. I want you to go."

Beauchamp crouched beside her.

"I was half mad," he said. "Dear little girl, forgive me. I love you so! I know you love me. Everything's plain now. You can't marry Denby—"

A Lindsley he had never known looked out at him from Bob Macross's daughter.

"I have given my word to Senator Denby," she said. "That ends it, doesn't it?"

"No!" cried Beauchamp. "Think, Lindsley. A girl's word is nothing. She can always change her mind. She can always—nobody holds her."

Lindsley stood up, white with anger.

"You forget who I am," she said. "I am a Macross. I know you think a woman hasn't any sense of honor—all men think that; but I'm a Macross. I have given my word. Even—even if I'd sold myself, as you have said, do you think I wouldn't keep my word? What sort of women have you known that you think a woman hasn't any honor? Would you go back on your word?" She began to sob helplessly. "Don't touch me!" she said. "You don't understand. I've given my word to the kindest, the best—oh, if you care for me at all, go away!"

Something that was best in Beauchamp—better than his love, deeper than his pain—answered to her appeal. He sat beside her murmuring inarticu-

late words of comfort, soothing her as he would have soothed a child, feeling for her something infinitely more unselfish than his passion.

"My word is—" Lindsley murmured.

"I know," said Beauchamp. "But the happiness of our lives is at stake. We can't stop to think of little things."

"You shall not say that," she said. "I've told you—I've promised!"

Beauchamp's blind passion swept over him again.

"I don't care what you've promised," he said.

"Oh, Harry, don't—don't make me despise myself!"

She turned with a sudden smothered cry and ran from the room. Beauchamp followed deliberately up the stairs. With a frightened backward look at him, she entered the library and waited, breathless.

"I can't say any more!" she cried. "You know I can't. It's cruel of you to follow me. It's too late!"

"It's utter nonsense to tell me it's too late," he returned. "You're not married to Denby yet."

She ran suddenly toward the door. Beauchamp stood with his back to it.

"Let me go!" she demanded.

"I shall not let you go," he said. "I'm not going to let you go until you go with me."

"You don't dare—"

"Yes, I do," he answered.

"I'm going to ring for some one," she threatened, moving toward the bell.

Beauchamp turned the key in the lock.

"Ring if you want to," he said.

Lindsley stopped, her finger on the bell, helplessly frightened.

"What—what are you going to do?" she faltered.

"I've told you. I'm going to stay until you go with me."

Lindsley began to move her hands with the gesture of an impatient child.

"Oh, please, please go away!" she said. "You frighten me."

Beauchamp moved away from the door and sat down.

"I won't go," he said stubbornly.

Lindsley sank to the sofa and began to cry. Beauchamp waited for her to speak. A little of her high courage came back to her presently.

"You don't understand," she said, making an effort to reason with him. "I can't break my word to Senator Denby. I have promised to marry him. I couldn't do a dishonorable thing like that."

"Does it seem honorable to you to marry one man when you love another?" Beauchamp asked. "Dishonorable! Do you think it's honorable to sell yourself—yes, I mean sell yourself to a rich old man? It's a shameful bargain!"

She sprang up flaming.

"Oh, how dare you say that? It's not a—a bargain. Senator Denby came to our help when—"

"He bought you," said Beauchamp brutally. "I know. He offered to pay your debts if you—"

"Shame!" she cried. "It's shameful of you!"

"You're the one that ought to be ashamed. Any woman ought to be ashamed in your place. If you wanted money, why in God's name didn't you come to me? Haven't I—"

Lindsley gave a great sob. The look in her eyes stopped him. He felt as if he had struck her.

"Won't you go now?" she asked, hiding her face.

"No," said Beauchamp. "It's hideous. You promised to marry Denby because you and your mother—yes, you've got to hear me—you two, without the slightest knowledge of business, ran yourselves into debt—"

"You don't know—" she began.

"Yes, I do. That's all there was to it. You hadn't the courage to face it—you took the easiest way out. You were willing to marry Denby—and did you ever think for a moment what marriage means? There's more to it than a church wedding and a lot of new frocks. There's the living together for all the rest of your life. There's the being a man's wife—the mother of his children—it's no time now to shut your eyes to things. That's what it means, and you were going into it because you needed money."

"Oh, no, no! I like Senator Denby. He's good and kind. You—why, I wouldn't have promised if I hadn't thought—yes, I do love—I know any woman would learn to love him. You

don't need a great deal of love to begin with—afterward, everybody says—"

"That's the damnable thing they tell girls. It's a lie! You need all the love in the world to begin with if you don't want marriage to be hell. You need the love you have for me. You do love me. You don't dare marry any one else—you haven't the right—you belong to me—and I don't mean to let you go!"

"I can't marry you!"

"You can, and you will!"

Beauchamp leaned toward her to take her in his arms. She sprang up, and he followed. But for the unchanged determination of his face and the agonized bewilderment of hers, they might have been children disputing for the possession of a toy. Their words were childish, with a childishness that harked back to the infancy of the race. Beauchamp pursued as his remotest ancestor might have pursued his chosen mate.

"Yes, you will," he reiterated, the table between them. "I love you!"

The instinctive craft of her sex came to the girl's aid. She smiled.

"You've frightened me so," she said. "You must give me time to think. We can't settle things now."

Beauchamp's silence gave her courage. She came to him and laid a hand on his arm.

"I'm sure you'll be reasonable," she said coaxingly. "You wouldn't want to hurry me into anything we might regret afterward. I must have time to think. Won't you—won't you please go away and come back to-morrow?"

"No, I'm not going," he said. "We can settle it now. Say you'll marry me, Lindsley."

"I can't—" she began; but Beauchamp stopped her with a kiss.

The battle, for it was now but a struggle between their two wills, began again. Beauchamp retreated not a step from his stand. One weapon having been broken against the stone wall of his determination, Lindsley tried another and another. She flung at him that he was betraying his friend, he was cruel, he was brutal. When he advanced, she retreated, doubling and turning, coaxing, defying, pleading, obstinately resisting.

Little by little her strength failed her. She grew hysterical, gasping out her re-

fusals between a laugh and a sob. Beauchamp heard her to the end without protest; then he began his demand again, beating her down by sheer force of his obstinacy.

"We couldn't be married for a long time," she said, at the end of her resources; "so why—"

"We are going to be married today," he said.

She cried out at that, the absurdity of it, the insanity of it—Beauchamp must have lost his mind. He drew her to the window.

"Do you see that carriage?" he asked. "It is waiting for us. Everything is arranged. We're going to be married."

"Where?" she asked, fascinated for the moment.

"Wendell knows. He's in that other carriage with Mrs. Wilson."

Her protests broke out again. Beauchamp gave her scant time for them.

"We'd better go now," he said.

"I can't go—why, mother—let me go and speak to mother!"

"There's no need to disturb her," said Beauchamp. "This thing is between you and me."

Lindsley broke down utterly.

"I'm not dressed to go anywhere!" she sobbed.

Beauchamp smiled. It was the last argument she had to offer.

"That's a very pretty frock," he said, "and it's white. Put on your cloak and hat. You have a white hat, haven't you?"

The thought of clothes restored somewhat of Lindsley's equilibrium. Craft returned to her.

"If you'll wait here I'll go and get ready," she said.

Beauchamp unlocked the door. Suddenly he understood her unexpected calmness.

"I'll go with you," he said.

The last avenue of escape cut off, Lindsley hung back.

"Oh, how can you act so?" she sobbed. "It's the most dreadful thing I ever heard of! You—you—you can't come to my room!"

"Yes, I can," said Beauchamp. "Stop crying. You don't want your mother to hear you, do you?"

Lindsley was past speech, past thought, exhausted, utterly beaten. Beauchamp held her arm as they went to her room. She found speech, then, in incoherent, irrelevant words.

"I look like a fright!" she sobbed. "You've made me cry—I do think it's the—"

One little detail of the scene never afterward left Beauchamp's memory. He could have shouted for joy when he saw it. It was absurd, trivial to the verge of the grotesque. Lindsley, resentfully protesting still, took up her powder-puff and touched her face carefully with it. A great rush of tenderness filled Beauchamp at the sight. Nothing else could have been so utter a confession of her defeat.

"Where is your hat?" he asked.

"It's in the closet over there—but I don't see how you can—oh, I don't know what I'm going to do—it's the—"

"In the right-hand box?" he asked.

"No, the one in the middle," she answered, with a fresh burst of tears.

Beauchamp brought the hat and a white cloak. The sudden pallor of Lindsley's face smote him. He had tried her too far. She was scarcely capable of knowing what she was doing. Deliberately he had overpowered her.

"God forgive me!" he thought, and his heart leaped exultant at his victory.

"Mayn't I speak to mother—just for a minute?" she asked, as they turned toward the door.

"Not now," he said.

Lindsley gave a deep sigh of submission, and he led her down the stairs. Wendell opened the carriage-door for them.

"Is it all right?" he whispered.

Beauchamp nodded. Wendell had never before seen tears in his eyes.

XXVII

MRS. MACROSS rose as Senator Denby entered her drawing-room, and came toward him deprecatingly, with outstretched hands.

"I don't know how to tell you what my daughter has done," she said, "but I felt I must send for you. Not even I was let into the secret." There was jealousy in her tone, and reproach. "I don't know whether she sent you any

word," she went on. "There was so little time."

"Yes," said Denby, "she wrote me a note. Has she gone yet?"

"They have just gone to the station," she answered. "Oh, how could she—how could she?"

Denby felt the note of blame in her voice.

"Why, isn't it clear?" he said. "She found out her mistake."

"Oh, but she—" Mrs. Macross began.

Denby raised his hand.

"I'd rather not have her blamed," he said. "I'd rather not discuss it at all. It can't be helped. She wrote me quite frankly. Overpersuaded, perhaps, or perhaps—well, youth belongs to youth. I didn't know there was anybody else. Perhaps I took advantage of her. She seemed afraid I wouldn't understand. Will you please tell her, when you write, that I do? There was a note from Beauchamp, too, but you needn't say anything to him."

"I am so sorry," she murmured. "If I had known—"

"Oh, if we were all omniscient, the Almighty would be out of a job," said Denby gruffly. "At least, you need not distress yourself, madam."

"Can you forgive her?" Mrs. Macross asked.

The Senator's face changed slowly.

"Why, I love the child," he said. "I don't believe, though, that it's going to make much difference to her whether anybody forgives her or not. She'll turn to her mother again, no doubt, by and by. Just now—" He dismissed the subject with a gesture. "We needn't discuss it, need we? How long are they to be gone?"

"Nearly a year," she said.

The Senator took some memoranda from his breast-pocket. There was a paper or two, also, for Mrs. Macross's signing. When he had explained, she understood what Beauchamp must have written. There seemed nothing to say to the Senator. Whatever he felt, he resented any blame of Lindsley, any pity of himself. He withdrew to an immense distance, friendly still, but definitely reserved, and his friendliness was for Lindsley, not for Mrs. Macross. It was unmistakably the end. When he

rose to leave her, she held out a trembling hand. There was a look of Lindsley in her face. The Senator raised the hand to his lips.

"Good-by," he said.

Mrs. Macross watched him go. He seemed older than she had known him, and he went slowly, like a man who faces old age, accepting it.

She looked about the room. Lindsley's music lay on the piano, a book of Lindsley's on the table. Lindsley was gone, and the room had the impersonal look that had struck her when she first entered it. It was the drawing-room of a house let furnished, ready for the next tenant, the drawing-room of an empty, haunted house.

She went slowly along the hall to the telephone. Mrs. Wilson occurred to her first, but she rejected the thought. Wendell answered her call, promising to be with her at once.

She went through the deserted house, pausing a moment before Franklyn Lindsley's portrait. "A great game," he had said, and she had played her game. She paused, too, to look up at Bob Macross's pictured face. There was so much of Lindsley in the eyes, the poise of the head.

Wendell found her in the drawing-room, cloaked and hatted.

"Do you know where Colonel Macross is at present?" she asked simply.

Wendell named the shabby street beyond the Capitol.

"Will you take me to him?" Mrs. Macross asked.

They drove out of the old street into older streets, lacking its retaining hold on the skirts of fashion. The stucco peeled, leprous, from this old mansion; the ironwork of the balcony sagged, rusted, on that. Here was a broken pane in a fanlight; there, a spindle missing from the curving railing bordering a white stone stoop. The smart newness of cheap apartment-houses mocked the dingy solidity of mid-century dwellings now sunk to boarding-houses, to the uses of pension and patent attorneys. Opened gates of walled gardens gave glimpses of forlorn rubbish-heaps where trim box-bordered walks had been. There was nothing in these streets of the world to the northwest. They were

out-at-elbows—sadly, with their air of having seen better days, or impudently, with their mock-stone cornices and colored glass door-panels.

The Capitol, its gray flushed to rose in the sunset, stood with its feet in the muck of grogggeries, hoardings, squalid lodging-houses, bordered by the sordid ugliness of the squat Census Bureau. Spring had laid a teasing finger on the terraces and lawns. A swamp magnolia had decked its leafless branches in rosy bloom, mocking the sluggish sycamores. Crocuses lifted fragile heads from the somberly green ivy. The lilacs were swelling with buds.

Wendell looked back as they passed at the Capitol, black against the glow in the west, and the amethystine shadows of the city below the hill. Mrs. Macross did not stir nor speak. On the narrow doorstep he stood aside to let her pass in first. She turned to him and held out her hand.

"Good-by, Mr. Wendell," she said.

The dismissal was definite. Wendell stood with bared head till the door closed after her.

She stumbled a little in ascending the stairs, and groped her way slowly to Bob Macross's door. He was sitting by the window, his thin hands idle on his knees. It was no longer light enough to see the lines in the paper he had been reading. She caught his silhouette outlined against the panes before he turned. It was a shadow-picture of Bob Macross as she had first known him. So, too, it might be said that the man in the chair was the shadow of the Bob Macross whom she had loved.

"Robert!" she said.

Colonel Macross's thoughts had drifted back to the old days. He spoke at first without surprise.

"Marian!" he said. The effort of rising betrayed his weakness. "Why, Marian, is it you—come to see me?"

THE END

CONFIDENCE

COURAGE, my heart! Shall you and I fail now,
After the battle's din and stain and heat?
Shall we stop fighting once we have learned how,
Or call one unrecovered fall defeat?

Mary Eastwood Knevels

Through the dusk her face shone on him, white and luminous, smiling. She came toward him swiftly.

"Robert!" she said again. "Oh, Robert, I have been wrong—so wrong. You came back to me and I sent you away—I have come to you now."

The old man put out his hands to her uncertainly.

"But Lindsley?" he said.

A moment of trembling seized her.

"She has gone away from—us," she said. "She is happy with Henry Beauchamp. We have only each other now."

Her meaning pierced his bewilderment slowly.

"Each other?" he said. "Surely not after—why, you could not, Marian—I am not fit—you cannot mean—"

"Only each other," she repeated. "I have come to stay with you."

The old man made an uncertain step forward. A mighty sob shook him. The husk of twenty years fell away, and the face of Robert Macross the soldier, the hero, bent above hers.

"It cannot be true," he murmured brokenly. "It cannot be true! I have not deserved it. I am not worthy—but I have loved you always, Marian, even—"

"I know," she said—"I know. We can forget those years—together."

A sudden faintness came over her, and she sank into his chair. He knelt beside her, hiding his head against her knees, a prodigal, but sincerely repentant—a prodigal whom love had come to meet while he was yet a great way off. She bent above him as she might have bent above Lindsley, forgiving, comforting. Her eyes strayed about the comfortless room, its ugliness half hidden in the merciful dusk.

"I must help you to make everything better, Robert," she said. "See, I am going to light the lamp for you. We will begin with that!"

A MAN OF IDEAS

BY DOROTHY CANFIELD

AUTHOR OF "THE AWAKENING," "THE HOUSE WITH THE WOODBINE," ETC.

WHEN I turned into the old deserted road, after a scramble over high upland pastures that had tried my horse's temper, I was startled to see smoke rising from the chimney of the old Elten house, for nobody had lived in it since the death of my great-grandfather. I was startled, but not at all alarmed; for there are no tramps in our mountains, and I know all the valley people very well.

More than this, I was a little indignant. The Elten house belongs to my Grand-aunt Abigail, and I thought it was a mean trick in anybody to use her house just because she is crippled with rheumatism and can't get around to look after her property. So, I rode up to the door, and, leaning from my saddle, knocked on it with my riding-whip.

I will confess that I was not only startled but a little alarmed when it was opened by a man I had never seen in my life before. He looked inquiringly at me; but in just a minute I saw that he wasn't anybody to be afraid of. You could tell that by one look at him. He was unshaven and haggard, but looked as though he was meant to be comfortable and middle-aged—the kind of a person that your aunts have married.

At first he had a hunted look in his eyes. I had never seen anybody with that look, though you often read about it, but I recognized it the instant I saw it. But when he discovered that I was just a girl, and alone, he seemed relieved, and asked what he could do for me. I thought he was pretty cool.

"My great-aunt, Miss Calkins, owns this house," I said. "Seeing smoke as I rode past, I—"

He interrupted me. "I'll be very glad to pay any rent she wishes for it."

"No," I said with dignity. "No, it's not that. My great-aunt has plenty of money. It's sentiment. She will never allow any one to live in the house since her father, my great-grandfather, died here."

"Isn't there any way?" he asked earnestly.

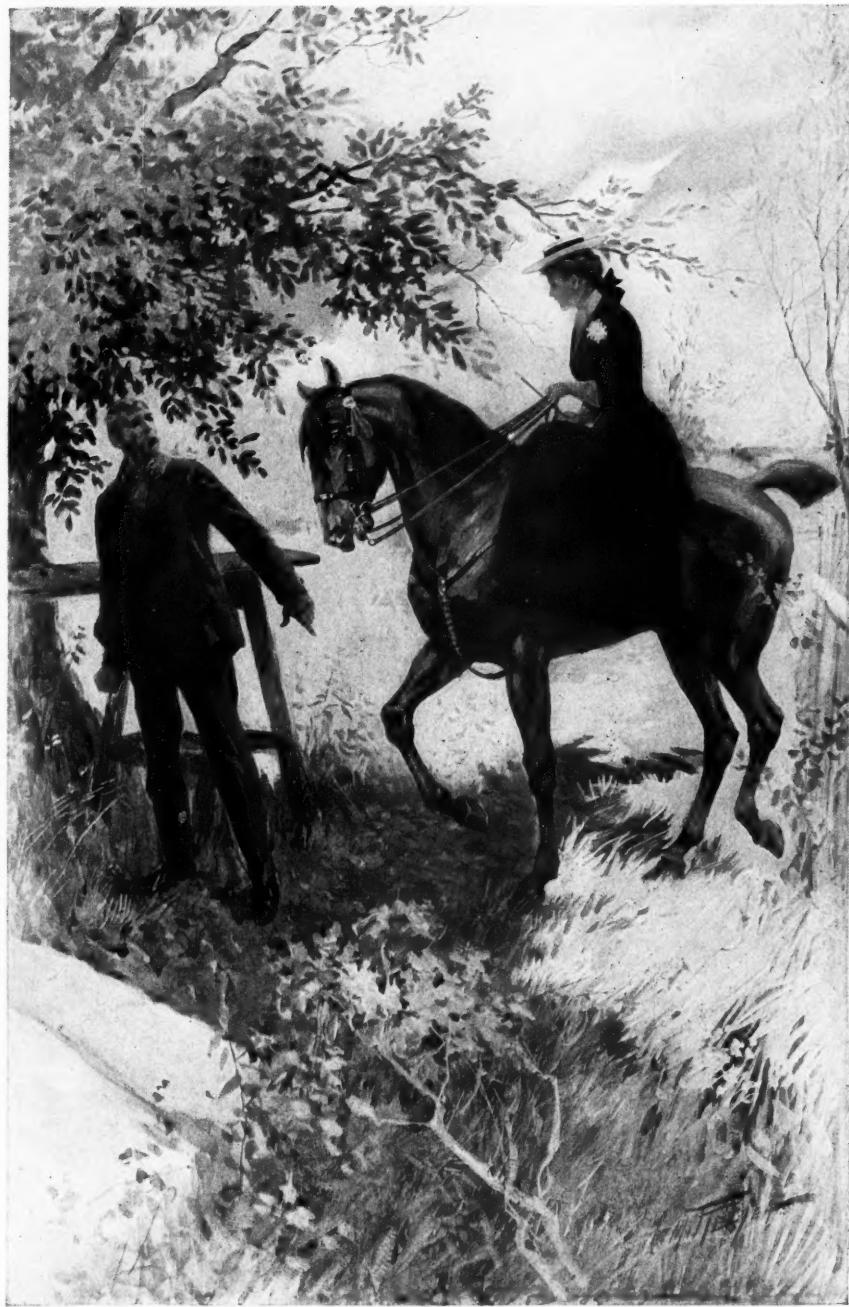
"None," I answered firmly. "You must go."

He hesitated for a moment, looking down the road that led to the valley and the village, and seeming so miserable that I was sorry for him. Then he said:

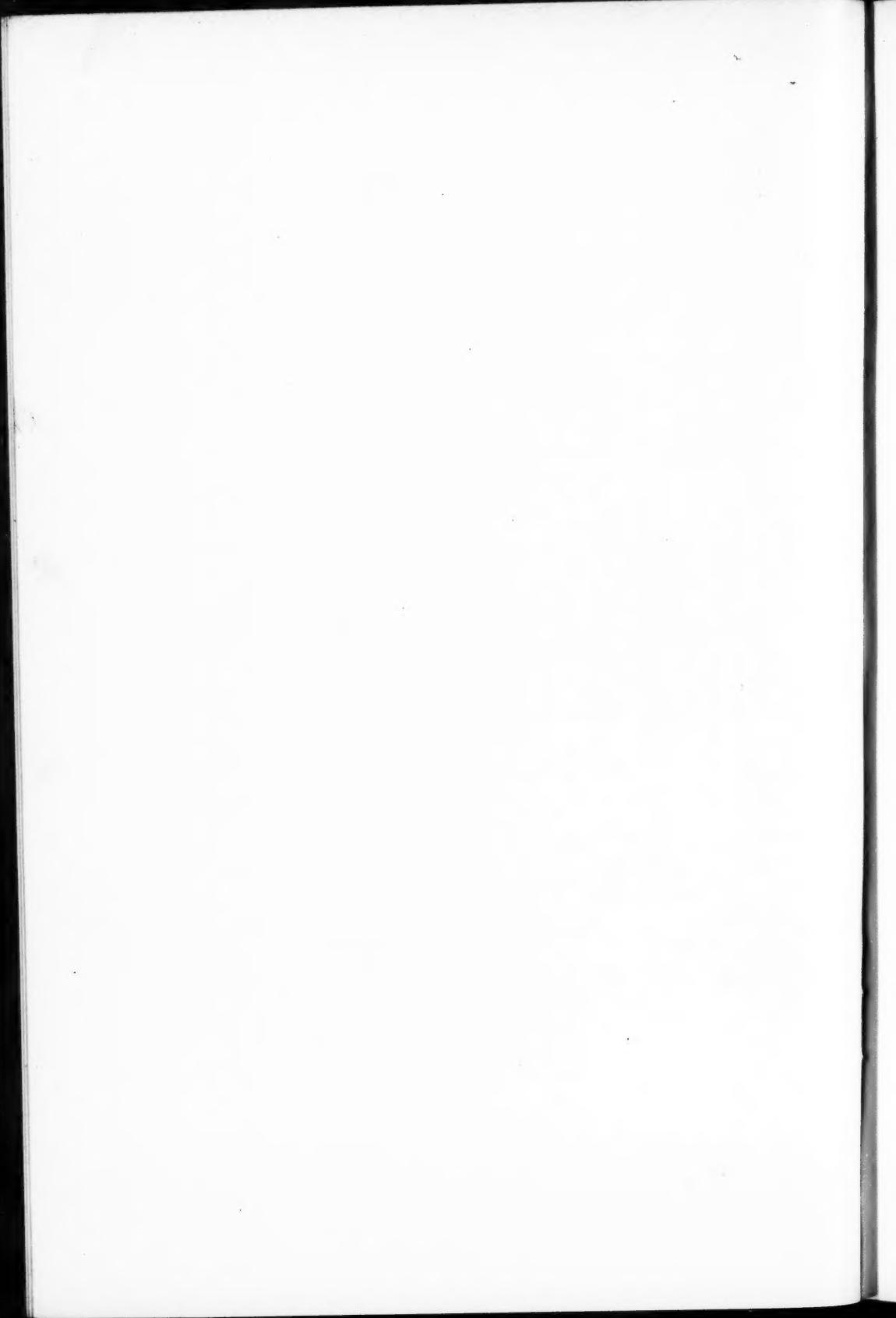
"Look here, Miss—Calkins, I presume?" My name is not Calkins, but I let it pass. "You look like a good-hearted girl who'd be kind to a man in distress. Let me tell you my unhappy story and see if you can make up your mind to turn me out of my haven of peace. I'll tie your horse to the tree, and you can sit on the steps. I have no furniture in the house, or I'd ask you in."

I wasn't going to get off my horse and sit down that way with a man I'd never laid eyes on, even if he did look as though he might be my uncle by marriage; but I was curious to hear what was the matter with him, so we compromised. I went on sitting on my saddle, and he carried two high old saw-horses from the barn, put a plank across them, and sat on that. This brought him up about on a level with me, and we talked quite comfortably; at least, he did, for I only listened.

"Three years ago," he began, "I was as peaceful and happy a man as you could well imagine. I was a teacher in one of the public high schools in New York, and I had worked up until my salary was eighteen hundred dollars a year. I was, and am, a bachelor of simple tastes, and this was amply suffi-



I WAS CURIOUS TO HEAR WHAT WAS THE MATTER WITH HIM, SO WE COMPROMISED



cient for my modest needs. But I am of a frugal turn of mind, and I wished to lay by something for my old age. My rainy-day fund did not grow as fast as I liked, and in an unhappy moment I wondered if there was not some way of earning little extra sums to go into the savings-bank. One day, in a street-car, I noticed an advertisement for a new variety of face-powder with a picture of the box used. It occurred to me that if the box were a little different in shape it could be made to fit exactly the trademark which the company had chosen, and that the whole would be a unique and striking feature of the product. When I reached home I wrote out my idea, with a rough sketch of what I meant, and sent it to the company, not expecting any reply. Imagine my surprise and delight when ten days later I received a handsome check from the face-powder people, with an equally handsome letter thanking me for my suggestion.

"I was like a tiger, kept in domesticity, that had tasted blood. As I deposited the check in the savings-bank and watched the clerk make the entry, I felt my mind crouching ready for another spring; and when I went out on the street I sprang—if an ex-professor of English may be allowed a little license in speech! High above me on a fourteen-story building was an advertisement of a certain brand of cigars. I did not smoke at the time, nor do I now; but instantly there sprang into my mind a little couplet, inimitably droll, describing the passion of a confirmed smoker for this variety of cigar. I can say 'inimitably droll' without any false shame, for I am firmly convinced that I have not really been myself at any time in the last three years. Some obsession from a wandering spirit must have come upon me. In no other way can I account for the strange madness which descended on me, and from which I am just recovering—a madness, as I may characterize it, of ideas.

"I sent the couplet to the cigar-makers, who at once caused me to be visited by their agent, offering me another handsome sum for the rights to the verse; and in a month's time it was blazoned everywhere on the bill-boards, was in every one's mouth, and had even

attained the dubious dignity of allusion on the stage of the vaudeville theaters. Like Byron, I awoke to find myself famous. Advertising-agents waited for me on every corner, trying to lure me into some contract for exclusive work for them; but my muse was a coy one and followed no set path. I might be racking my brain in vain for some bright idea about a well-known make of shoes, when suddenly there would dart into my head the most ingenious method for the simplification of the system for securing tickets at a crowded soda-water fountain. At first I was chary of parting with such ideas, and offered them to a number of soda-water purveyors at once, making them bid against one another; but I soon grew careless in the flood of new devices. Why trouble to market each one to the best advantage? Apparently there were plenty more.

"In an ever-increasing tide they swept upon me, almost submerging me, sometimes, in their furious haste. I could not cross the ferry to my bachelor flat in Brooklyn that I did not see how ocean liners could be brought to their docks with greater ease and less expense. At school a careless boy whose necktie had slipped loose brought to my mind a contrivance for holding it firm. You can judge of the success, from a financial standpoint, of my ideas when I tell you that one small matter of the necktie-holder brought me half of what had been up to that time my yearly income.

"Very soon, however, I dropped my school work and devoted myself entirely to my new and absorbing occupation. 'Absorbing' is a mild word for the very frenzy of ideas which burst upon me in a wild storm as soon as the shelter of my dull daily task was gone. People used to ask me, 'How do you ever think up all these wonderful improvements?' And I answered in helpless exasperation, 'How can I *help* it when everything I see suggests one to me!'

"My bedroom opened out on a vista of the backs of apartment-houses, and the sums I realized from improvements suggested by that view alone would take your breath away. My wash-day-in-a-flat contrivances alone amounted to more than I had hoped to have to retire on; and my fire-escape-baby-playhouse idea is to be

seen in every American city that boasts an apartment-house.

"I am not naturally ambitious, and very soon I was so well satisfied with my capital that I decided to retire, marry, and settle down. A certain young lady of my acquaintance—no longer extremely young, it is true—had long held my affections, but I had considered marriage unwise on my limited income. Now, however, there was no obstacle, and as soon as she returned to the city I meant to arrange the matter for an early date. Although I had never spoken definitely to her of marriage, I was sure that we understood each other.

"With these pleasing prospects in my mind, I called together the various mercantile gentlemen whose acquaintance I had so pleasantly made in my meteoric career, and told them that I was about to retire. They expressed much amiable regret, and with mutual hand-shakings the company began to separate. As I talked to one, however, I was seized with an inspiration as to the way in which the arrangement of the pockets in his coat might be improved, and in a jiffy a tailor's agent had bought the notion. This made me think of a plan for a prize contest among women for ideas on 'men's clothes as women would like to have them,' and the editor of a trade journal was so much pleased with the idea that he contracted for it at once. To make a long and unhappy story short, in ten minutes my ideas were flowing as rapidly as ever, the advertising-agents hung about me like harpies, and my poor brain was sodden with fatigue.

"I then determined that I must shut myself away from all society that might suggest salable ideas. I retired to my sister's quiet apartment. In vain! I happened to see the janitor distributing the mail, and was taken at once by a vision of a method infinitely simpler. Mentioning this to my sister at the table, I was overheard by the maid, who told the janitor, and three days later I was waited upon by a delegate of the Janitors' Union, asking my price for the idea.

"Everything about me suggested new methods, better and quicker. My senses reeled! I longed for some simple, human life, but my madness lay heavy and inexorable upon me. I was no longer a

human being. I had become an idea-machine. The society of sweet little children was blighted for me. I could not play with my little nieces without being tormented with a thousand improvements possible in the manufacture of toys. I could not sleep, racked and harried as I was by new designs for spring mattresses, and the most devilishly sly contrivances for folding beds. I could not read—book-rests, new forms of binding, new methods of indexing, made me faint and dizzy. Even my religion was no solace. Different methods for marshaling the choir, improved sounding-boards, a better way to arrange the steps to the pulpit, new systems of draftless ventilation, all rendered my very soul arid and wretchedly impervious to the spiritual comfort of the church.

"I tried to travel, but that was the worst of all. The rapid motion seemed to stimulate my already feverish brain to an unholy activity, and I could draw no free breath. My poor tortured mind was one mad jumble of new switch-systems and arrangements for putting up the upper berth all made up, for a more accurately devised conductor's punch, and for devices of swinging tables in the dining-car so that the motion of the train would not disturb the diners. It was frightful, horrible! The remembrance fills me with terror. But I had not yet known the ultimate anguish.

"When Marion Percy came back to town, I fled at once to her, hoping that this strong emotion would shatter the walls of the mental prison in which I was so helplessly immured. The sight of her sweet and gentle face was like cool water to a man dying of thirst. I felt my madness depart from me, and as I looked upon her welcoming smile my soul was lifted up to realms of light and beauty which I had never dreamed of entering.

"'Marion, my dear and only love,' I began, stretching out my arms longingly to her, 'I have come—'

"I stopped, horror-struck, my arms frozen in their absurd position. A lock of her pretty brown hair was loose, and through my mind had instantly darted the 'crinkled hairpin' idea—an idea so far-reaching in its universality that you are probably using them at this minute,

the accursed things!—if you will pardon the freedom of my speech, a liberty which should be allowed to a man who has suffered much and who is speaking of his sufferings.

“As I say, there I stood, paralyzed with horror, and there stood Marion, her sweet face raised in anxious questioning. I began again. ‘Marion, my darling,’ I said, and stopped once more. As she had started to her feet on my entrance, the movement had loosened a hook of her dress, and all my visions of a gloriously rounded life with the woman I love were swept from my mind by the hideous conception of the ‘see-that-hump?’ hook and eye—an abhorred object which is probably fastening your riding-habit at this instant.

“As the full realization of the meaning of this last terrible affliction burst over my despairing mind, my taut nerves broke into shreds, and I fled out of the house, out of the street, and out of the city, into the blessed country, bareheaded, gesticulating and shouting like a madman—as indeed I was.

“What has happened since then I do not rightly know, since I have scarcely been myself, resisting in vain the heartless pursuit of advertising-agents, who, from time to time, have sought me out in my misery. There was a period of total blank; and then, a month ago, I found myself in this house, sane and in my right mind once more. I mean to settle here, raise enough beans for my simple needs, and never forsake my nook of safety. Now, Miss—Perkins, I believe?—after that story, can you have the heart to turn me out again into a world which has proved such a place of torment to me?”

He stopped and regarded me anxiously. I sat on my horse and meditated.

If I said nothing to Grandauant Abigail she would never know, and if he *had* had such a hard time—but what an absurd story! How could he expect anybody to believe such a perfectly preposterous—

Suddenly I had an inspiration. “See here,” I said sympathetically, “why wouldn’t it be a good idea—”

My blood ran cold to notice the look of agonized pain which came into his eyes at the word. He sat up straight, holding one hand to his head, and pointing at my saddle with the other.

“If you had,” he murmured huskily, in a voice of despair I shall never forget—“if you had two buckles on that holster you could adjust it to fit any sized gun by turning the lower flap higher or lower.” At this he leaped to the ground, his face as white as my handkerchief. “Oh! Oh!” he moaned miserably. “Why don’t you bring the girth up over that first strap and under the buckle, and then there would be no strain on that frayed place?”

He suddenly burst out into loud groans of horror, and began running up the road as fast as he could go. Half-way up he stopped short, and came racing back, his face twisted dreadfully.

“A combination cross-barred shoe and an outer weight would cure your horse’s interference,” he cried like one in awful pain.

Away he ran again up the road, tearing at his gray hair in a frenzy. I sat perfectly still, too surprised to stir; but at the top of the hill, just before he disappeared, he turned around and shook his fist at me, calling out:

“Oh, *why* did you ever come here?”

He added two dreadful words which I cannot repeat. It seemed incredible! Right there before my Grandauant Abigail’s house a man had sworn at me!

YOUTH AND AGE

ONLY yesterday,
At each trifling sorrow
I would fret, and say,
“Would God it were to-morrow!”

Ah, could I but borrow
The years I wished away!
Death may come to-morrow—
Would God ‘twere yesterday!

Charles Buxton Going

INTIMATE TALKS ABOUT BOOKS THAT ARE WORTH WHILE

BY HARRY THURSTON PECK

III—"THE SCARLET LETTER," BY NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

IF Nathaniel Hawthorne had never written "The Scarlet Letter," it is almost certain that to-day he would be remembered only as one of America's minor writers. "The Scarlet Letter" has won readers for his other books and raised him to the position of a classic.

When he began its composition he was in the forty-fifth year of his life. He had struggled hard to win success in literature, and had lamentably failed. His inventiveness had given him material for scores of tales and sketches. He had edited the manuscripts of other men. He had contributed to many publications. Yet only a very few paid much attention to him as a writer, and those few were largely influenced by their personal regard. His pen could not provide for him even a meager livelihood, and he felt the pinch of actual poverty. There was a time when, with his devoted wife, he lived at Concord on the products of his kitchen-garden. He chopped wood, and cooked the scanty meals, and even washed the dishes in the back porch of the Old Manse. He recorded the menu of his Christmas dinner, in 1843, as "quince, apples, bread and cheese, and milk."

But finally even bread and cheese and milk became almost too much to hope for. The wolf was not only at the door, but was thrusting its gaunt head within; and to all this anxiety for the morrow there was added the bitter thought that

he had failed. "I am the obscurest man of letters in America!" said he on one occasion; and he was, indeed, obscure.

Then, at the moment of his dire need, there came, through his old college friend, Franklin Pierce, an appointment to be surveyor of customs for the port of Salem. It meant bread and butter to the discouraged writer; and he turned his back on literature to sit in a dingy office on a rickety wharf, where his physical outlook, as he has described it, was limited to "glimpses of the shops of grocers, block-makers, slop-sellers, and ship-chandlers." The name of Nathaniel Hawthorne ceased for a time to appear in books, but was instead "imprinted, with a stencil and black paint, on pepper-bags and baskets of annatto, and cigar-boxes, and bales of all kinds of dutiable merchandise."

THE ANEMIA OF GENIUS

It seems, as one looks back upon it, almost a desecration that so fine an intellect and so remarkable a personality should have been compelled to drudge amid surroundings so uncongenial. Still, it is almost certain that this was in reality a period of recuperation, of germination. Hawthorne needed exactly such a physical and mental change. His literary faculty was a peculiar one. When he did more than a slight amount of creative work he always experienced

EDITOR'S NOTE—This is the third of a series of articles discussing in a familiar way the world's best books, of which every one should know something, and to which allusions are very frequently made in the every-day conversation of intelligent people. The first paper, published in *MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE* for August, was on "The Novels of Charles Dickens"; the second (September), on Alphonse Daudet's "Sappho." The fourth, to appear next month, will deal with Homer's "Odyssey."

a sort of intellectual exhaustion. His fancy must lie fallow for a time. He exhibits, when one studies him, a certain low vitality which he shared with some of his contemporaries, though in a degree far greater. This low vitality, which one may call an intellectual anemia, is felt sometimes in Emerson. It was very marked in Bronson Alcott and in William Ellery Channing. Even in Longfellow it has been made the basis of a criticism that he is defective in virility and force—that he is at once too gentle and too fond of what is commonplace.

Indeed, in most of the New England penmen one finds a thinness and a lack of body, affording a strong contrast with the full-blooded, hearty strength of Old England's writers. Plain living may induce high thinking; but it must not be so very plain as to afford imperfect nourishment. To make a frivolous comparison, the Yankee writers of the middle nineteenth century seem to have been fed on pie and pickles, when a more normal fare of good roast beef and ale would have given them far sounder bodies to support still sounder minds.

Hawthorne, at any rate, could never safely spur his Pegasus. His multitudinous short stories show this plainly. Almost every one of them contains the germ of an original and often quite remarkable idea. Here are imagination, mystery, a fondness for the dark things of human life and of the supernatural. In the hands of Poe or of Erckmann-Chatrian these conceptions would have been worked out into concrete masterpieces. Hawthorne, however, lets them, as it were, slip through his fingers. His hands are nerveless, and in the actual moment of execution he falters and drops into sheer futility. He knows so well just what he wants to do, and yet he cannot do it. The result is shadow, and not substance—a mirage in place of what might well have been a miracle. And, therefore, out of the hundred tales which are the work of his first period, only a dozen or so are read to-day by any save the conscientious students of American literature.

The cause of this futility was the author's lack of intellectual robustness, the devitalized condition into which he often fell. Had he written twenty stories in-

stead of five times twenty, resting between whiles, every one of them would have been upon his highest level of achievement. As it is, let us not deplore the fact that three years of his life were spent among dull custom-house inspectors and bluff sea-captains, and the tarry-salty smells of Salem's wharf. These three years of lull were a lucky chance for Hawthorne and for our literature. He hated them at the time, though he found some comfort in the thought that both Burns and Chaucer had been in the customs service in their day.

None the less, he resented his summary removal from office when President Taylor succeeded Polk. Hawthorne was once more cast out upon the world. His friends subscribed a sum of money to meet his immediate necessities; and James T. Fields, the publisher—a bustling, cheery optimist—coming down to Salem, found that he had again begun to write with the new zest which his years of abstention had given him. Fields begged to see what he had written. Hawthorne, with his habitual faint-heartedness, drew back.

"Who would risk publishing a book for me, the least popular writer in America?"

"I would," responded the jovial Fields. "I'll begin with an edition of two thousand copies of anything you choose to write."

"What madness!" cried Hawthorne. "Your friendship for me gets the better of your judgment."

There was a long and amicable wrangle between the two. At last, when Fields was leaving empty-handed, Hawthorne shamefacedly thrust a roll of manuscript upon him.

"There," said he; "it is either very good or very bad—I don't know which."

The manuscript contained the first draft of "The Scarlet Letter." The novel, in its final form, was published in 1850. Two editions of it were speedily exhausted. At the age of forty-six the "obscure man of letters in America" took rank among the few who have achieved a lasting fame.

HAWTHORNE'S MASTERPIECE

When Hawthorne wrote "The Scarlet Letter" he did, for the one time in his

whole life, exactly what he meant to do. He has himself recorded that he penned its pages at a white heat, thrilled by the emotions that were excited in him, "as if I were tossed up and down upon an ocean." For once his grasp was firm. Physical energy sustained the effort of intellectual power. And so, in its own way, the story is very nearly perfect—all except the anticlimax of the last few pages.

There were reasons for Hawthorne's doubt, expressed to Fields, as to whether the book was very good or very bad. Had its author been merely a clever writer and not a man of genius, his work would have sunk to the level of melodrama. As Hawthorne actually wrought it out, it is dramatic and something more. It may, indeed, be styled theatric, and I might go still further and call it operatic. No wonder that it has been taken by a living composer for musical interpretation. The libretto fairly leaps out of its pages. The scenes are indicated with sharp distinctness, for the whole tale is episodic. The grim and weather-beaten prison, with its oaken, iron-clamped door—the pillory—a balcony projecting from beneath the church's eaves—beyond, the harbor with a glimpse of high-decked ships—a beautiful but guilty woman wearing the Scarlet Letter on her breast, and passing from the prison to the pillory—here is a strangely vivid setting for the *lever de rideau*. How much color and picturesqueness in the chorus, in the stage mob, if you please—women and girls, stern Puritan inhabitants of Old Boston with bell-crowned hats and gloomy looks, an Indian or two in paint and feathers, and a group of swaggering buccaneers, garbed strangely—it is of the very essence of the operatic stage.

Then think of those especial episodes which stand out most vividly. The chorus greets *Hester Prynne* as she walks proudly to the pillory, and it gives the clue to what has gone before. Then comes the trio between *Wilson*, the old clergyman, *Arthur Dimmesdale*, and *Governor Bellingham*; followed by the impassioned appeal of *Dimmesdale* to *Hester*, urging her to tell the truth, 'f it be for her soul's peace. His appeal is broken by her short and sharp refusals,

and by the deep voice of *Roger Chillingworth*—obviously a basso. Think also of the operatic possibilities of the prison scene—a duo—where *Roger* plays the physician, and is alone with *Hester*, the wife who has dishonored him by reason of her love for some man, whom *Roger* threatens to discover, and of whom he says:

"Let him live! Let him hide himself in outward honor, if he may. None the less, he shall be mine!"

And, again, the crafty, stealthy arts of *Chillingworth*, suspecting *Dimmesdale* and playing with malignant skill upon that tortured conscience, until at last the misshapen seeker after vengeance learns the secret of the minister, and finds upon his breast the great scarlet A. And the forest scene, where *Hester* meets her former lover, while the uncanny little *Pearl* sports near them, is full of dramatic and operatic possibilities. The powerful climax is worked up with all the mastery of stage effect that the most skilful playwright could imagine. Here the chorus is diversified by the introduction of soldiers in burnished steel who enter to the strains of military music. The procession of the governor and magistrates varies the spectacle; while the tense excitement of the moment is raised to a still higher pitch by the seaman's message, which shows that the devilish *Roger* has prevented the escape of *Dimmesdale* and *Hester*. And at last, *Dimmesdale*, in the hour of his seeming triumph, which is also the hour of his death, mounting the scaffold where once *Hester* stood, reveals his guilt, and with convulsive hand tears open his black vestment and displays the scarlet symbol of his shame and hers.

THREE STRIKING CHARACTERS

The genius of Hawthorne is most clearly seen in the art with which he has done so much with such slight material. There are only three characters in the story. There is, first of all, *Hester Prynne*, noble and strong and pure of heart, in spite of the transgression which has marred her life. If she has sinned, it is because of the great law of nature which gives to every woman the desire to be loved. There is *Arthur Dimmesdale*, gifted, sensitive, and with the instincts

of a saint; yet still a sinner, guilty of a double sin because of his holy calling, and swayed by moral cowardice which ties his tongue until the end, and lets him live a hypocrite. And finally, there is *Roger Chillingworth*, cold-hearted, implacable, and showing that malignity which so often goes with physical deformity. These three—the confessed and branded sinner, the undetected sinner, and the man who is a self-appointed instrument to scourge the other two—these are the only figures on which the author has concentrated the fierce white light of his imagination.

And out of what would seem to be the meagerest of material he has created something for which there is no parallel in English literature. How skilfully he manages the physical aspects of his story! In it he was almost the first to cast a glamour of pure romance about the harshness and severity of New England. Old Boston, as he limns it, is as quaint and as full of fascinating possibilities as any Rhenish town with a whole millennium of legend behind it. The trackless woods which circle it appear, under Hawthorne's magic touch, to teem with mystery as though he had transported the Black Forest to the western world. There is a smell of witchcraft in the air, as he tells this story; and his reticence and half-spoken intimations are proofs of his consummate art.

Hawthorne was a symbolist, one who spoke in allegory, and let the concrete always serve as a clue to the intangible yet more intense reality of what lay behind it. Thus the scaffold on which *Hester* stood to be stared at by a thousand eyes is a symbol of her public shame. The prison is another symbol. The forest, where she once yielded to her lover, reminds us always of the guilt that has been hers as well as *Dimmesdale's*. But it is the Scarlet Letter itself which is the one persuasive and almost terrifying symbol, giving in itself the *motif* of the whole. As Mr. Woodberry has well expressed the thought:

It multiplies itself, as the tale unfolds, with greater intensity and mysterious significance and dread suggestion, as if in mirrors set round about it; . . . and as if this were not enough, the Scarlet Letter, at a climax of the dark story, lightens forth

over the whole heavens as a symbol of what cannot be hid even in the intensest blackness of the night.

This recurrence of a physical object to keep the meaning of the book before the reader's mind is an instinctive bit of art in Hawthorne. It was employed with conscious purpose by Emile Zola three decades later, in the great brazen still of "*L'Assommoir*," in the reeking mine-pit of "*Germinal*," and in the Napoleonic bees of "*La Débâcle*."

HAWTHORNE'S PAGANISM

But it is not the outward aspects of "*The Scarlet Letter*" that excite the deepest and most lasting interest. This is to be found in its subtler phases, in its moral lesson, if there be one, in its revelations of the inner mind of him who wrote it. And to understand these things, we must, ever so briefly, scan the lesson of heredity which helps to explain so much.

Hawthorne's first ancestor on American soil exhibited a strange *mélange* of tastes and tasks. He was a warrior, a preacher of great eloquence, a reader of fine English prose, and a stern magistrate who ordered the public whipping of women because they were proven to be Quakers. His son condemned and burned to death women who were reputed witches; and he showed such savagery and blood-lust in his court-room that one whose wife was sentenced by him cursed him and the children of his children's children in a curse that was oriental in its fury and completeness, and that was not forgotten even after many generations.

Hawthorne's father was a sailor, the captain of a Salem vessel, and he bore the reputation of being black and stern to those whom he commanded. When he died, in far-off Surinam, his wife was only twenty-seven years of age; yet she, too, had the intensity and deep passion of the family which she had entered. She called young Hawthorne, with his sisters, to her room, and told them dryly that their father was now dead. Then she sent her children to her own father's home, and for forty years lived in a solitude that was rarely broken. Long after Hawthorne had grown to manhood, he wrote to a friend of having eaten dinner

with his mother—"for the first time in my life that I can remember."

Recalling, then, his ancestral traits, we can in part explain Nathaniel Hawthorne as a man, and more especially the Hawthorne of "The Scarlet Letter." All the sunshine of his nature was lavished on his wife and children, with whom his every hour was an hour of unclouded happiness; but to the world at large he was the true descendant of the men who scoured the Quaker women and burned the witches and terrified the sailors, as he was also the son of her who let her whole life wither for what she felt to be a "principle." Hawthorne had friends who loved him well, yet he never spared them in his criticism. He was burdened by a secret pessimism which was always a dark blot on his secret soul. He wearied both of men and places in a little time. When he left his native Salem he described it as "an earthly cavern." When he left Brook Farm, he wrote: "Even my custom-house experience was not such a thralldom and a weariness."

When at last, by the kindness of President Pierce, he left America for the lucrative consulship at Liverpool, he was glad, so his biographer informs us, "to get away from his native land, upon which . . . he looked back with the feeling that he never desired to return to it." Yet in England he was wholly discontented. He refused to meet many of the famous men who would have been glad to offer him their hospitality. One instance of almost incredible tactlessness has been preserved in a brief, surly note which he penned from Liverpool to a Mr. Bright, who had striven to make this difficult genius happy there. "Dear Mr. Bright," wrote Hawthorne, "I have come back (only for a day or two) to this black, miserable hole."

His contempt for England he has recorded in the pages of "Our Old Home." The English he described as "beefish, muttonish, portish, and porterish." Yet he was unwilling to meet such Englishmen as Tennyson and Thackeray and Macaulay, who were not beefish and muttonish. He did not care for men of letters. It is hard to say for what, precisely, he did care. At heart he was a pessimist, a man of gloom, a fatalist, a

Yankee Heraclitus. And with it all there was a moral sternness, a relentlessness, which his biographers have called Puritanism; yet in Hawthorne it was not really Puritanism; since the deep religious conviction which was the moving force, the mainspring, of Puritanism, was in his case lacking. For Puritanism, while ascetic and severe in doctrine, was not always unsparing, pitiless, relentless. There were the "uncovenanted mercies of the Lord," and even Jonathan Edwards did not forever preach of dire damnation and the glaring flames of hell. There was a place, even in his stern creed, for charity and hope. Therefore, it seems to me that Hawthorne's ultimate belief was rather paganism—not the gladsome, irresponsible paganism of the Greeks, but paganism of a darker hue—the paganism of the Orientals.

THE MEANING OF THE STORY

In this sense "The Scarlet Letter" is the fullest revelation of his innermost convictions. Hence, in the last analysis, it is a deeply hopeless book, tinged with morbid thoughts. It means that sin can never be forgiven in this life; that its taint, of which the Scarlet Letter is a symbol, must remain forever. Though years of expiation pass, though the sinner repent in tears, that which is done can never be undone. If he confess it, he will be held up to public shame. If he conceal it, he will be riven by remorse. Love and affection may minister to him, as wild flowers and green ivies may grow about a fire-scarred trunk in the forest; yet the mark of scorching flame is there, and the charred stump can never be again a stately tree.

In all this there is no Christ, no hint of gentleness and grace and pity. "The Scarlet Letter" brings to mind a very different work of genius, written by a very different type of man, yet a work of which the moral is the same—Rossetti's "Jenny." There the man of much experience muses over the street-waif as she sleeps, and he thinks of all the problems of existence. He, too, like Hawthorne, feels the mystery of life and death, of sin and sorrow, and he turns away perplexed; for though it is a mystery that stares men always in the face, no one has ever fathomed it.



"WE GOT HIM, ALL RIGHT ENOUGH"

MADE IN BORNEO

BY LEO CRANE

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK VERBECK

BENSON is one of those chaps who lift their lives in their hands and go looking for wild animals. Most men are content and happy to allow the animal kingdom the free run of the jungles; but not so is Benson. He is a restless sort who must seek them, because there are menageries with empty cages.

Whenever you go into a circus-tent with the children and see a surly-looking beast glaring from behind inch bars, or maybe a nervous, whining specimen pacing the bottom of a den into ruts, snuffing and cursing the world in general, remember that once upon a time a chap of Benson's clan—perhaps Benson himself—faced that particular beastie when it was free and on its native heath. Behind each captive there is a story, and Benson is usually the star performer in the tale. You will never hear the chapter when the beastie wins out and the glory is all with the jungle.

Benson can usually be found when a steamer makes port with wild livestock on the manifest.

"Of course," he said to me one night, "a man can get a line on beasts after a fashion. He can study a hyena, f'r instance, until he coppers the laugh down to a note, an' mebbe he can figger out what that note means. Simms Foraker claims he can tell when a zebra's in a good humor, an' mebbe he can; but for me, I never seen one that way, an' I ain't takin' no chances. The life-insurance folks don't cover no bets on my life, anyway, an' so I'm tryin' to live just as long as I can, to make 'em sorry.

"But a wild man—now say, there's a study for your spare time. You've got to sit up nights figgerin' the dope on a wild man's characteristics. There ain't never been two of 'em alike. First, they're scarce; an' second—when ye do manage to snake one out by his hair he's different from the one ye had before."

Benson at this point proceeded to fill his pipe and to prop up his chin with his knees. You see, Benson was sitting on the deck—I should have told you that—with his back to the rail. It was

one of those nights when the stars burn softly in a filmy sky, when the wind carries with it the damp scents of the sea. Now the rich odor of burning latakia arose from the fire-lined bowl of Benson's pipe. It was fairly alight, and he seemed confident.

"Wild men—" I suggested.

"Ye can't be kind to a wild man," said Benson gravely. "He wouldn't understand it if you tried to be, an' besides, you'd be wasting your time. What a wild man wants is some one to take him in hand firmly, to be good to him, but determined; and at the same time it's my advice to the fellow who's contractin' for the job to watch both ends an' the middle for his white-alley, 'cause with a wild man times are mostly excitin', or just beginning to be such. You can believe me—I handled one wunst. It was this way:

"Simms Foraker and me was down on a jaunt near Borneo. That's the grand hang-out place for wild men. We had knocked around a goodish bit without getting a sight at anything. Now, don't go for to think that we was down there lookin' for wild men. No, we hadn't got to that stage at that time; but in case we rushed across a wild man who wasn't working overtime, and no orders ahead of him, why, we just allowed that we'd sign contracts for a season.

"Well, we heard of this chap a long time before we see anything of him. The natives along the coast had all sorts of battles with him. He was a toughish customer. He had nearly bludgeoned the brains out of one of their holiest head-men. Just about that time we comes along, lookin' wise, an' we hears

"WE TRIED
HIM ON RAW
MEAT, AN'
HE NEARLY HAD
A CONVULSION"



this fellow is off on a small island—that he has a skiff, comes to the mainland, skurries around for things to his taste, gives the chap who protests the grand salaam with a club, an' fades away.

"Says Simms Foraker to me: 'Here's a fine fat wild man, an', sonny, we're on.'

"An' with that we started building a trap for him.

"It would take too long to-night to tell ye how we got him, but we got him, all right enough. It took four men to hold him down while we slipped a

rope anklet where anklets usually go—an' the calf of one man's leg in Borneo looks as if a dog had used it to cut wisdom-teeth on—but we got him. Trust me an' Simms Foraker to nab anything smaller'n a behemoth, an' we'll give that a trot to the post if any one speaks up that a prime specimen's loose.

"He was a tidy sort of chap, this wild man. Darkish in the skin—in fact, he was a brunette coon—a short, squat one, not over five feet at the highest point, with a rakish bullet-head, kind o' slantin' to the nor'-nor'-east, an' surmounted by furze. His eyes was weak an' blinkin'. His arms were the wonderment, though. They were long, and hung down close to his knees. I'll bet a month's pay he could sit on a chair an' pick pennies off the floor without straining a fiber. His shoulders were inlaid with bunches of knots, an' these same knots worked like eccentric winches when he took it into that cacti head to get busy.

"He talked some gibberish, mostly excited, but we paid no attention to it. Simms Foraker said it wasn't French, nor Portugee, nor Latin, nor none of them nigger tongues, an' we were satisfied he didn't know more'n we did as to

what it meant. It sounded wild-mannish, all right. We got him on shipboard at length, an' nailed him up in a slat cage 'tween decks.

" 'A fine busy trip for us,' says Simms Foraker to me, on the side. ' That chap'll fetch his weight in pure geno-ine gold at the Lunnon docks. Oh, we're the two wise body-snatchers, we are! ' says he to me. And I nodded an' winked back at Simms Foraker all them fool sentiments."

II

BENSON sighed. This was not one of his epic recitals. But he seemed to feel that, having started once, it should be finished, and so he went ahead.

" The first thing that worried us was the question of feedin' him. There ain't no sense in stickin' the ship's bill o' fare in 'tween the slats of a cage an' saying 'Oui! Oui!' We tried him on raw meat, an' he nearly had a convulsion. Fruits an' grass stuffs made him feel so sick that he threw what he could at the waiter. After a while we learned that he was right partial to a mess of salt-horse and potatoes. He perked up amazin' when he got fed a little. An' every time I'd go near his habitation he'd begin the gibberish. Most impressive it was, an' earnest, an' I'd bow and smirk and blink at him till he'd get so crazy mad that he wound up by nearly biting holes in his face with fair rage. Simms Foraker said we needn't mind, for all wild men acted like that at times.

" We got along all right for a time on that voyage. The weather it was hot, an' we were kind o' peekish and worn down. Most of the time me an' Simms Foraker laid round on the deck, nights, with nothin' on to speak of, growlin' an' swearin' an' comparin' that part of the world with the rest of it, which was decent. I remember one hot night it got stuffy.

The atmosphere chased itself down one's throat and dried there in blocks.

" 'I'll just step down to see how his nibs is restin',' I says to Simms Foraker, ' an' then I'll come on deck with a pillow an' camp.'

" ' Bring me one,' says he, drowsy-like.

" With that I departed to the 'tween-decks. I made the return journey to the side of Simms Foraker in just three leaps, all counted, touchin' the high places.

" ' He's gone! ' says I, breathless.

" ' Who's he? ' asked Simms Foraker, not dreamin' that anything radical had happened.

" ' Nibbsey! ' says I, shifting a glance on my shoulder to see if he was making up the deck.

" ' The wild man out! ' yells Simms Foraker.

" ' Right you are! He's vacated his den for somewheres else. He's loose, s'welp me! '

" ' By hokus! ' gasps Simms Foraker. You can bet he was pale. ' Let's dig up the captain.'

" The captain was, if anything, worse scared than either of us.

" ' Loose! ' says he, incredulous.

" ' Free as the air itself! ' says I to the captain.

" ' Go down there an' make sur'e of it, man,' orders that insane old captain to me.

" ' What did you say? Go down there again? ' I remarks, not knowin' whether I had understood him.

" ' Sure! ' he replies. ' Go down an' see if he ain't asleep on the floor, or curled up somewhere.'

" ' Not while I can breathe up here,' says I. ' Whenever you want a sample of Hades coal—why, call on me an' I'll fetch it. But don't ask me to go below to trail that Borneo lunatic. I was there when he was nabbed, an' I see the whole thing.'



"CAPTAIN! CAPTAIN! THAT
BORNEO MAN IS IN
MY GALLEY!"

"An' I was downright mad to think of it.

"Well, where has he got to?" asks the captain gruffly.

"That's for some one to find out," advises Simms Foraker.

"He's your wild man," says the captain, weakening.

"Not when he's loose," says Simms Foraker patiently.

"But I won't have a wild man runnin' loose about my ship!" screams the captain, suddenly getting his mad up.

"Maybe if you'd tell him that, quiet-like, he'd come around an' be penned up like a nice little chap," says Simms Foraker, getting his own sparkler working.

"This was a stumper for the captain.

"We were all a bit on edge by that time. Each man knew the other was afraid, which wasn't none encouraging. We kept a weather-eye open, this way an' that, and a first-class 'Boo!' from the rear would have sent the bunch to the masthead. It weren't no pleasant difficulty. It is the business of a wild man to be wild, an' we expected it of him. This hanging fire didn't agree with our meals. We stood around an' looked for him. Then we got nervous as wimmen. If he was going to come on, why didn't he come on? An hour passed away, while we shifted from one foot to the other, watchin' the retreat.

"All right," says Simms Foraker, who could get used to anything. He wunst lived for two weeks on broiled snake, an' got to like it. "All right!" says Simms Foraker, determined. "Now let him come on!"

"But, dang it all! he didn't come on.

"Then they turned on me," said Benson. "They said I was a fool, and a scare-head, and a mark. They were going to call me other names worse'n that, when there was a noise like a scuffle, an' a rush on the deck, an' a man comes up yelling. It was Samuels, the cook, an' he looked as if he'd got the call. His eyes were fair hanging out.

"Save me!" he screams to us, waving signs with his hands like a deaf-mute. "Captain! Captain! That Borneo man is in my galley!"

"Right there it was a relief to me to know for certain that he was loose," said Benson, digging at his pipe.

"In the galley!" roars the captain, not stirrin' an inch.

"He pitched me out quick as a flash, an' ducked inside, an' he's barricaded himself."

"Then the captain straightened up wonderful. 'If he's in that galley he can't get away, so here you, Jenkins and Brown! Take a turn of a piece of rope through the galley-door handle an' make fast somewhere. That'll fetch him all tight an' tidy.'

Jenkins and Brown, when they realized the job weren't none pleased. They went up the deck like heroes, though. I guess their hearts were beatin' overtime a few, but they did it, s'welp me! Once the door was made fast, the only way for that wild man to get out was through a small port, and the captain set a man to watch that, with orders to beat the brains outer anything that tried to climb through. Brown took first watch with a capstan-bar held ready. Then Simms Foraker and me took reg'lar breaths, an' stood at ease.

"That's all settled," says the captain now. "We've got him like a crab in a net." An' the captain acted as if he had accomplished something.

"The captain was right. We had him, all right. When Brown got tired watchin' Wilkens spelled him, an' then Jones.

"He ain't got no firearms in there, boys," says the captain, to hearten 'em up. "Only carvin'-knives, an' cleavers, an' such! Don't be afraid." Which was comforting."

III

BENSON seemed inclined at this moment to take a rest. He proceeded to change his attitude with regard to the deck, which was hard, and he suggested that the subject was a dry one.

Away off on the quay was a place with lights. I sent the ship's boy hustling to that place with a pail, and when he brought the pail back there was foam on the top of it. Benson appreciated this. When he had wiped his lips with the back of his hand and had heaved a hard sigh, he said:

"Say!" doubtfully, "ain't you got nothin' better to do than listen to yarns?"

"This will be a hummer, old man," I told him.

"Well, don't sign my name to it, 'cause the captain would blame me for a blabber. Call the ship the Mary Jane, or some such common name as that, 'cause we ain't none too proud o' this wild-man yarn, none of us, an' as for Simms Foraker, he'd be that mortified he couldn't ever enter a side-show again. You don't want to deprive an honest man of business, d'ye?"

"Go on," I coaxed. "It's the shank of the evening, and wild men are scarce."

"You bet," agreed Benson solemnly, relighting his pocket-furnace. "Borneo's 'bout given out of first-class wild men. There's a poor sort o' second grade on the market, but they're unculled, an' the price ain't much to speak of no more. A genooin, double-edged wild man, guaranteed to snarl an' yell, not to say chew a keeper every little while, would make the shows mortgage a three-hump camel. That's right."

Benson spat over the side reflectively. "Oh, yes," he remarked, with a little sigh, "wild men ain't frequent."

"What happened to this fellow in the ship's galley?" I asked.

"Hum-m-m! You see, every night has its dawn, an' with dawn comes arousin', wash-up, an' breakfast. Nobody thought o' breakfast on that ship. We were too excited over the possible maneuvers of the wild man, so we stood around, an' forgets breakfast clean. But dinner ain't a goin' to let a chap snub it without mentioning the subject. Painful subject, too, is dinner when there ain't none.

"Samuels, the cook, he stands idle like a carpenter on strike. There was strictly nothin' doin'. The captain, he was the last to cave in. Says he: 'See here, Mr. Foraker, I'd like somethin' to

eat. Can't you call off that freak of yours?'

"Sorry, sir," says Simms Foraker, feeling real blue himself, "but I don't know the signs."

The captain snorted, an' went on pacing up an' down the deck. Another half-hour went by slowly, and then there came floatin' out o' that galley the most delicious smells that you ever smelt. We stood around an' wondered what in the name of all the good cooks he was doin' in there by himself alone. An' these smells increased. Fine, wholesome, wide smells they were, almost enough to make a beggar a meal, and calculated to drive hungry men mad.

"That's a Brunswick stew," said one of the men, sniffing.

"With gravy," added another.

"Brunswick nothin'! That's duff à la Borneo."

"Smells a little wild to me," one of the critics said.

"As for me," says Samuels, the cook, "I'm partial to some biscuit," and he dived below into the extra stores to get it. We all nibbled a bit when he returned, an' we thought o' the free-lunch counters we had passed a while back.

"At last the captain got real desperate.

"We'll have to have him out of that," he says, gritting his big teeth. "Wilkins, Brown, Jones, cast off that rope-lashing an' stand by."

"They didn't like the order, but they was good men and true. The wild man heard them fumbling, an' he begins to mix up a few pots and pans inside there, which sounds horrible, like the last night of an iron-foundry. Wilkins, Brown, an' Jones weren't anxious to sleep near to that galley door when it was unfastened.

The captain then divides the crew



"HE'S IN MY BUNK—THE DOUBLE-BLANKED SON OF A BORNEO STABLE-HAND!"



"HE'S IN HIS CAGE, ASLEEP"

into two watches to stand ready, spelling each other, and to ketch him whenever he showed abroad. The captain hoped he would come out. No one dared go in after him. There was nothing to do but wait—an' wait on an empty stomach at that. The day spun along its usual stretch, an' we waited. Toward night the wild man began to yowl, like a dog what's lonely, an' this wasn't pleasant to hear.

"Still we waited. Then night comes, an' it gets as dark as the inside of your hat, an' still we was waiting. Along 'bout nine o'clock, when the men were downright tired out, some one made the terrible discovery that the galley door was open.

"Open it was, sure enough—wide open. They made a skirmish, and the wild man wasn't there. Samuels installs himself inside, and piles things against the door.

"'I'll stand me ground,' he calls out to us. 'You do the fightin' an' I'll get dinner.'

"Where did he go? That's what we wanted to have explained, 'cause we was outside the galley, with no door an' nothin' to pile against it, an' we wasn't wasting time 'bout dinner no longer. What we wanted was a barricade at least twelve feet high. That wild fellow was loose in the midst of us, an' the cold chills paraded up and down a chap's back in fours. The quieter he kept the worse we felt. If he had only yowled

out, and threatened to fight! But he was a mysterious wild man.

"Along about an hour later, the captain says he thinks he'll turn in. The first mate is in charge o' the deck. The captain goes to his cabin, but in two minutes he's on deck again, calling for all hands.

"'What's wrong, sir?' asks the mate, rushin' up.

"'He's in my bunk—the double-blanked son of a Borneo stable-hand! He's in my bunk!'

"'Are ye sure, captain?' asks Simms Foraker, cautious.

"'Sure!' The captain foamed at the mouth. 'Didn't I see his eyes? Didn't I feel his dirty hide? Here you, Martin, Williams, Smith! We'll just go down there an' rout him out.'

"But Martin, Williams, and Smith had different ideas. They protested. They said they had not shipped to fight wild men of Borneo, an' they each an' every one backed water with the white fear showing in their eyes.

"The captain was up against it for fair. There was no sense in hittin' Smith or Martin, or, for that matter, even Williams, 'cause the same feeling was in the whole dod-gasted crew, which was human, an' the captain knew it. He felt the same way himself.

"'What's to be done, Mr. Foraker?' asks the captain. 'Ain't I heard you say you'd handled wild men before?'

"'Never this kind,' says Simms Foraker, quite candid. 'This one can't be strictly called a wild man as yet, 'cause why—he ain't wild.'

"The captain gasped, an' he choked. 'He ain't wild!' he screams out. 'He's wild enough for me!'

"'We might bar him in,' says Simms Foraker, 'like we did in the galley.'

"'But where'll I sleep?' moaned the captain.

"'Nice on deck these fine nights.'

"Then the captain gave way to the most elaborate, an' at the same time the most vicious, language that ever I hear. I've been around some, too, an' I've heard language so low that I couldn't understand what it meant, but this crop o' the captain's, it was superb. The words was short, middle-sized, and then a lengthy one that would just fair crash

out an' land solid. My! My! the captain talked a spell. It came right up from his heart, too; you could see that. He wanted to let us know how he felt, an', by gum! he just did. I felt sorry for him, but I stood wide.

"Hold on!" says Simms Foraker, when the captain was most violent. 'You've got no right to kill a passenger, an' that wild man's a passenger.'

"Passenger be double-crossed!" yells the captain. 'He's an animal! He's freight! Loose freight at that! He's a menace to the ship!'

"We're used to sleepin' on deck," says he.

"I don't care to sleep anywhere else," I says.

"One of us had better stand guard half the night," was his suggestion, an' I agreed with him. We tossed a coin. Simms took the first watch. Then the night wore itself gray in the face, an' dawn found us looking as if we had attended a wake.

"Now," says the captain, "we'll have a thorough search for that mystery o' the Borneo slums."



"THE SWEDE JUMPS, AN' LETS GO ANOTHER PARCEL IN REPLY"

"And with that the captain took his nerve in his hand an' went into the cabin single. I admired the captain. But I didn't go along—no! The captain was the bravest man among us—s'welp me, but he was! He went in there single, an' no man stopped him. Five minutes later the captain reappeared, his face sorter blank, an' he says, says he:

"That chap's a spook, I believe. He's gone!"

"Gone again!" whispers back Simms Foraker.

"Can't find a hair of him. Now, don't let this get out among the men. We'll make out he's still down there."

"Wonder where he is?" whispered Simms Foraker to me.

"Bunked down in our cabin, for a dime," says I.

"They summoned all hands, issued orders an' commenced. Williams was the first to start him. Williams went below to get some new rope. He was supported by Harrison and Martin. They came tiptoeing back, their eyes bulgin' out, an' they whispers:

"He's in his cage, asleep."

"And, by hokus! so he was, sleepin' like a baby."

IV

BENSON wiped his forehead, and laughed to himself.

"See here, Benson," I asked him, "have you been joking me?"

"Not a bit of it. That's the true state of affairs as they was recorded. You can see for yourself, if the captain'll let ye look at the log."

"Honest, that wild man was in his cage. It makes me laugh at times, an' at other times it makes me creep. That wild man was a wonderful sort. You can just bet that we made a swift rush down there an' double-slatted that cage in a hurry. Our Borneo friend woke up as we were hammering. He said something, an' rolled over an' went off to sleep again. You could hear him snore like a grampus."

"And didn't you have any more trouble with him?"

"Trouble! That was only the beginning. He didn't try to get out again until we made Aden. He was quiet as a new-born lamb up to that time. We had to coal some, an' the chap in charge o' the job was a Swede. He heard we had a fine specimen of a wild man aboard, an' he steps down to look him over. Simms Foraker an' me went along. The wild man was standin' close to the bars, watching out.

"As we come up he lets out a lot of gibberish. The Swede jumps, an' lets go another parcel in reply.

"'What's wrong with you?' says Simms Foraker to the man.

"'He says he wants to get out an' see the Swede consul.'

"Simms Foraker turned blue in the face at this.

"Yes, the wild man got out, all right. We couldn't get them bars down any too quick. He was a Swede cook that some ship had lost out in that Borneo quarter. He was a nigger, all right, but he spoke a Swede language, an' that was a dead language to me 'n' Simms Foraker. He had bilked us for a ride to Aden, all right—no work, an' a stateroom to himself."

Benson leaned his head sadly on his hand and stared off to where the little lights gleamed on the quay.

"Do about it?" he snorted, a moment later, when I asked a pertinent question. "We were darned glad he didn't have us pinched. We paid him twenty pounds in gold to call it square. That's what we did. Don't talk to me about wild men. It's the tame kind that queers me!"

THE CONSTANT LOVER

I AM a constant lover
Of bird and bee and flower,
Of the mottled moths that hover
At the dip of the twilight hour.

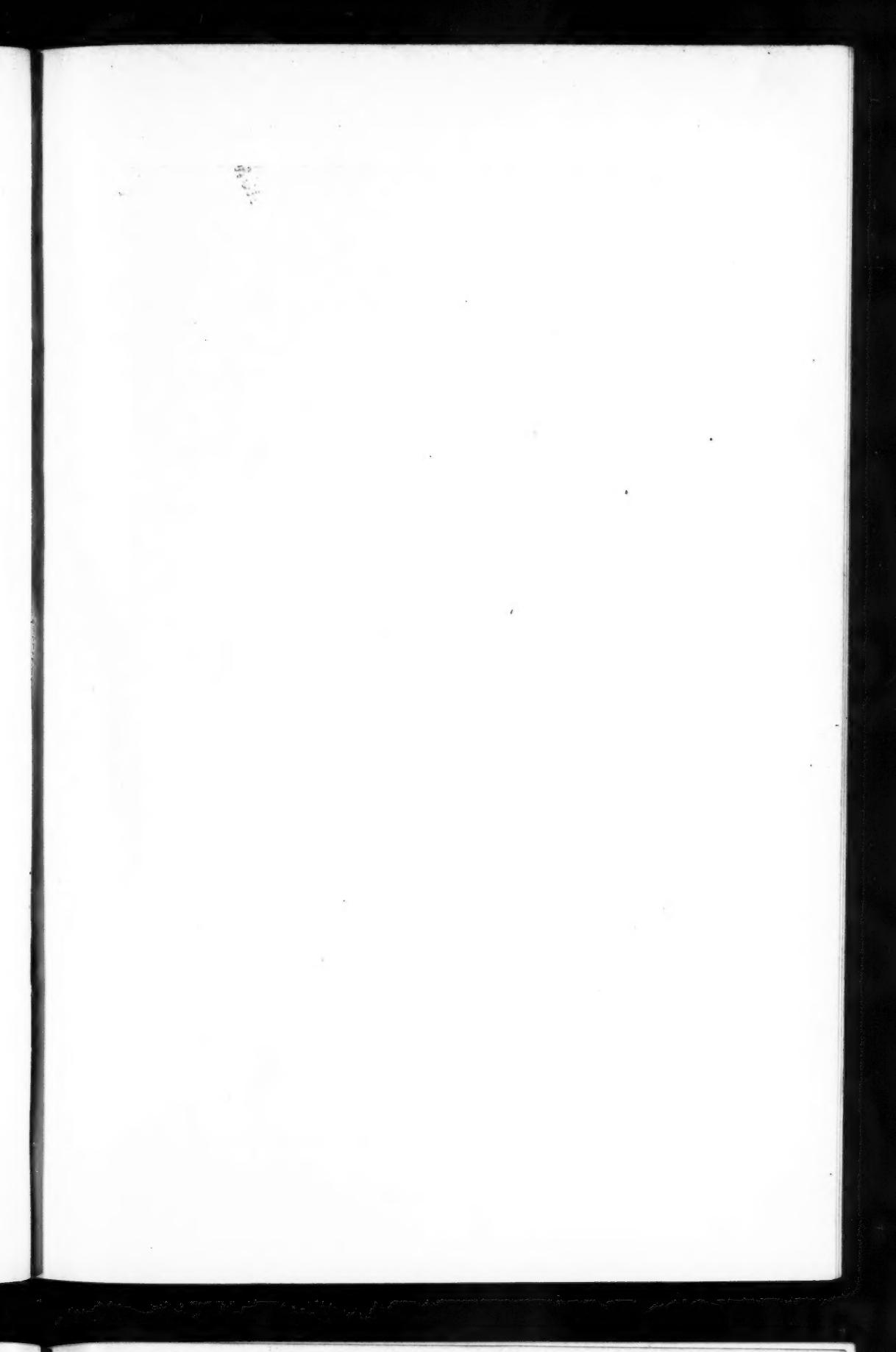
The mirth of the great wind rover,
I share his rapture free,
And that of the clouds strewn over
The face of the open sea.

Meteor, moon, and planet,
I joy in them each and all—
The lichen upon the granite,
The ivy scaling the wall.

Breath of balm and attar,
They are my heart's desire—
The rain-drop's rhythmic patter,
The sunset's fading fire;

All that has form or feeling,
From man to the green earth-clod,
For through each comes some revealing
Of nature and nature's God.

Clinton Scollard





MR. VAN BRUNT WAS MASTER OF THE SITUATION. HE DISPOSED OF HIS EVENING WRAPS
WHEREVER HE COULD, REGARDLESS OF OWNERS

[See story "The Renaissance of Peter Van Brunt," page 163]